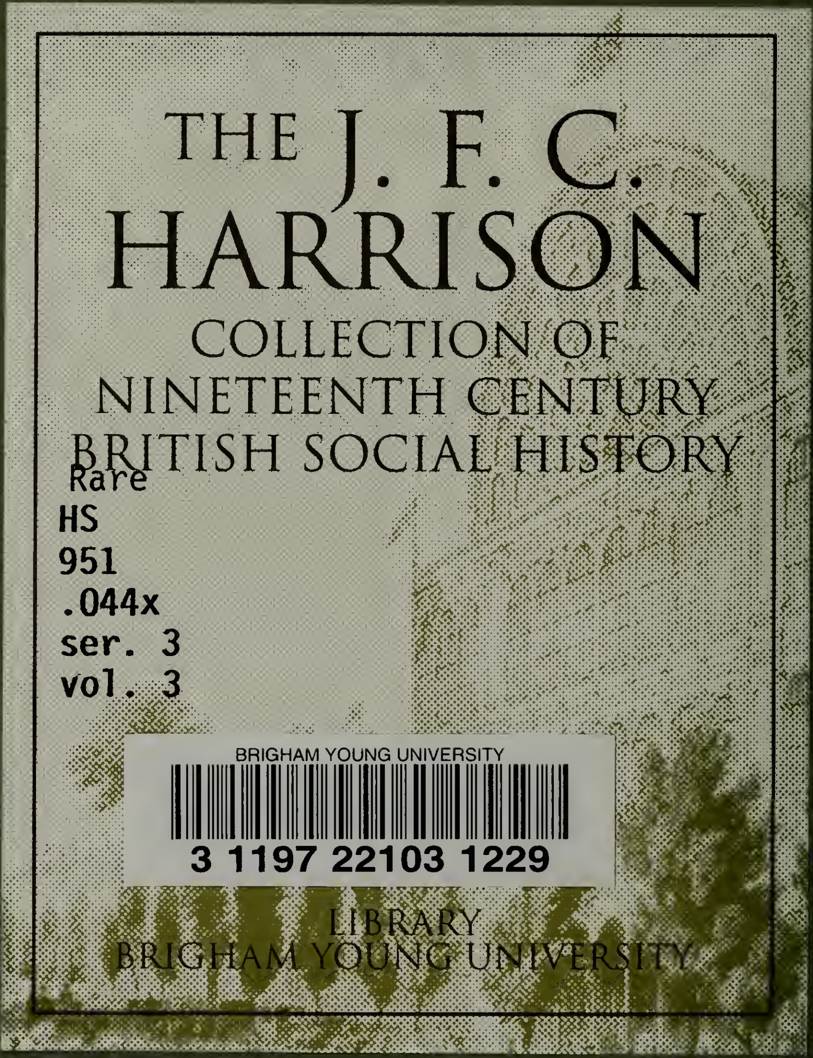

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Yours faithfully

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THE

# QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

OF

# THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF

# ODD-FELLOWS,

## Manchester Unity Friendly Society.

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VOL. III.—NEW SERIES.
JANUARY, 1861, TO OCTOBER, 1862.

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THE

# ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1861.

## Jno. Richardson, P.G.M.

THE Manchester Unity, in common with many of the now powerful political institutions of the age, has, in the course of its generally prosperous career, on several occasions been subjected to severe trials, arising from divided councils and even open rebellion. The last great convulsion shook the fabric of the Unity to its foundations, and threatened its ultimate disintegration. But although the danger was imminent, it was averted by the steadfast labour and practical intelligence of the "party of progress" at the time. It has often been remarked that the necessities of any age always themselves produce the man or men competent to work out its true mission in the progressive development of human destiny. Such was the case during the convulsion which followed the measures of financial reform inaugurated by the Newcastle Annual Moveable Committee in 1844. Amongst other previously but little known men, who sprang up to the surface, and proved themselves equal to the direction of affairs during that troubled period, the subject of this memoir stands conspicuously forward. He was placed by the general voice at the helm, when the tempest-tossed bark of Odd-Fellowship, having gallantly outridden the gale, and, although somewhat strained and dismantled, gained the harbour of refuge, from which, refitted, she afterwards commenced her present uninterrupted voyage of ever-increasing prosperity.

Mr. Jno. Richardson was born at Cockermouth, on the 26th of July, 1816. He is the only son of Mr. Jno. Richardson, sen., wholesale brewer, formerly of that town. On leaving school, he expressed a wish to study for the Church; but domestic considerations eventually induced him to abandon the idea. Mr. Richardson commenced his career of philanthropy in his early youth. A warm friend to the education of the people, and the general diffusion of knowledge, he devoted a considerable portion of his time, energy, and talent, to the fulfilment of the duties of secretary of the General Sunday School established in his native town. On attaining his majority, the teachers of the school expressed their sense of the value of his services by the presentation to him of a handsome silver inkstand, of the value of ten guineas, bearing a highly complimentary inscription. Mr. Richardson, at an early period of his life, entered the business establishment of his father, and eventually, in 1850, undertook its entire management. At this period, the business was one of the most extensive of its class in the county of Cumberland.

In September, 1838, he was married to Annie, youngest daughter of the late Mr. A. Hetherington. Mrs. R., who possesses considerable literary taste and ability, contributed to one of the earlier numbers of the present Magazine a very truthful and touching article, entitled "Old Letters."

Having been induced to attend on two or three occasions the celebration of the anniversary of the Loyal Derwent Lodge, Mr. Richardson clearly saw the great practical value of such an institution as the Manchester Unity; and he determined to express his approval by joining the Lodge, not as an honorary but as a subscribing and a working member. From the period of his initiation till 1843, when he was chosen Grand Master of the Cockermouth District, his services were chiefly confined to the advocacy of the cause of Odd-Fellowship at the anniversary dinners of the Lodges in his neighbourhood; but, on his being called upon to fill that important and responsible office, he resolved to extend the sphere of his labour; and, accordingly, he visited all the Lodges of the District, for the purpose of advocating the establishment of a Widow and Orphans' Fund. In this instance, as in many others of a minor character, his efforts were crowned with complete success.

At Aspatria, near Cockermouth, Mr. R. determined to deliver a public lecture on Odd-Fellowship, with a view to enlighten the minds of many influential persons who had imbibed a strong prejudice against the Order. Although this was his first attempt of the kind, he was eminently successful. The *Carlisle Journal* described it as "a most interesting and eloquent discourse, which made a deep impression on the assembly, and was warmly greeted with applause throughout."

In 1843, the proceedings of Odd-Fellowship were attacked by a writer in a Maryport publication. Mr. R. fearlessly challenged the author to a public discussion, but this was declined. He, however, delivered an eloquent address on the subject to a large public meeting, which unanimously condemned the course pursued by the Maryport scribe.

Mr. R. was chiefly instrumental in the opening of several new Lodges in various localities in the neighbourhood of Cockermouth. He first represented his District at the Annual Meeting of the Unity in 1844, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In November, in the same year, the members, as a recognition of the value of his services to the Order, presented him with a handsome gold watch and appendages, of the value of thirty guineas.

In 1848, the ever-memorable "Corn-exchange Meeting" was held in Manchester, to investigate matters in dispute between the Executive Government and the Corresponding Secretary of the Order. Passion and party zeal were rampant throughout the Unity. Mr. Richardson, as a man of known probity and ability, was called upon to preside over the deliberations of this singularly unpromising assembly. But his firmness, his evident knowledge of his duties, and, above all, his uniformly courteous and gentlemanly demeanour, carried him triumphantly through his arduous task with the applause of the whole meeting. A special vote of thanks was engrossed and presented to him, signed by the then Grand Master and the present Secretary, on behalf of the Unity, for "his gentlemanly and impartial conduct" on this memorable occasion.

The death of Mr. Powell, of the Pottery and Newcastle District, then Deputy Grand Master, left the contest for the chair of the Order at the following A. M. C., held at Southampton, entirely amongst the Past Grands who had not served the subordinate office. Mr. Richardson's character, and his conduct, especially at the meeting just referred to, secured to him this distinguished honour.

On the 7th of July, in the same year, a grand soirée was given in honour of his election to the highest office in the Unity, by the members of the Cockermouth District, in the spacious hall in the New Market in that town. About 600 persons were present. A congratulatory address was presented to him by the officers of the District. Similar compliments were likewise paid to him by the Preston, Whitehaven, and some other Districts. In this year, he was elected Treasurer to the Order.

On the 24th of April, 1850, a grand soirée was held in the New Market Hall, Cockermouth, for the purpose of presenting to him a substantial testimonial, the result of a subscription amongst his numerous friends and admirers throughout the Unity. Upwards of a thousand persons were present, amongst whom were some of the most active and influential officers and past officers from Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Carlisle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, &c. The meeting was presided over by the late General Sir Henry Wyndham, K.C.B, then Lieutenant-General Wyndham, of Cockermouth Castle. The testimonial, which cost considerably more than 100 guineas, consisted of a large and massive silver salver, elegantly embossed; a claret jug, tea-pot, salt-cellars, castors, cream jug, sugar-basin, and table, dessert, and tea-spoons, all of solid silver, chaste in design, and of highly finished and costly workmanship. The presentation was made, in the name of the Unity, by Mr. T. Luff, of Liverpool, Mr. Richardson's successor in the Grand Mastership of the Order. In the centre of the salver, the following inscription is engraved:—"Presented to Jno. Richardson, jun., Esq., of Cockermouth, by the members of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity, for his eminent services as Grand Master and Chief Treasurer, April 24, 1850."

Mr. Richardson, during his residence at Cockermouth, took an active part in the management of the local affairs of the district. He fulfilled the duties of churchwarden for about eleven years. During his tenure of office, extraordinary service devolved upon the wardens, owing to the destruction of the parish church by fire, and its subsequent re-erection. He was also for some time vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the Cockermouth Union.

Mr. R. attended, in his official capacity as Treasurer to the Order, each annual meeting previous to 1856. In December, 1855, owing to various causes, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate, Mr. R. was unfortunate in his business speculations, and was compelled to suspend payment. He had, some time previously, in addition to the brewing business previously referred to, succeeded his father-in-law in the management of an important tanning establishment at Cockermouth. He devoted the whole of his energy and activity towards the complete realization of all his available assets. His honourable conduct under these difficulties gained the approbation of all parties concerned. At this period, he resigned his office of Treasurer to the Unity, and aided to the utmost of his power in securing to the Unity every farthing of the fund entrusted to his care. As this was the first case tried under the new Act of Parliament, Mr. Richardson's hearty co-operation with the Trustees and Directors was of the utmost importance. The following resolution was passed with reference to this subject at a special meeting of the Grand Master, Board of Directors, and Trustees, held at Manchester, Dec. 10 and 11, 1855:—"That this Board, entertaining a due sense of the services rendered to the Order by P. G. M. Jno. Richardson, jun., very deeply regret the unfortunate circumstances which rendered his resignation of the office of Treasurer necessary."

The Annual Meeting held at Lincoln in May, 1856, likewise testified its sympathy in the following resolution:—"That this meeting sincerely regrets the unfortunate circumstances which have led to the resignation of the office of Treasurer by Mr. Jno. Richardson, jun., and begs to tender to him its best thanks for the able and courteous manner in which he for many years conducted the business of the Society; and, in tendering to him its deep sympathy, earnestly hopes he may long continue a Member of the Order to which he has rendered such honest services."

In September, 1856, Mr. Richardson removed his residence to Kendal, having received an appointment to represent a firm in that town in his original line of business. In 1858, he was offered by the official assignee of the Court of Bankruptcy for the Newcastle-on-Tyne district a situation of trust in his establishment, which he accepted, and which he still holds.

Since his removal to Newcastle, he has gained many kind friends amongst all classes of society, by whom he is much esteemed. He has not forgotten his old love for Odd-Fellowship; but has recently advocated its claims both at the anniversaries of several local Lodges and on other public occasions. His labours in the cause of philanthropy have not been exclusively confined to the interests of Odd-Fellowship. He is at present Superintendent of a Boy's Sunday-school, and Lay-secretary of the Church of England Sunday-school Teachers' Association in Newcastle.

Mr. Richardson has suffered several bereavements in his domestic circle, but his intelligent and amiable lady is still living. His only son, and only surviving child, Mr. Charles F. Richardson, now in his twenty-first year, has already joined the Order. The Odd-Fellows of Newcastle have been permitted to form a company of rifle volunteers, which is called the "Odd-Fellows' Company." Mr. Charles F. Richardson is Ensign of this company. The other officers are Captain W. C. Bousfield, Past Grand; Lieutenant Isaac Temple, Past Prov. Grand Master and Treasurer to the District.

◆

# "Neglect" and "Runaway" Cases.

## FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

THERE was a considerable crowd in Dash-square to-day, for our brave Volunteers were to muster, and the bugles rang out "the assembly;" and from every street converging on the square came our noble British youth, casting aside the implements of trade and gain, eager to learn the art necessary for the defence of our homes should ever the audacious foe dare to set foot on our sacred soil. And when the brass band struck up a lively march and the fine fellows stepped out to its spirit-stirring strains, I felt my pulse beat a little higher, and I almost longed to join them in their march. But my march was to be in another direction. My bugle-call was the cry of sickness and distress, and this I obeyed with readiness, such as all good soldiers show. As I walked thoughtfully away, I was struck with something in the appearance of a woman, who stood amongst the throng who had been watching the military display. Her clothes were neither so poor nor so dirty as to call for any special remark amongst a miscellaneous collection of sight-seers; but she struck me as having a sort of crouching look, something like that of the hunted hare peeping out after the dogs have been re-called. She had on no bonnet, but wore her black shawl over her head, as is common in our town amongst women of the poorer class, her style of wearing it almost causing the concealment of her face. I know not whether she had adopted this mode of dress intentionally for concealment; but if so, her object was not attained, for I caught a sight of the eyes and upper part of the face, which convinced me that I ought to know their owner. It was a face I had seen some considerable time ago, but when and under what circumstances did I become familiar with that anxious-looking figure? The truth flashed upon me "like lightning" when it *did* come, and I uttered an exclamation which attracted the notice of my nearest neighbour—"That is Esther Carter!" I had not seen her for many months, nor had I thought of her for a considerable time; but there she was, the wretched creature, and I had a warrant for her apprehension in my desk at home almost worn away by having been so long carried about in policemen's pockets. Should I let the poor hunted creature go, or should I simply do my duty? The decision was soon come to, and I stepped up to one of the many constables in the square, quietly saying: "Just lock that woman in the black shawl up for me." The officer knew me perfectly well, and I dare say knew what offence she had been guilty of, for in an instant she was walking quietly away to the police-cells, I promising to follow almost immediately to sign "the charge."

"The charge" ran simply thus: "Esther Carter, age 42, Widow, of no occupation, offence against the Poor Law Act, viz.—neglect of family;" and then followed a list of articles found in the pockets of prisoner, viz.—"Money, fourpence halfpenny, a thimble, a needle-case, and a leathern purse."

She is the widow of a respectable working man, who was a coachmaker, and who, through sickness (he not belonging to any Friendly Society) had been compelled to seek my aid. They lived in a small house, cleanly kept, and they had five children. I saw on my first visit that *his* pauperism would not be of long continuance, and truly he was soon removed to that state in which Lazarus, we are taught to believe, is more than on an equality with Dives. Well, our board of guardians provided means for his decent interment, and the widow and fatherless were not grudgingly provided for. She remained in her little house, and it became my duty frequently to visit her. She added at first a little to her means by some industrial occupation; but I gradually perceived a change come over her for the worse. She grew slovenly in her person; the children's faces appeared gradually to become less acquainted with soap and water, and the holes in their little garments remained unmended. I said to myself, "Esther Carter drinks; I am certain of it, although I never saw her lift the cup." Soon the neighbours informed me of the fact of her intemperance, adding intelligence of a still more startling and shocking nature. She had formed an improper acquaintance with a married man who resided in the vicinity. What could an officer in my position do when, after sifting the matter thoroughly, I found that she had become a very worthless woman? I took steps to bring her immediately before the board of guardians; and having reported her conduct and position, they very properly declined to render her any more assistance from the poor's rates out of doors. She was provided with an order which would have given her and her family admission into the workhouse, where she might have remained, at all events, free from temptation to err again; where her children would have been comfortably clothed and fed, and where her evil example could no more have injured them, and where, indeed, they would have received as good an education as that which falls to the lot of most children of the humbler class. But of this order she never made use. On the contrary, she went to her home, sold every article of furniture which still remained to her from the demon drink; and in a few days the children were brought to me by a poor woman who had found them in the empty house almost naked, and absolutely starving over the cold, cold grate, without one ounce of food to put within their little lips. She had left, the savage unnatural mother, taking with her the very shoes of her children to sell for drink.

This is a very large town—quite sufficiently large for one flying from society to find a place of hiding within it. Where she has lived during these many months I know not, but I am quite certain that to-morrow the justices will send her to hard labour in the prison for the space of one calendar month; and richly she deserves punishment say I, who felt some reluctance to cause her apprehension to-day. Richly she deserves it, and I am glad that I did not allow my feelings to run away with my judgment in this case at all events. Let us hope that in time she may become an altered woman, and again be fit to take charge of the tender plants of humanity, which the Almighty, in his wisdom, has placed under her care.

Oh, it is a fearful thing to contemplate this child-desertion by the mother! Yet it is by no means so unfrequent as the generality of the public may think. The desertion of family by the father is as common as possible to us. There is scarcely a week goes over but we have a case of this description to treat. One fellow who still lives in my district, by the bye, seemed to have at one time a mania for leaving his wife on the parish. He is a skilled mechanic (an exception and a disgrace to his class and trade), but under the influence, as I believe, of that which our worthy stipendiary magistrate calls "the *nasty* drink," he absolutely would not stir out of doors to perform the work which was waiting for him to do. His wife is an industrious and hardworking woman; but when after a few days of listless idling about the house and finding the last of the food consumed, he would walk himself off and return no more, what could the poor woman do but come to the parish for aid in the support of his and her family?

I have caused this fellow to be punished no less than three times myself, under the Vagrancy Act, and I know that some of my colleagues have had him under hand also, yet he still continued to run off at intervals, until on the last occasion, having been sent by the police magistrate to the sessions as an "*incorrigible* vagabond," he was sentenced to six months of the treadmill, he appears to be cured. I have not seen him lately, but I am informed that he is now conducting himself like a respectable man, earning excellent wages, and bringing a proper amount of them home to his wife.

There are many (very many) cases of desertion of families with the connivance of the wife. This may seem strange to some, but when I describe the mode in which the operation is performed, cause for wonder will cease, and admiration of the ingenuity of the process will prevail. This stage or description of desertion, I am bound to say, is practised most frequently by a class of our fellow subjects who are not Englishmen or Scotchmen (a Scotch pauper is a rarity with me), but by those to whom we will refrain from giving a nationality, out of respect to the proverbial sensitiveness of their countrymen if anything like fault is found with their compatriots.

The men are generally of a class which may be called "labourers," not but that we all have to labour, and pretty hard too in this town. They are men who prefer not to labour any more than they can possibly help, and, of course, are anything but respectable men, or fair specimens of the working classes as a body. The "desertion" generally takes place about the time when an increase of family is expected. The first intimation we get of it is in this wise:—

Enter an old woman in a battered straw bonnet, covering a not over clean cap with very wide and very limp borders. She carries an air of mystery about her, and answers my first query almost in a whisper. Oh, I know her well, this old Rosanna! It is merely a matter of form to ask the question I put, for I know what she wants, she having been so frequently employed on such errands. "Well, Rose, what do you want?" say I. "Oh, Sir, and beggan yer hanner's pardon, it's a docther's note I'm seeking from yer hanner." "Who do you want the doctor's note for, Rose, and what's the matter?" Sure its for a naybor of mine, Sur, and not a dhrop of blood betune us, and I've only come for God's sake; she's Biddy Smit by name, and she's at the down-lying, Sur—all the naybors will tell ye so, Sur." "And why did not the husband come, Rose?" "Och, the poor man! Sure he's up the counthry looking for work this fortnight or more, and he not knowing, the poor craythur, that his wife would be taken sudden."

The old tale, Rose; the old tale! No preparation made for the expected stranger; not so much as a rag procured to cover the little Christian from the chill blast of this cold cold world. Here, then, is the responsibility of life or death thrust upon the relieving officer at once! He dares not for his own sake refuse "granting" that which Nature renders necessary at this most critical period. There is a noble charity in this town which affords assistance of the nature required for the nominal charge of one shilling per case, yet these parents have neglected during the months which precede invariably the crisis, to provide even this almost ridiculously small amount. I have been "knocked up" at all hours of the night to provide the necessary order in such cases. Indeed good practitioners in the art of procuring relief generally prefer to come in the middle of the night for medical assistance. They find by experience, perhaps, that the order is often given without too close an investigation of the case under these circumstances.

In nine instances out of ten the husband is not out of the town at all, nor is the patient in that strait which the messenger represents. The whole affair is simply a swindle—an obtaining of money's worth under false pretences; and many times, on visiting the residence indicated by the applicant, I have found the supposed sufferer hale and hearty, months in all probability from the time at which professional aid is required. However, granting that the period has arrived when the relieving officer finds it incumbent upon him to give aid—in nine cases out of ten, I repeat, the husband is not out of town, but merely keeping out of the way, and many times has the officer with a warrant for the apprehension of the vagabond found him hidden under the bed, instead of being "up the counthry looking for work." But in any case the poor woman must not suffer, notwithstanding "a docther's note" means a good deal more than its title expresses. It means, besides professional attendance, out-door relief for a few weeks, and frequently clothing as well. All this is very well known to the husband, who accordingly performs an act of "desertion," freely running the risk of being brought to answer for the same.

I regret that I have never kept a record of even the number of matrimonial quarrels that I have been the means of settling. They are very numerous, and have been very instructive to myself as a married man. The "honourable estate of matrimony" is subject truly to many flaws of tenure, but there is something absurd in the idea of the relieving officer having so much to do in settling the difficulties which attend the "happy state." I have had as many as five women in one morning at my office, all on the same business, namely, to get me "to do something" to their husbands. I am very much afraid that our names are frequently held up as a terror and a threat over delinquent husbands, and that a certain class of wives know too well the road to the parish offices. However, when a woman, perhaps with tears in her eyes, and in a most earnest manner, informs me that he who should be her protecter and provider, neglects or refuses to render sufficient support, what is left for me but to try to reach the cause of such neglect and set the matter to rights? If the woman really lacks food she must have it, and that speedily. I have, however, not lived so long as this in the world but to know that there are two sides to every question, matrimonial as well as other. So my invariable mode of procedure is to fill up a neat little printed form which we have provided for us, designed to advise the reported delinquent of the fact that his "better half" has applied for relief; warning him also of the consequences should he persist in pursuing his illegal and unnatural course.

This missive seldom fails to bring down on the next day the husband, and it generally gives me the opportunity of hearing a considerable amount of family history. Occasionally the man's mother, and not unfrequently the wife's also, attend, in order each to take an active part in the family squabble. Oh, those mothers-in-law! How often have I, poor miserable and deafened official, been compelled to send them out of the office, in order that I might hear the statement of the parties most interested! So convinced am I of the potency of mothers-in-law for evil, that I almost invariably make inquiry of the wife when she first applies to me, if there is any "mother-in-law in the case," as a preliminary to all further proceedings. Sometimes the "happy pair" rail at each other; not unfrequently they weep in concert. Sometimes I find the man is to blame originally, but *more frequently*, I think, the woman is the bad partner to begin with. Either she has run her husband over head and ears into debt without his knowledge, he having duly "turned up" his wages on a Saturday night, and she, instead of using the money properly, having wasted it in finery or—sad to say—in drink; or she is a gad-about, or a gossiper, or a-too-good child to her mother; or a slattern housewife—altogether an uncomfortable partner. Or she has, perhaps, too active a tongue, and has driven the poor fellow away with it, as with a scourge. Ah! many a time have I said to myself, as I have sat impatiently listening to the mill-hopper clatter of one of this sort, "Ah, my lady, if I were afflicted with such an one as you, or anything approaching to your quality, I should run away a great deal farther than your 'lord and master' has done." But such remarks as these, however safely I may write them in these pages, would not be safe for utterance in the hearing of the punished man. No, he is legally bound to support his wife, and I advise him to do so without first going to prison. Very frequently I have seen the parties leave my presence reconciled by my luminous remarks, agreeing to try the experiment of living together again. But oh! Sir Cresswell Cresswell, you little know how many couples have, through my advice, agreed to live apart, the masculine party to the life-long agreement arranging to provide a weekly sum to be left in the hands of a third party for his bosom wife's support. It matters little to me how they manage if they only keep away from me, and I am always happy to get such jobs as these off my hands, for I don't think it is part of my duty to settle family differences, and I am sure I receive no extra pay for such services.

I shall make but one more extract from my diary on this occasion, and it, although not of my own composition, but merely one out of very many which I take a pleasure in preserving, containing, as I think, the best thoughts of the greatest thinkers on my particular subject, perhaps requires but little apology. I give it as it is, merely begging my always indulgent readers to think the matter over, and to weigh fairly that which it contains until I next have an opportunity of meeting them in these pages.

"The same causes which broke down the nobility and crippled the resources of the church, deprived the retainers of the great baron and the sharers of the dole of the monastery of their accustomed mode of living, and robbery in these classes was considered the most venial of offences. To the system of poor laws—a system worthy of being projected "in great Eliza's golden time" by the greatest philosopher of that day, or, with one exception, of any other day—are we indebted for that general respect for property which renders the profession of a thief infamous, and consigns him to the hulks or the treadmill without compassion. But I must not wander into historical disquisitions, though no subject would, in its proper place, be more interesting than a minute speculation upon the gradual working of the poor-law system on English society. It would form one of the most remarkable chapters in that great work yet to be written, 'The History of the *Lowest* Order from the Earliest Times.'"

* * *

# The Registrar, and his Recent Report on Friendly Societies.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

THE wisdom of the course taken by the last Annual Committee of the Manchester Unity, in appointing our able and experienced friend, Past Grand Master Roe, as its authorised agent to attend to its interests in all matters introduced to Parliament, has already been verified by the result. Not only (and mainly through his exertion) has the objectionable clause in a recent Act been removed, and a more equitable one substituted, but another sinister effort on the part of the Registrar to acquire power and authority over the management of these institutions has been signally frustrated. Mr. Pratt will, doubtless, after the utterly unmistakeable character of the defeat of his recent attempt to direct the Legislation on this question, without the knowledge or consent of those most interested, consider it advisable in future to ascertain to some extent, at least, what the members of Friendly Societies think of his views, or opinions, before he ventures to make use of his official position to induce Government to permit him to quietly tamper with the known laws affecting in the most direct manner the feelings and interests of so large a number of the best section of the industrial population of the kingdom.

## RECENT LEGISLATION.

The Act passed in 13th and 14th Victoria required the votes of five-sixths of the members of any Friendly Society to legalise its dissolution. Mr. Pratt adroitly got introduced into the Act of 1858 the somewhat celebrated eighth clause, by which he or an actuary could "wind up" any society on the application of *one-fourth* of its members! This has been expunged, and the consent of *five-eighths* of the members is now required, before either Mr. Pratt, or an actuary, can obtain a respectable slice of the bankrupt Society's remaining capital in the shape of fees and expenses, for their never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated assistance in the eagerly desired "winding up" operation. Mr. Pratt likewise procured the insertion of a clause in the bill of the present session, giving him power to sue "the trustees, or other officer" of any Society neglecting to forward to him an annual report of its proceedings, for a penalty not exceeding FIVE POUNDS and costs! Mr. Roe, however, has suceeeded in procuring the reduction of the maximum penalty in *this clause* to one pound. Mr. Pratt must have evidently thought that his influence with the Government and Parliament was unbounded, for he positively had the hardihood to procure the insertion of a clause by which he was empowered to sue for a penalty not exceeding twenty shillings "any trustee, officer, or person, who shall receive from any person, on his admission into any Friendly Society, his first contribution, and shall not supply such person with a copy of the rules of such Society certified by the Registrar!"

There exists a certain class of self-elected professors of social science in this country, who appear to think that the working portion of the population ought to surrender the management of *all their affairs* into the hands of the section of society to which the said professors themselves belong. Mr. Pratt seems to be either at the head or the tail of this self-opinionated and somewhat selfish section; for he appears to let slip no opportunity of encroaching upon the constitutional right to self-government which Englishmen possess in their Friendly Societies, and sometimes in a manner by no means the most straightforward, or the most courteous. There undoubtedly exist small Societies in which the laws for a time are merely written in the minute book, and periodically read to the assembled members, to save the expense of printing. Surely it is not necessary to enlist the services of so important a functionary as the Registrar, to enforce by penalty a formula which those most interested in its operation think they can, under the circumstances, for economical reasons, judiciously dispense with. The Manchester Unity has had, ever since I knew it, a *law of its own* enforcing the condition the registrar approves of, though the penalty for accidental neglect is not quite so terrible as that proposed by the official advocate of centralized authority in these matters. I therefore can have no especial quarrel with its *ostensible* object; but I clearly perceive that it involves a principle of the greatest possible import to the friends of self-government. It looks very like the thin edge of the wedge of despotic authority seeking to control the provident operative in what he deems, as a free Englishman, to be his own proper business. The obnoxious clause, therefore, met with the most strenuous opposition from the more intelligent members, and, to Mr. Pratt's evident astonishment, it was expunged *in toto* from the bill. This species of paltry meddling may suit the prejudices of a petty German State, but it is utterly repugnant to the genius of the British people, and to the progressive tendencies of the age. The learned author of the "History of Civilization in England," aptly characterises this kind of legislative blundering as "*that great German sin of over regulation*:" and he justly observes, in support of his strong condemnation of the principle, that "the German *people* are more superstitious, more prejudiced, and, notwithstanding the care which Government takes of their education, *more really ignorant and more unfit to guide themselves* than the inhabitants of either France or England." The Registrar may depend upon one fact, and that is, the intelligent members of these self-governed Societies know the value of their privilege both to themselves, and, indirectly, to the community at large, and that they are both determined and capable of defending it against much more powerful influence than he can in future ever hope to enlist on his side of the question.

Mr. Pratt has evidently concluded that *all Friendly Societies* present similar features, differing only in degree to the relatively few that occasionally trouble him for advice, or shock his sense of propriety by uniting periodical festivity with provident habits. In his case the *whole* are judged not by the best, or the medium, but by the worst samples of the class; and he and his subordinates, and his, perhaps, well-meaning but ill-informed advisers, fancied that petitions or remonstrances emanating from so *low* a section of the community, would prove of little or no avail against his immense personal and official influence. Perhaps the large majorities by which his pet clauses were either rejected, or considerably modified, will have convinced him that the members of Friendly Societies are not all of so *low* a stamp as he appears to have imagined, but that they can, on the whole, in their own localities, command sufficiently the attention and respect of their parliamentary representatives to frustrate any future attempt on his part to ignore their sentiments, feelings, and experience, when he again feels inclined to try his hand at practical legislation in this direction.

That the executive government and the great mass of the members of the Manchester Unity are not, as a body, unwilling to aid Mr. Pratt in the procuration of returns showing the experience of the branches forming their Unity, was demonstrated by the resolutions which have recently been passed, fining districts for neglect in this respect. My own District has likewise a bye-law which inflicts a fine of five shillings upon each Lodge neglecting to forward to the corresponding secretary within one month from the time prescribed the information required, both for the purposes of the Registrar and the board of directors. A fine of two-and-sixpence for each additional monthly period of continued default is likewise enforced when necessary: the same, or something similar, is done by all well-conducted Districts and Lodges in the Order.

The objection of the leading members of the Manchester Unity is not to the employment of any desirable means to ensure compliance with the wishes of the Legislature and the friends of progress with respect to statistical returns, or the complete circulation of the Society's rules amongst the members, but to the manner in which Mr. Pratt continually endeavours in the most obnoxious manner to augment his own personal authority by improperly tampering with the existing statutes relating to Friendly Societies. It is gratifying to find that Lord Brougham, on presenting a petition against a certain clause in the bill previously referred to, and whose premature entrance into the world of British law was accompanied by the smallest possible squeak, not only denounced the clause in question, but the manner in which the bill had been indecently hurried through Parliament. His lordship's words are worth preserving as a record of the insidious attempt at official dictation to the great mass of self-relying British operatives, and of its signal defeat. According to the *Times* of the 24th July last, his lordship said:—

"He had a petition to present from a highly respectable body of persons connected with the Friendly Societies of the county of Lancaster, which applied to an immense number of Friendly Societies all over the country, and which complained of a clause wholly altering the constitution of Friendly Societies in the most important particular of winding up and the distribution of their funds. The clause in question was never mentioned in the House of Commons, and no notice was taken of the subject till the bill reached their lordships' House. The bill was reported without amendments, and in the report an amendment of a most extraordinary character was added to it. By the Consolidated Act of 1855 great care was taken of the whole matter of winding up and dissolving, and the 13th section, to which the petitioners referred, required that no Friendly Society should be dissolved without the consent of five-sixths of the members. It laid down the manner in which the vote should be taken most minutely, detailing the regulations for the purpose of preventing surprise or fraud. Even where the consent of five-sixths was obtained to the dissolution and winding up, the appropriation of the funds was restricted to the purposes of the society—evidently a most just, a most fit, an absolutely necessary condition. But what did the clause in the Act of 1858 provide? Why, that only one-fourth of the members of a Society might present a memorandum to any actuary who had been five years connected with an insurance company, who was then to consider the subject, and, if he choose, was to wind up and dissolve without any regard to the requirements of the 13th section of the Act of 1855; so that members who had paid only two years and six months, or three years, might have the funds distributed among them in equal proportions with those who had paid 20 or 25 years. He really thought there must have been some mistake in the petition until he looked into the Act of 1855, and compared it with that of 1858; when he also found this,—that, no doubt, the clause objected to was moved regularly as an amendment on the report of the 27th of July, 1858. On the 29th of that same month the bill was read a third time and passed. The consent of the Commons being obtained, on the 2nd of August it became law. He wished the noble earl, who made a most important statement the other evening relative to the business of the House, had been present, in order that he might hear how many bills passed that day. No fewer than 49 bills were passed on the 2nd of August, and the space given to the Commons and Lords for considering this entire revolution in the state of Friendly Societies was the interval between the 27th and 29th of July, when the bill passed the third reading. He thought he could not do better than call the attention of his noble friend on the woolsack to this case."

The Registrar presented his fifth annual report to Parliament on the 7th of August last. By-the-bye, in what manner does the reader imagine Mr. Pratt has condescended to notice my previously-expressed dissent from some of his views and practices? By a sifting examination into my facts and arguments, and their partial or complete refutation? Oh, no! It appears that Mr. Pratt, like his subservient echo, the literary Jupiter, thinks it beneath his dignity to reply to any attempted refutation of his errors or exposure of his calumnies, although he does not feel his honour sullied or his dignity impaired by their partial repetition. Mr. Pratt has felt, however, the force of some of my strictures, and has resented my straightforward, though I trust not discourteous, expression of opinion by declining to forward to me, or to the offices of the Manchester Unity (as he had been previously in the habit of doing) copies of his reports for our perusal and edification!

Well, we shall be enabled to survive, I have no doubt, the effects of this rather terrible *coup-de-logique!* and we will, with the most exemplary self-denial, decline to retaliate in kind. Mr. Pratt's legitimate service in the cause of Friendly Society progress shall ever receive all due recognition from me, notwithstanding this tremendous exhibition of small spite; and I shall, as fearlessly as heretofore, express my dissent from what I conceive to be erroneous or impolitic, either in his statements, arguments, or official conduct. I have not, nor ever had, any other object in view but the acquisition and dissemination of truthful information on this most important social question.

### PROGRESS OF ENROLMENT.

It is gratifying to learn, notwithstanding the petty obstructions on the part of the Registrar and his clerks, to which I have previously referred, that the cause of enrolment is making satisfactory progress amongst the members of the self-governed bodies. Mr. Pratt announces that during the year 1859 no less than "2,153 societies have had rules and alterations examined by him and certified pursuant to the Act." Of course, Mr. Pratt, in this enumeration, regards each Branch, Lodge, or Court of the affiliated bodies as a separate society. Fifty-nine others have *deposited* their laws under the 44th section of the 18 and 19 Vic. c. 63. This is a very satisfactory announcement, and will, no doubt, stimulate the friends of progress and enrolment to further exertions.

### DISSOLUTION OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

The next paragraph in Mr. Pratt's report, however, is pregnant with interest of a very opposite character. He says—"*Notices of dissolution* have been received from 52 societies during the year ending 31st December, 1859, of which number 48 were in England and 4 in Wales; the causes of dissolution generally arising from the claims made on the funds by pensioners, the number of members being small, and no increase of young members." It is desirable, in future, that Mr. Pratt should publish the name, locality, constitution, and special cause, as far as known, why each of these clubs or branches has failed in the performance of its original engagements. Such authentic information would prove of great value both in arousing the attention of the members of societies with similar laws or constitutions, and in directing their energies in the right direction towards timely adjustment. It is exactly this sort of knowledge, undistorted by the manipulation of prejudiced proprietors of pet theories, and unmixed with the sickening leaven of ignorant and rancorous denunciation, that would tell most powerfully upon the prejudices of that class of members to whom abstruse statistical facts, figures, and arguments, weigh but little in comparison with the results of their own limited experience. It would likewise indicate to the more intelligent members of the rising generation, what class of society it is their interest to join and what class to avoid. I am persuaded, from my own practical knowledge, that the cause of financial improvement would receive most valuable aid from such a continued procedure. The provident section of the people I have ever found willing to receive cheerfully instruction imparted in a friendly spirit; but they unquestionably are as equally determined to disregard mere dogmatic teaching on this subject, and to resent discourtesy or impertinence—no matter how "respectable," in the conventional sense, may be the self-elected pedagogues, or the ill-informed, *soi-disant* friends of the people, who, in the words of a profound modern thinker, "flatter their own vanity by denouncing the vices of others."

### THE VOLUNTEERS.

Mr. Pratt calls attention to the fact that the Legislature has recently enacted that volunteers in the rifle, artillery, or yeomanry corps, or in the reserved force of seamen, shall not "lose or forfeit any interest they may possess in a Friendly Society," in consequence of their joining such corps.

This appears to me to be a species of *financial* wisdom of the most extraordinary character; and especially so as it evidently proceeds from a quarter ordinarily very eloquent and denunciatory on the *inadequacy of the rates in most of these institutions to meet their present engagements!* In strict justice, if the Legislature thought that increased risk to the clubs resulted from the membership of volunteers, the clauses in question are simply acts of spoliation, or ingenious expedients to levy a special tax upon the presumed already insufficient funds of the provident operatives, for as purely as national an object as can well be conceived, and to which all classes ought in equity to contribute in proportion to their means. But there is far more patriotism in the hearts of the industrious provident workmen of Britain than some of our legislators appear to imagine. I have never yet heard of a society that either excluded a member or charged him an increased subscription because he had joined either the Volunteers or the Militia. The Lodges of the Manchester Unity, which forwarded the largest subscription to the Crimean Patriotic Fund (about £2,500), were not very likely to tax, for the slight extra risk, those of their members who volunteered to defend their and the national interests against foreign aggression. The only conditional rule in the General Laws of the Unity, with regard to members belonging to the *regular services* even, reads as follows:—"No naval, military, or other member shall be admitted" (to the meetings) "with side-arms." The Members of the North London District Branch, I am informed, offered to form amongst themselves a volunteer corps of artillery; yet some party high in authority, but ill-informed, actually refused to acknowledge them as the Odd-Fellows' Corps—and for what reason, does the reader think? *Because, forsooth, the Manchester Unity is an* ILLEGAL *Society!* It is remarkable what a length of time is required for the eradication of a popular error from amongst certain sections of the "educated" upper classes. I suppose I shall not be believed by some of these learned patriots when I inform them that our Society, years before its enrolment under the parliamentary statutes, invariably inculcated the necessity of a proper respect for social order and the law of the land; and, although their funds were studiously unprotected by that law, the loyalty of the members was proof against even such treatment, and the toast of "The Queen" ever had its due precedence in their most "secret" assemblies.

### ANNIVERSARY DINNERS.

Mr. Pratt and the *Times* newspaper are, of course, still determined foes of anniversary dinners in connection with Friendly Societies. It is very amusing to listen to the something more than red republican hatred of these ardent admirers of the British character and British constitution to one of the still most prevalent and most time-honoured of our national customs. They, however, have "drawn in their horns" considerably since our last encounter, and I have no doubt in a short time the energies of both will be applied to much better purpose. Mr. Pratt does not now insist upon any different legal conditions with respect to drinking and feasting than has, so long as my knowledge extends, formed the principle upon which the bye-laws of my own and hundreds of other Lodges of the Manchester Unity are formed. He very clearly expresses this in his last report. It is desirable that all interested should read his own words on the subject. He says:—

"The 18th and 19th Vic., c. 63, s. 25, requires, *inter alia,* that a small contribution shall be made to defray the NECESSARY EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT, and a separate account shall be kept of such contributions and expenses. An erroneous construction has been put on this clause, and it has been supposed that money can be voted from the fund so contributed to defray the *necessary expenses of management,* towards the EXPENSES of the ANNIVERSARY. Rules for that purpose have been submitted to the Registrar, which he has refused to certify, as, in his opinion, it would be a misapplication of the funds, as the expenses of an ANNIVERSARY can in no way be considered as a necessary EXPENSE of MANAGEMENT; neither does he feel that he is now authorised to certify any rule to *compel* the attendance of a member at an anniversary procession or funeral by the infliction of a fine, or by requiring the members to pay towards the expenses. It appears to the Registrar, that in any future legislation some provision should be made to prevent the payment for beer, or other refreshment, out of the contributions; against any *compulsory payment* for the same, or towards the *annual feast*, as well as the imposition of any fine for non-attendance thereat."

Well, such is already the law in my own Lodge and in the vast majority of the branches of the Manchester Unity. But still I contend Mr. Pratt is exceeding his authority, if he does other than recommend the adoption of similar laws in Lodges or District Societies, the members of which at present regard the anniversary as an important element in successful management. The separate fund referred to in the Act was not established to suppress anniversaries, but to prevent the expenses of these gatherings and *other cost of management* from being paid out of the *fund intended to meet the insurance engagements!* Mr. Pratt *ought to know this well.* There is no mention made of anniversaries in the Act of Parliament, yet their existence was always well known to the Legislature. Indeed, Mr. Pratt had certified many under the previous Acts, laws which *expressly permitted* this very application of a portion of the regular subscription! The members of each individual Lodge very properly think *they* are better judges than Mr. Pratt as to the use or value of the anniversary meeting. To my own knowledge, it has been in many cases the cause of the prosperity of the Lodge, in country places especially. In fact, it is their most efficient method of advertising, and has proved infinitely cheaper in proportion to its success than any advertising yet invented by either Mr. Pratt or the exclusive advocates of "office societies." Singularly enough, on the evening previous to my penning this paragraph, I attended, by invitation, a sumptuous dinner in honour of the anniversary of a wealthy tradesmen's protection society; and I heard one of the speakers expressly advocate such gatherings for the very purpose of infusing practical vitality into their business objects. He certainly expressed the opinion of a large majority of his countrymen when he emphatically declared his conviction that "nothing was more natural to an Englishman than a good dinner!" The true remedy of the disaffected minority in these cases is to join one of the school, or office clubs, or a branch of an affiliated body, where the majority of the members entertain a similar opinion to themselves on this subject. But governmental interference in such a matter appears very like a semi-treasonable absurdity in free England in the nineteenth century!

It would be as well if that national schoolmaster, who is reported to be still wandering about in search of pupils, would call upon some of our "highly-educated" philanthropists, and teach them a little "common" knowledge respecting that portion of the industrial population which troubles neither the parish office nor the jail. Some of them appear to know more of the stratification of the rocks, the structure of the plants, the habits of the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, and the naked savages of the most remote regions, than they do of the hopes and fears, the habits and the feelings the sufferings and the sorrows, the struggles and aspirations of the best section of their humbler fellow-countrymen, living, toiling, and dying beneath their very eyes.

The *Times*, I said, is much more moderate in its denunciation. Its great blunder now is the publication of exceptional cases as the general, or even universal, rule. The writer might as well denounce the clergy as a lot of adulterers and swindlers, and support his argument by quoting a few instances which have lately figured somewhat prominently in the papers. Palmer, Smethurst, and some others would furnish ample material for an equally just implication of the murderous tendency of the medical profession. However, the writer at last frankly acknowledges the practical common-sense view of the matter. He says:—"A mean must be struck in these matters. These societies would not flourish unless they had something in the shape of a merrymaking accompanying them, but in too many the festive element triumphs over the serious one." Perhaps the "festive element" may triumph in *too many*, but by no means in *so many*, or *to such an extent*, as the *Times* writer has been led to believe. Besides, the virtue of the great mass is none the less virtuous because a few of their neighbours less advanced in knowledge remain still attached to the "good old English customs" of their sometimes much praise-bespattered forefathers.

It is said, that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones. We have, too, some excellent moral advice touching motes and beams in sinners' eyes, on the highest authority. True reform, it has often been solemnly trumpeted forth, either does, or should begin at home. Under the influence of these feelings, and with the view to indicate a more legitimate outlet for the evidently earnest zeal of Mr. Pratt on this anniversary question, I cut out a few weeks since the following paragraph from a newspaper, to which I respectfully but earnestly beg to call his attention:—

"It came out during the hearing of a case in the Lord Mayor's Court, on Saturday, that thirty-three members of the Social Club, consisting of *barristers*, officers, &c. consumed, at a supper given at London, no less than thirty-eight crown bowls of punch, in addition to considerable quantities of beer, wine, and spirits."

Truly, *very* shocking! But then the delinquents are so *very* respectable.

There is, of course, much valuable information in the report under consideration to which I shall with pleasure refer to on a future occasion.

# SONNET ON MUSIC.

By Russell Sothern.

Music is Sound and Silence interwreathed.
Both in their separate natures are divine;
Yet Silence loves the air where Harmony is breathed,
And Sound with Silence loveth to entwine.
Thus, when entranced with Music's strain, the soul,
Filled with sweet rapture, doth itself resign
To the dear visions that before it roll:
Yet, gentle Silence, art thou hovering round;
And when we walk upon thine holy ground,
Within the grove so silent and so still,
Unto the hearkening mind there breathes a sound,
Although to outward ear inaudible.
And thus, like sisters having but one heart,
Silence from Harmony can ne'er depart.

# Genius, Talent, and Tact.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON.

Genius is a poet, Talent a lawyer. The one struggles and strives in a garret; while the other lives in a great house, and sports his pretty person in a coach and four. And yet it is the ambition of the last to be thought the first; and so it often happens, as gooseberry wine is occasionally taken for champagne, and by some esteemed the better tipple, that mankind, as with eyes blinded by the meretricious rays of a mock sun, give one the credit of being a profound genius who, in truth, possesses only a somewhat more than ordinary share of talent. But Talent is a very useful possession in its way, as it enables its fortunate owner to lay up, sometimes, riches for himself—and wealth, by most, is considered the end of life; and while Genius is singing and soaring like a lark at the gate of heaven, Talent like a mole is digging and delving in the dark earth; and, not unlike the mole, it burrows with a purpose; and the purpose, mostly, is the attainment of comfortable quarters.

The gift of Genius is vouchsafed to few; but all men possess a Talent for something, though it be only the trifling though not inelegant art of sucking a lollypop. Genius invents, Talent appropriates. Genius paints a picture, Talent makes a copy. Genius walks through the world with its eyes uplooking towards its home in heaven, Talent fixes its gaze upon the earth, and finds there a fitting recompense. When Jupiter divided the goods of the world among the inhabitants thereof, the Poet looked on; and, when the god had finished his distribution, humbly put up his petition for a little share. "You are too late, my friend," said Jupiter; "I have given the land to the farmers, the merchandise to the merchants, and the towns and cities to the traders and workmen. Where were you when all these good things were divided?" "I was listening to your voice and gazing on your face," replied the Poet. "Alas!" said Jupiter, "yours was an unprofitable occupation. What can I do for you? There is nothing left. The fruits of the earth, the merchandise and the wealth, are not mine to bestow; but if you are content to dwell with me in heaven, you shall be welcome there!" And this is the true Poet's portion; now, as of old, unselfish and single-minded, Genius triumphs over Talent—for it lives for ever.

Talent is a respectable thing, nevertheless, and he who has it may well be proud; for, better than Genius, it takes care of number one—of the earth, earthy. As my friend the late Robert Brough wittily and truly said, it is not Genius that wins the laurel now-a-days, but respectable mediocrity. The grand error, however, is when Talent mistakes itself for its more ethereal relative, and fancies itself hardly done by because the world is slow to acknowledge the assumption—as, for instance, the wrath of Tupper at not being considered a poet. But, recovering its senses, Talent has its revenge upon the world, and becomes important in spite of the prejudices of the prejudiced.

Talent is rich in the world's goods, Genius must be content to remain poor: blind old Homer begged and sang through the cities which, after he was dead and buried, quarrelled for the honour of having given him birth; and Thomas Otway starved in the public streets.

Genius and Talent are foster-brothers, nursed at one breast. But as they grew up they were divided, for the one was the rich man's heir and the other the poor nurse's brat. But in virtue of that early companionship, they have a resemblance to, and liking for, each other; and, were it not for the difference of apparel, they might even now be esteemed the children of one parent. But their paths in life are different. By patient, plodding, and not too particular industry, Talent contrives, somehow, to shuffle himself into the first rank; while Genius, too often idle and thriftless, having been born poor, is content to remain for ever humble—happy in the liberty of feeding the life-lamp with a scanty supply of the oil of wealth, and dying, oftentimes, as he has lived, obscure and unappreciated: but the spark that glistened in his eye, and made his meagre face all beautiful, was divine. And when he sinks, untended, possibly, and unknown, into a pauper's grave, the world suddenly awakes to the knowledge that a great spirit has departed; and shrugging its ponderous shoulders, immediately busies itself in raising a subscription to do marble honours to his dead remains.

But the picture is not all shadow; for, while Talent clothes itself in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, Genius lives in a world of its own creation, and discovers beauty and order everywhere. Everywhere, in the most foul and unlikely objects; in the crowded city streets no less than in solitary forests, and beside the giant relics of an elder world. While Talent is planning, copying, imitating, stealing—Genius is creating; while Talent is bowing its stately head in acknowledgment of the world's honours, thickly surging, like the waters of a mighty river, at its feet—Genius, with its hands in its pockets, is thinking great thoughts, to which the world will, one day, be also proud to render honour.

True Genius is modest and unassuming; but it is difficult, oftentimes, to distinguish the true from the false; and herein lies the great secret of profound criticism. No sooner does a man feel, or fancy—it is just the same—that he possesses the slightest claim to be thought original in his ideas, than he immediately takes pains to appear different from the rest of the world: no sooner does he feel the *cacoethes scribendi,* than he must needs neglect all the small amenities of life; and, putting on an air of great abstraction, strive to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of his fellows. Business henceforth must have no place in his recollection, and the payment of tradesmen's bills becomes a thing of no importance. This is the very affectation of genius, and serves only to make its wearer look absurd and foolish—a clown in a royal garment. But Talent never falls into this error. True genius *may,* and *does* sometimes, assume the motley, but it is only worn as a permanent garment by the ignorant pretender.

Genius and Talent are, as we said, foster-brothers; but they have a sort of cousin-german called Tact, who assumes the dress, and partakes the characteristics of both occasionally; and, of the two, is perhaps the most clever—certainly the most business-like. For while Genius is devising, and Talent striving to comprehend, Tact, with a skill peculiarly his own, contrives to make practical. Genius conceived the railroad, Talent constructed the tunnels and viaducts, but Tact formed the company and managed to get the Bill shuffled through the House—not forgetting to make himself chairman of the directors or chief engineer of the line.

If Genius writes a book, Talent and Tact contrive to pocket the profits of its publication. In other words, Genius is the author, while Talent and Tact are publisher and bookseller. If Genius discovers a new law of nature, or invents an original machine, Talent and Tact apply them to the ordinary affairs of life, and get the credit of both. Genius is life personified, Talent is life in reality—the first represents the mind, the last the breeches-pocket; and the world is ever ready to do homage to that which is nearest its own comprehension: we are more apt to admire the beauty of a painted picture than to comprehend the glory of the living landscape whence the artist drew his inspiration. And it is ever so; the unreal has more attraction than the real—and, though truth is stranger than fiction, we admire the last rather than the first, because we have the Talent to appreciate in greater proportion than the Genius to discover. Genius is a wedding garment: Talent an every-day suit. It is given to man, sometimes, to wear them both; and blest is he who wears them worthily.

◆

## SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

The shoulder to the wheel!
  Fellow-mortal faint and low;
Children may sit down and weep,
  But man must up and do.
In thy mind are idly lying
  Powers that all thy foes outnumber;
For a purpose never-dying,
  Thou canst rouse them from their slumber.
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day,
  Man who rules, or man who delves—
Upward look, but ever say,
  God helps those who help themselves!

The shoulder to the wheel!
  For there's work enough to do,
For thy country, for thyself,
  For the child who loveth you.
Nought the drooping heart obtaineth;
  All the active spirit gaineth;
In his trials strength he reapeth,
  Runs the race another creepeth.
Rouse thee, then, begin to-day,
  Man who rules, or man who delves—
Upward look, but ever say,
  God helps those who help themselves!

# Odd-Fellows and Foresters.

The question is frequently asked, especially in London, which Order possesses the greatest strength in members and funds? In order to set the matter at rest, a friend, who is a member of both societies, has taken the trouble to analyse the figures published in the latest returns of each. These figures he has courteously placed at our disposal, as well as that of the *Friendly Societies' Journal,* an extremely useful and well-conducted London monthly, from which, in another page, we insert a pertinent article on the "Press and Friendly Societies." At the commencement of 1860, the Manchester Unity had 305,261 members, with a capital of more than £2,000,000; while, according to their own directory, the Foresters had 168,576 members, in 2,233 courts, or an average of 75 in each. The members of the Manchester Unity were distributed in 3333 lodges in 441 districts, averaging 92 to each lodge. These figures, in our Society at least, have considerably increased during the past year.

The first of the following tables exhibits the distribution of members in each Order in all parts of the civilized world:—

## NUMBERS IN COUNTIES.

### ENGLAND.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bedfordshire ...... | 1,944 | 1,157 | Lancashire ......... | 57,323 | 24,552 |
| Berkshire............ | 1,087 | 307 | Leicester ............ | 5,589 | 523 |
| Bucks ............... | 1,709 | 849 | Lincoln ............ | 6,069 | 8,239 |
| Cambridge ......... | 1,576 | 456 | Middlesex .... .... | 9,752 | 18,519 |
| Cheshire ............ | 11,162 | 12,805 | Monmouth ......... | 5,374 | 2,358 |
| Cornwall ............ | 876 | — | Norfolk ............ | 9,326 | 4,361 |
| Cumberland......... | 3,647 | 1,507 | Northampton ...... | 3,046 | 2,461 |
| Derbyshire ......... | 12,222 | 2,677 | Northumberland... | 2,801 | 265 |
| Devonshire ......... | 1,982 | 923 | Nottingham ...... | 5,852 | 1,369 |
| Dorsetshire ......... | 1,543 | 182 | Oxford ............... | 467 | 223 |
| Durham ... ........ | 7,780 | 6,696 | Rutland ............ | 294 | 85 |
| Essex ............... | 2,250 | 2,035 | Shropshire ......... | 6,573 | 2,901 |
| Gloucester ......... | 3,631 | 2,821 | Somerset ............ | 1,395 | 982 |
| Hampshire ......... | 3,048 | 3,344 | Staffordshire ...... | 9,274 | 5,637 |
| Hereford ............ | 1,187 | 216 | Suffolk ............... | 3,831 | 2,547 |
| Hertford ............ | 1,809 | 635 | Surrey ............... | 4,800 | 5,596 |
| Huntingdon ...... | 1,193 | 544 | Sussex ............... | 5,064 | 2,494 |
| Isle of Guernsey... | 444 | —— | Warwickshire ...... | 7,933 | 2,051 |
| Isle of Jersey ...... | —— | 372 | Westmoreland ... | 2,627 | 651 |
| Isle of Man ......... | 828 | 197 | Wiltshire............ | 1,948 | 858 |
| Isle of Wight ...... | 356 | 662 | Worcestershire ... | 3,871 | 903 |
| Kent ............... | 5,359 | 5,437 | Yorkshire ......... | 48,552 | 28,422 |

### WALES.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anglesea ........... | 151 | —— | Flint ............... | 1,078 | 740 |
| Brecknock ......... | 1,216 | 563 | Glamorgan ......... | 13,528 | 2,655 |
| Cardigan ............ | 242 | —— | Merioneth ......... | 641 | —— |
| Carmarthen......... | 1,589 | 67 | Montgomery ...... | 246 | 700 |
| Carnarvon ......... | 977 | 291 | Pembroke ......... | 881 | 227 |
| Denbigh ............ | 2,263 | 418 | Radnor............... | 199 | —— |

## SCOTLAND.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aberdeen ............ | 260 | —— | Elgin .............. | 10 | —— |
| Ayr .................. | 470 | —— | Haddington......... | 292 | —— |
| Berwick ............ | 60 | —— | Lanark.............. | 351 | —— |
| Dumbarton ......... | 193 | —— | Renfrew .......... | 219 | 605 |
| Dumfries............ | 118 | —— | Roxburgh ......... | 231 | 81 |
| Edinburgh ......... | 591 | —— | Stirling ............ | 482 | 139 |

## IRELAND.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Antrim............... | 296 | —— | Galway............... | —— | 38 |
| Clare ............ .. | 26 | —— | Kilkenny ............ | 16 | —— |
| Cork........ ......... | 194 | 87 | Limerick ............ | 87 | —— |
| Dublin ............... | 365 | 39 | Tyrone............... | 29 | —— |

## ABROAD.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Africa ............... | 192 | —— | Malta ................ | no return | —— |
| America ............ | 71 | —— | New Zealand ...... | 1,028 | —— |
| Australia ............ | 7,796 | 1,912 | Tasmania ............ | 500 | 26 |
| California............ | 19 | —— | West Indies......... | 58 | 150 |
| Canada ................ | 854 | —— | H.C. Members... | —— | 19 |
| East Indies ......... | no return | —— | | | |
| France ............... | 48 | —— | Totals... | *305,261 | 168,576 |

## TOWNS AND CITIES IN COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cape Town ......... | 145 | —— | Melbourne ......... | 796 | 262 |
| Hamilton ........... | 138 | —— | Sydney ............... | 820 | 269 |
| Montreal ............ | 115 | —— | Auckland............ | 191 | —— |
| Toronto ........... .. | 166 | —— | Nelson ............... | 184 | —— |
| Adelaide ............ | 804 | 282 | Wellington ......... | 229 | —— |
| Hobart Town ...... | 266 | 26 | | | |

The following is a still further analyzation of the numbers of the two societies in the principal centres of home population, being chiefly compiled in reference to the electoral districts under the Reform Act.

## VARIOUS PLACES AT HOME.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. | Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aberdare ............ | 1,672 | 225 | Manchester ......... | 1,786 | 3,460 |
| Ashton-under-Lyne | 655 | 525 | Merthyr Tydvil ... | 1,542 | 304 |
| Aylesbury ......... | 73 | 40 | Monmouth ......... | —— | 49 |
| Barnstaple ......... | 73 | 12 | Montgomery ...... | 93 | —— |
| Bath.................... | 557 | 376 | Newark ............. | 387 | 317 |
| Bedford ............. | 346 | 237 | | | |
| Beverley ............ | 455 | 263 | Newcastle-under-Lyne............... | —— | 257 |
| Birmingham ....... | 2,941 | 1,254 | | | |
| Blackburn .......... | 2,637 | 80 | Newcastle-upon-Tyne............... | 448 | —— |
| Bolton ............... | 1,857 | 648 | Northampton ...... | 713 | 285 |
| Boston ............... | 268 | 67 | Norwich ............ | 2,076 | 1,066 |
| Bradford ............ | 2,154 | 845 | Nottingham ....... | 1,331 | 375 |

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* The List of Lodges says 305,214—the Port Natal District of forty-seven Members being omitted, perhaps in error.

| Place. | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|
| Bridgewater ....... | 201 | 115 |
| Brighton ............ | 1,625 | 1,075 |
| Bristol ............... | 1,369 | 1,931 |
| Burnley ............ | 850 | 315 |
| Bury ................ | 1,615 | 419 |
| Bury St. Edmunds | 496 | —— |
| Cambridge ......... | 389 | 63 |
| Canterbury ......... | 143 | 185 |
| Cardiff ............... | 675 | 365 |
| Carlisle ............. | 433 | 164 |
| Carmarthen ......... | 283 | —— |
| Carnarvon ......... | 360 | —— |
| Chatham ............ | 73 | 180 |
| Cheltenham ......... | 323 | 189 |
| Chester ............. | 428 | 354 |
| Clitheroe ............ | 305 | 224 |
| Colchester ......... | 64 | 192 |
| Coventry ............ | 457 | 52 |
| Cricklade .......... | 51 | —— |
| Denbigh ............ | 126 | 138 |
| Derby ................ | 1,620 | 627 |
| Devonport .......... | 296 | 126 |
| Dover ...... ......... | 232 | 105 |
| Dudley ............. | 273 | 86 |
| Durham ............. | 528 | 440 |
| Exeter................. | 276 | 272 |
| Flint.................. | 70 | —— |
| Frome ................ | 78 | 250 |
| Gateshead .......... | 148 | 26 |
| Gloucester .......... | 768 | 312 |
| Grantham .......... | 180 | 89 |
| Great Grimsby .... | 236 | 170 |
| Halifax ............. | 766 | 236 |
| Hastings ............ | 595 | 77 |
| Hereford............. | 422 | 161 |
| Huddersfield ...... | 393 | 423 |
| Hull .................. | 2,619 | 1,752 |
| Hythe ............... | 104 | —— |
| Ipswich ............ | 766 | 1,117 |
| Kendal ............ | 771 | 115 |
| Kidderminster...... | 108 | 65 |
| King's Lynn ....... | 512 | 414 |
| Lancaster............ | 932 | 88 |
| Leeds ................ | 3,670 | 834 |
| Leicester ............ | 1,405 | 320 |
| Lincoln............... | 781 | 286 |
| London, Post Office 8 miles circle | 11,186 | 18,614 |
| Liverpool ............ | 2,246 | 396 |
| Macclesfield ....... | 379 | 244 |
| Maidstone .......... | 48 | 224 |
| Oldham ............ | 1,997 | 313 |
| Oxford ............... | 136 | 73 |
| Pembroke ......... | 411 | 227 |
| Penzance ........... | 161 | —— |
| Plymouth........... | 603 | 152 |
| Pontefract .......... | 182 | 24 |
| Portsmouth ......... | 421 | 455 |
| Preston ............ | 2,401 | 571 |
| Reading ........... | 103 | 98 |
| Rochdale ........... | 1,521 | 922 |
| Salford ............ | 616 | 1,282 |
| Salisbury ........... | 188 | 21 |
| Scarborough ....... | 240 | 197 |
| Sheffield ........... | 1,405 | 926 |
| Shoreham .......... | 194 | 40 |
| Shrewsbury ......... | 1,198 | 670 |
| Southampton ...... | 1,011 | 1,223 |
| South Shields ...... | 100 | 296 |
| Stafford ........... | 361 | 121 |
| Stockport .......... | 1,686 | 1,170 |
| Stoke-upon-Trent . | —— | 51 |
| Stroud .............. | 78 | 67 |
| Sunderland.......... | 287 | 174 |
| Swansea ............ | 949 | 324 |
| Taunton ........... | 70 | —— |
| Tiverton ............ | —— | 22 |
| Truro .............. | 180 | —— |
| Wakefield ......... | 292 | 772 |
| Walsall.............. | 211 | 56 |
| Warrington ......... | 712 | 337 |
| Warwick ........... | 283 | 142 |
| Whitby.............. | 26 | 412 |
| Whitehaven......... | 403 | 176 |
| Wigan .............. | 589 | 276 |
| Winchester ......... | 83 | 83 |
| Wolverhampton ... | 626 | 365 |
| Worcester .......... | 409 | 237 |
| Yarmouth, Great . | 256 | 555 |
| York................. | 1,049 | 795 |
| Aberdeen ............ | 216 | —— |
| Edinburgh ......... | 591 | —— |
| Falkirk ............ | 165 | —— |
| Glasgow ........... | 351 | —— |
| Greenock ........... | 101 | 605 |
| Haddington ....... | 244 | —— |
| Paisley ............ | 78 | —— |
| Stirling ............ | 170 | —— |
| Belfast.............. | 270 | —— |
| Cork ............... | 194 | 87 |
| Dublin ............. | 338 | 39 |
| Galway.............. | —— | 38 |

Well, what do we glean from a consideration of these figures? What but the great fact that the habits of prudence and foresight observed by Mr. Bright and others are gradually taking a firmer hold on the working classes—the people! The immense increase observable in our own Society during the past two years,—above 17,000 in 1859, and probably more last year,—must be attributable to the greater efforts that have of late been made, especially in the metropolis, in bringing the principles and practices of the Manchester Unity prominently before the world. The publication of Mr. Hardwick's valuable Manual, and the extensive employment of the London and provincial press, together with the excellent system of visits from Lodge to Lodge, have doubtless contributed to this end. Then, again, the public demonstrations of the two Societies, at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, have also, doubtless, had incalculable influence on the public mind, and tended vastly to an increase of numbers. And here we may be allowed to remark that the old system of parade and show—the exhibition of banners, scarves, emblems, &c.—so much derided by some, has been a grand advertisement for both orders, and the members of Friendly Societies in general. It will be perceived that in the London district the Foresters exceed the numbers of the Manchester Unity by upwards of 7,000 members. Does it not strike the opponents of "gewgaw" and "finery," "regalia" and "display," that the use of flags and gay costume has had something to do with the matter? If the highest in the land esteem it an honour to wear the blue Ribbon of the Garter or the Cross of this, that, or the other knightly order, is it to be believed that working men are altogether uninfluenced by a love of display? Why, this desire for distinction is common to the whole human race, from the mightiest monarch on her throne to the painted savage in his wigwam. The same feeling which prompts brave soldiers to display the Victoria Cross and the Crimean medal on their breasts, causes members of Friendly Societies to take pride in the scarf or the emblem, the apron or the medal, presented in open Lodge or Court as a reward for services rendered, or as a recognition of personal worth and known integrity. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, the greater degree of display exhibited by Foresters in their public processions, and the more prominent air of ceremony observed by them in their social and business meetings, has had much to do in popularizing their Society. We must not be always teaching: we must do something also to amuse. The great social principle of Friendly Societies attracts more members than even the fact of their sound financial condition. In the Foresters' Society, it is known that many Courts are founded upon unsafe calculations; but this fact does not prevent them increasing in numbers. We have heard of one Court in London which, for a subscription of 4d. per week, promises 14s. a week in sickness for twelve months, 14*l.* at the death of a member, and 7*l.* at the death of his wife; and this, too, without reference to the age at which an applicant joins the Society! It unfortunately happens that many even join a Society of this character with the idea that "it will last their time." In the Manchester Unity, this discrepancy between payments and benefits cannot well occur; but does the financial safety of a Lodge or District prevent due regard being paid to the social tie which has so strong an attraction for most men? Does it render the abolition of all outward signs and ceremonials in private meetings and public assemblies highly desirable? The Freemasons have not found it necessary to discard their ceremonial observances,—why should we?

Much, too, is due to the personal activity of members. In Glamorganshire we possess 13,500 members, while the Foresters have only about 2,600. Again, in Yorkshire and Lancashire united, we possess about 100,000 members, while the Foresters have less than half that number. In Cheshire, Lincolnshire, and some few other districts, the Foresters, on the contrary, exceed the Manchester Unity in numbers. But then, we must never forget that the former Society is whole and intact, and not, as with the Odd-Fellows, split up into half-a-dozen separate Unities. Moreover,—I do not speak without knowledge, for I have myself joined the Foresters as an honorary member, and have not wilfully closed my eyes to facts,—there is considerably less difficulty in opening a Foresters' Court than there is in inaugurating an Odd-Fellows' Lodge; and that is no small matter, whatever some of our members may think to the contrary.

On the whole, however, we have much on which to congratulate ourselves. What we have to do is to strive, by every legal and possible means, to increase our numbers, being careful always to admit no undesirable lives into Lodges, and to apportion the subscriptions of members to an approximation of the true value of promised benefits; and that the requisite knowledge may be possessed by those desirous of becoming practically acquainted with Odd Fellowship, I would earnestly recommend a careful study of Mr. Hardwick's book. Foresters and members of other Friendly Societies would also do well to study the Manual, if they would avoid the rock on which so many Benefit Societies have been shipwrecked. The success of a Friendly Society does not depend on social attraction alone, or on financial prosperity alone, but on a judicious welding together of both.

G. F. P.

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## THE HOMEWARD WATCH.

### BY W. C. BENNETT.

The sailor the deck is pacing,
  And he hums a rough old song,
Bearing north from its southward whaling,
  As the good ship drives along.
And his thoughts with hope are swelling,
  For his watch it well may cheer,
To know that at last he speeds to her
  He has left for many a year.

And she in the darkened chamber,
  Where day is turned to night,
By the candle dimly lighted,
  Lies cold in her shroud of white.
Closed eye, and cold, cold cheek—
  The slumber of death sleeps she,
Of meeting with whom he's dreaming,
  In his homeward watch at sea!

# My First Tenants.

BY Y. S. N.

Not very long after I had located myself in my pretty little cottage at Freshlingford (the exact date is really of no manner of consequence, most inquisitive reader, any more than the precise whereabouts of the village to which I have given the above designation), not very long after I had established myself by myself "for good and all," a speculative builder thought proper to rear an edifice, the counterpart of mine, in closer proximity to it than I desired. However, as he had certainly as much right to build upon his own ground as I to live upon property which I had purchased, it was not for me to complain; so, after the necessary preliminary negotiations, I rented the house of him, with the intention of under-letting it, that I might thus have a voice in the selection of my next neighbours, and possibly some interest in them.

My friends thought that I was throwing money away, as few people would be likely to choose such an out-of-the-world place to reside in.

Fortunately, I had a very decided opinion of the attractions and salubrity of Freshlingford generally, and of the special beauties in the situation of Rosebank Cottages in particular, so I did all that I could to make the new tenement as much like the original model as possible. I had the garden similarly laid out, and even went so far as to remove some of my justly celebrated hepaticas and brilliant crocuses for the adornment of its beds.

I could not interfere with my beautiful hedge of roses, surrounding the kitchen garden, just across the road; but, with the assistance of my gardener and a nurseryman in Bath, I succeeded in procuring a good variety of cuttings, for a similar boundary, although I know it will be some little time before it can rival the first in abundance of bloom.

In spring and autumn I flatter myself that my miniature garden looks as gay and as varied in tint as any in the neighbourhood, and standing, as it does, on rather high ground, commands as pretty a view over meadow and woodland as you can wish to see. (My premises not being to let just now, this is not intended as an advertiser's puff.)

I am not much of a pedestrian now, but I know the time when a ramble through the far-stretching wood to the right of Rosebank, would have had far more attraction for me than a drive among the fashionables in the Park at the height of the season; why, then, should I despair of others having tastes equally simple?

These expectations were justified; my first speculation in house-property was not destined to be a failure. Scarcely had the board announced to passers-by that the cottage was "to let" than I had an application with which I soon closed.

My "first tenants" were a lady and gentleman from a distant country, who had been travelling for change of scene, and proposed trying the effects of Freshlingford air before proceeding to Bath, their final destination. The lady was very delicate, and needed quiet;—where could she be better suited than with us? I called upon my new tenants, as in duty bound; but the staid, respectable woman who opened the door informed me that her mistress was not well enough to receive any visitors, and had come to Freshlingford for perfect quiet; so she hoped that no offence would be taken if she made no exception to the rule in my case.

I asked if there was anything which I could do for them, or any neighbourly assistance needed.

"Thank you, ma'am, my mistress has every comfort that money can purchase, and a most devoted husband to take care of her."

There was nothing about the respectable dame to encourage me in further inquiries; and all that Elizabeth could elicit about them was that they had been married five years, and had as yet no children. Elizabeth thought the husband looked something like a clergyman, or may be a schoolmaster. Whatever his occupation, it seemed abandoned for the present, for he was almost invariably in attendance upon his wife. They went out together on Sundays, but I only once saw them at our church. Perhaps they went to an Independent chapel, which was rather nearer, and just then boasted of a celebrated preacher. In March my tenants came to me; April had nearly passed before I exchanged a word with them. It was in the pretty wood I have mentioned, whither I had gone in search of some white violets, to enclose to a sister-in-law living in London, whose tastes were as rural as my own, and who prized a few wild flowers more than the choicest bouquets from Covent Garden.

It was a lovely day, the air as warm and balmy, and the sky as cloudless as though it were June, and there, on my favourite resting place in the wood, were two who seemed to enjoy the scene as much as I.

The lady was carefully wrapped up in shawls, although it was so mild; her husband's arm was round her; her head rested on his shoulder, and he was looking down so tenderly and anxiously upon the pale face in the pretty peach-coloured bonnet. They did not see me, and perhaps it was wrong to watch them as I did, but the picture was so attractive I could not turn away from it directly. Her hair, which was dark and glossy, was banded over her forehead; her eyes were brown, with long fringed lashes. I never saw a more interesting face; but the interest lay rather in the animation and varied expression of the whole countenance than in the perfect formation of any one feature. His was a fair, almost an effeminate face; goodness rather than intellect shone out of those truthful blue eyes; but when the lips were not smiling there was a look of resolution about them too, which made one feel that firmness of character was by no means wanting.

An open book was beside them on the bench, but they seemed to prefer listening to the songs of the birds and the rippling of the stream which turned a water-mill in the meadow below, than to reading it; and truly I did not blame them.

As length her eye rested on a ruined building, which peeped picturesquely from behind the budding trees on a hill at no great distance, and both began speculating about it, indulging in very romantic notions respecting it.

"Well," she said at length, "I should really like to see some one who could tell us all about it."

There was a rustling among the bushes; both turned and saw me advancing towards them.

I told them it was only a ruined factory, which had been burnt a few years previously.

"Oh! what a prosaic termination to our romance!"

"And they talk of rebuilding it," I added.

"Indeed? What a pity! Why, with a little ivy, that would be quite an attractive object!"

"If you are fond of ruins, you should drive to Farleigh, at no great distance from here: there is ivy there. It is not an extensive building, but forms a pretty subject for an artist."

"We must go there," she said, turning to her husband; and then they asked me to rest on the bench beside them; but I would not be intrusive, and left them to the undisturbed enjoyment of the scene.

As spring gave place to summer, the walk in the wood was abandoned, and the invalid might be seen slowly pacing round the garden, leaning on her husband's arm, or resting upon a sofa under the verandah to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, which were more abundant on my side of the fence than theirs. A new garden is never very attractive; but the shrubs I had put in were thriving, and the two large, well-filled flower-baskets made their grass-plat very gay. My beautiful standard roses were particularly flourishing that year, and many a choice bud found its way to the invalid's sitting-room.

I could not help watching my neighbours a good deal; and, ensconced behind the curtains in my bow-window, could see them day by day without their being any the wiser; for, indeed, it did my old heart good to witness the unmistakeable affection existing between them. Then, when she could no longer accompany him in his rambles, she would, as I imagined, urge his going alone; and at first he would shake his head and sit resolutely down by her side till the book was taken from his hands, and at last he would yield to her wishes and leave her, but not till he had placed fresh flowers on her table, with books and work, and the little hand-bell, that she might want for nothing during his absence. And she, wrapped in a magnificent Indian shawl, which she almost always wore now, would smile upon him so cheerfully as he left her!

And no sooner was he well out of the house than the little hand-bell was in requisition, and the elderly woman who had opened the door to me, answering the summons, would appear with a basketful of work—little caps, pretty little baby-nightdresses, and delicately-embroidered robes, which were soon exhibited on the table; and the invalid's cheeks would gain a faint flush as she and her attendant worked away busily for a time that was drawing very near now. How cheerful she looked whilst thus occupied! I could well understand what pleasure she had in the fabrication of those tiny garments.

Then our doctor's visits became more frequent; and, somehow or other, I began to get quite anxious myself as the days wore away, and longed to be of use, or to show some sympathy in my tenant.

And at last an opportunity presented itself. She sent me in a message that her husband was called away unexpectedly for a short time, and that she would feel very grateful if I would go in and sit with her a little.

I went in at once, before her husband's departure. Both thanked me very warmly for my prompt compliance with their request, and made an apology, quite unnecessary, for having declined my visits previously; and then, with many a promise of a speedy return, her husband most reluctantly consigned her to my keeping, and went off.

She was a little down-hearted and depressed, as was but natural, when he had gone; but I soon got her to talk cheerfully, and she showed me the beautiful pattern, of her own design, which she was embroidering for her baby's christening robe; and then she asked me so many questions about young children, that she led me on to tell her about my own favourite little niece, and how early she was called away from my care to the keeping of the holy angels; and the tears filled her eyes as she said—

"Oh, I hope my baby will not die! I do not think I could live if it were taken; and, should I die, it will be a comfort to my husband: he loves children so dearly."

But I would not let her indulge in such thoughts; and, to divert them, made free to admire her beautiful Indian shawl, and she told me it had been a wedding present, made expressly for her, and given her by a very kind old friend. So she was induced to tell me a little of her early life; and thus I was not long in getting intimate with her.

From that time I saw her daily, and even continued my visits after her husband's safe return. Then came a morning when Elizabeth stood by my bedside with a troubled face, as though she had sore things of which she could not trust herself to speak.

"The baby has come, ma'am."

"Well," said I, breathlessly, "and the young mother?"

"Mother and child are at rest now, ma'am." And the good creature fairly burst into tears; and I do not mind owning that I did the same.

The little one had died an hour after its birth, and the mother had sunk beneath a blow she had not strength to bear.

How my heart bled for the poor widower! With the others it was well, but of his grief I could not bear to think. It was long before I saw him again. The burial took place amongst his own people; but everything in the house was left under my care, with a request that I would not seek fresh tenants till he had decided upon what to do for the future; and my rent was regularly transmitted to me that I might be no loser.

At length I had a letter begging that two rooms might be prepared for himself and his servant. They came for a few days, and I knew that they were packing and looking over everything; and a sad, dreary work it must have been, with a dull, cheerless winter sky without, and a void in every room within the little cottage which had once been such a happy dwelling-place to him and her.

Late on Christmas-eve he delivered up the key, and came to say good-bye. He intended returning to town by the night train. I tried to persuade him to stay till morning, for it was ugly weather to brave; but he was in haste to be gone.

He looked worn and very much aged since I had last seen him. His light hair was thin, and sprinkled with grey; the fresh colour on his cheeks had given place to a settled pallor; and the bones were not so well concealed as they were wont to be. There was no sparkle in his blue eyes, but they had still the same straightforward expression as when I first noticed them in the wood.

As he rose to leave me, he said—

"I believe I have taken everything from the house; if not, keep or destroy whatever you may find—it can be nothing of consequence. It would be useless sending anything after me. I am going to India, to a missionary station, and the boat sails in two days. This I leave with you purposely. It is a remembrance of one to whom you showed much kindness. She said you admired it, and wished you to have it in event of ——"

He did not finish the sentence; but, shaking hands with me, breathed an earnest "God keep you," and left.

The parcel contained that magnificent Indian shawl I have mentioned before. I do not very often wear it, but I very often think of its original owner.

A few months afterwards, having a prospect of fresh tenants, I took courage to enter the desolate cottage, and looked over all the furniture which Elizabeth had heretofore inspected more closely than I. I had a faint hope of finding some relic of my late lodgers; but no, the respectable matron had done her work thoroughly, and everything was gone. Not quite everything though. Opening a drawer of the little work-table, which had been pushed out of its old place in the bow-window, I caught sight of something carefully folded away. It was the little robe, still unfinished, with the needle in it sadly rusted—the robe which was to have been for "baby's christening"—and beneath was a packet of discoloured yellow paper, carefully sealed, but without superscription. I took it home and read it, having been authorised to keep anything which I might find. The MS. is still in my possession. Some day, perhaps, when all those alluded to in those "Memorials" shall have gone home to their final rest, it may be no breach of trust to publish the pages from which I learned all that I am ever likely to learn of the antecedents of My First Tenants.

# The Tongueless.

"For what use were our tongues given us?" demand we of our beloved readers.

"To speak with, to be sure," will be the immediate and somewhat scornful reply of the hasty.

"True, to a certain extent," say we; "we do not deny that this is *one* of the uses for which that member was formed, and for this it has deservedly been called an 'unruly' member. Have not all of us, alas! met with those who had 'the poison of asps under their lips;' who loved 'to speak all words that may do hurt, and who cut with lies as with a sharp razor;' who would not 'keep their tongues from evil;' and with those, too, whose 'tongues were gentlemen-ushers to their wit, and still go before it.' And could not most of us, in allusion to some of our acquaintance, when they begin to speak, repeat the saying of Theocritus respecting Anaximenes,—'Here begins a river of words and a drop of sense.'"

We confess that the tongue is *usually* a very important instrument of speech, but it is not absolutely necessary for it. So startling an assertion should be proved; let us try to prove it.

On looking over certain old volumes of the "Philosophical Transactions" and of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we find accounts of a woman, Margaret Cutting by name, who, about the middle of the last century, was living at Wickham Market, a small place in Suffolk. When she was four years of age, we are informed that a "cancer ate off her tongue at the root, yet she never lost the power of speech, and could both read distinctly afterwards and sing;" in fact, could pronounce most of the vocal and musical tones of which the human voice is susceptible. Her speech was perfectly intelligible, but it had somewhat of a nasal twang, owing to the want of the uvula; and her voice was low. A new tongue had been formed, about an inch-and-half in length, and half-an-inch broad; but this did not grow until some years after the cure.

Upon the publication of this case, it was observed that some few instances of a like extraordinary nature had been recorded; and one in particular, by Tulpius, of a man whom he had himself examined; who, having had his tongue cut out by some roving Turks, could, after three years, speak distinctly.

One of the persons who wrote an account of Mrs. Cutting, saw several men whom the piratical Algerines had cruelly maltreated by cutting out their tongues. "One of them," he says, "aged thirty-three, wrote a good hand, and by that means answered my questions. He informed me that he could not pronounce a syllable, though he had often observed that those who had suffered that treatment in early life, were some years after able to speak, and that their tongues might be observed to grow in proportion to the other parts of the body; but if they were adults at the time of the operation, they were never able to utter a syllable. The truth of this observation was confirmed to me by the two following cases:—Patrick Strainer and his son-in-law came to Harwich, on their way to Holland. I made it my business to see and examine them. The father told me he had his tongue cut out by the Algerines, when he was seven years of age; and that some time after he was able to pronounce many syllables, and can now speak most words tolerably clearly: his tongue, he said, was grown half-an-inch, at least. The son-in-law, who is about thirty years of age, was taken by the Turks, who cut out his tongue. He cannot pronounce a syllable, nor is his tongue grown at all since the operation; which was now more than five years ago."

Sir John Malcolm, in his "Sketches of Persia," tells us that in one of his visits to that country, he became acquainted with Zâl Khan, of Khist, who was long distinguished as one of the bravest and most attached followers of the Zend family. When the death of Lootf Ali Khan terminated its powers, he, along with the other governors of provinces and districts in Fars, submitted to Aza Mahommed Khan. That monarch, dreading the ability, and doubtful of the allegiance of this chief, ordered his eyes to be put out. An appeal for the recall of the sentence being treated with disdain, Zâl Khan loaded the tyrant with curses, loud and deep.

"Cut out his tongue!" was the second brutal order.

The mandate was imperfectly performed by one of the myrmidons of Aza Mahommed, and the loss of half this member deprived Zâl Khan of speech. Being afterwards persuaded that its being cut close to the root would enable him to speak so as to be understood, he submitted to the painful operation; and the effect was, that his voice, though indistinct and thick, was yet intelligible to persons accustomed to converse with him. This, Sir John Malcolm asserts, he experienced from daily intercourse. "I am not an anatomist," he adds, "and cannot, therefore, give a reason why a man, who could not articulate with half a tongue, should speak when he had none at all. But the facts are as stated; and I had them from the very best authority—old Zâl Khan himself."

Southey, in the seventh volume of "The Doctor," informs us that Mr. Bruce was well acquainted at Shiraz with a person who had undergone the same cruel punishment. Being a wealthy man, he bribed the executioner to spare a considerable portion of the tongue; but finding that he could not articulate a word with the imperfect member, he had it entirely extracted—root and all; and he then spoke almost as intelligibly as before his punishment. This person was of some consequence, and was, years afterwards, received as such in the first circles at Calcutta. At a dinner-party in that city, on the question being warmly argued as to the possibility of articulation after the extraction of the tongue, he opened his mouth, and desired the company assembled to look into it, and so set their doubts on the matter for ever at rest.

Another case occurred in the household of Dr. Mark Duncan, whom James the First at one period wished to make his "physician in ordinary." A son of this gentleman's valet, in his thirteenth year, lost his tongue by the effects of the small-pox—the root being so consumed by the disease, that, in a fit of coughing, it came away. The boy's speech was no otherwise affected by the loss than that he found it difficult to pronounce the letter *r*. He was exhibited throughout Europe, and lived long afterwards.

In Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," we are told that the Catholics, inhabitants of Jipasa, a maritime colony of Mauritania, were, by command of King Hunneric, assembled on the forum, and there deprived of their right hands and their tongues. "But the holy confessors," he proceeds to say, "continued to speak without tongues; and this miracle is attested by Victor, an African bishop, who published a history of the persecution within two years after the event." Victor sums up his account thus:—"If any one should doubt of the truth, let him repair to Constantinople, and listen to the clear and perfect language of Restitutus, the sub-deacon, one of these glorious sufferers, who is now lodged in the palace of the Emperor Zeno."

Creas, of Gaza, a Platonic philosopher, has also described his own observations on these "African sufferers." "I saw them myself; I heard them speak; I diligently inquired by what means such an articulate voice could be formed without any organ of speech; I used my eyes to examine the report of my ears; I opened their mouths, and saw that the whole tongue had been completely torn away by the roots."

Have we proved our position, that it is possible, under certain circumstances, to speak without tongues?

# THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

BY J. BURBIDGE.

"I see a new and noble aristocracy appearing in shops and warehouses, at desks and behind the counter—in workshops and factories—the aristocracy of mind; ready to take 'the shine' out of the aristocracy of lineage and wealth that has preceded them."—*Rev. Dr. Cumming.*

A TITLE once could only show
  The signs of noble birth,
And men of rank were years ago
  The great ones of the earth.
They deemed it just the crowd should shrink
  Before the cap and gown;
They thought it wrong the poor should think,
  And right to keep them down.

These were the days when books were things
  "The People" could not touch;
Made for the use of lords and kings,
  And only meant for such.
To work the loom, to till the soil,
  To cut the costly gem—
To tread the round of daily toil,
  Was quite enough for them.

Time was when just to read and write
  Were thought a wondrous deal,
For those who wake with morning light
  To earn their daily meal.
The man a more submissive slave,
  The less his head-piece knew;
And so *the mass* from habit gave
  Their birthright to *the few*.

Now look abroad, the light of Truth
Is spreading far and wide,
And that which fills our English youth
Must shame our ancient pride.
'Tis mind alone can wield the sword,
In spite of wealth and rank;
The artisan may face a lord,
With thousands in the bank.

We scorn not those of high degree,
For so 'twere wrong to do;
But poorer men as rich can be,
And quite as noble too.
The prince may act a gayer part,
But he who works for bread
May have, perchance, a warmer heart,
And p'r'aps a clearer head.

Then grieve not for the "good old times,"
Behold a brighter day!
The causes of our fathers' crimes
Are wearing fast away.
Before the Pen, the Press, and Rail,
Must old opinions fall!
The mighty project cannot fail—
Then aid it one and all!

* * *

# Triennial Alteration of Laws—An Imaginary Debate.

BY JOHN HARRIS.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

*The Affirmative.*

A.—I RISE to move that the General Laws be not altered oftener than once in three years, commencing from the present A. M. C.

All present having had some experience as Officers in this great Unity, must be well aware how often members who have not been at their Lodges for some time, are astonished to find the General Laws altered since they last attended. It seems almost impossible for the bulk of the members to know the changes made, for they cannot be at the Lodge every night, and they naturally complain of the trouble and inconvenience they are put to by the frequent alterations, as new laws or amendments are made every year. I have no doubt that from this cause alone we lose many good members.

I believe these continual changes to be quite unnecessary, and I therefore propose to alter the laws only once in three years; for I am sure that as we have good laws, based, I think I may say, upon a sound foundation, some of which have stood for many years, and are well understood by all the members, we may now try the experiment (which I take it will be a perfectly safe one) of working for three years without any change. All present members, and new ones initiated during that period, will thus have the opportunity of leisurely becoming acquainted with the laws in all their bearings, and be prepared to give proper and deliberate attention to any alterations which may then be proposed; at the same time mature consideration will be bestowed upon all propositions for alterations necessarily arising in the experience of the various Lodges and Districts. Indeed, I have a very strong suspicion that members generally will be less inclined to send in such numbers of propositions, as it is now our lot to discuss every year. Some really seem to be sent simply for the sake of having something to do, and to support which Delegates must be paid who would otherwise not have been appointed.

Delegates cause a large expense to some Districts, and it is time for us to consider whether we cannot save this great outlay. Beyond this there are expenses incurred for the Officers of the Order, rent of rooms, &c., at the lengthened sittings of each A. M. C., which would, on the new plan, be considerably lessened.

We should also save the expenses incurred in registering new laws and alterations, and having to print them as addendas, as well as the new issue of the complete laws to be sent to the various Lodges.

It is well known, too, at the present time, that we have too much to do at our A. M. C.'s to do the business well; the reception of the various reports, and the election of Officers and Directors take up so much time, that we cannot avoid hurrying over the alterations of laws, and it becomes mere chance if some insignificant proposition does not occupy a long time in discussion, whilst a most important one lower down on the sheet will be slurred over somewhat unfairly. It really seems that in consequence of hasty conclusions, any good and necessary attention must be before the A. M. C. for several years before it can became law.

I do not want it to be supposed that any other proposition hangs upon this which I have now the pleasure to move. Although I propose that the laws shall be altered triennially only, I would still maintain the Annual Committee of Delegates for the selection of Officers and Directors, and to proclaim to the world, and especially in the locality of our meeting, the vast moral and social benefits of the Manchester Unity, and its extraordinary progress, as well as to take any general public steps for the good of the Order. The A. M. C. would not thus occupy more than two, or, at the most, three days; for it is quite possible, as I have hinted before, that so many Delegates would not be sent, and there would be less speech-making. In this way my view is further enforced, that various Districts would be enabled to save the expenses of Delegates, and I am sure those not represented would feel satisfied with the choice of Officers and Directors by those Delegates amongst whom there could be no cliques or party views. The fear of the expression of disapprobation through the Order would prevent them doing anything unworthy of its reputation. I am aware that some Delegates attend at their own expense, but I presume they would not be less ambitious to do so, supposing the alteration of laws were only considered once in three years, and the Unity would thus have the benefit of their counsel and advice as at present. Before I conclude I would say that I do not wish to repeat what has been uttered in some Lodges, that there are too many of the old school elected to the A. M. C.'s who are too glad to have a week's holiday at the expense of their Districts, and who will never vote for triennial alterations of laws. I strongly repudiate that reckless assertion, for I do not believe any members of the Order would act so unfairly.

I venture to hope that the reasons I have given will be well considered by you all, and that you will come to a fair decision. I believe the annual alteration of the laws to be quite unnecessary, very expensive, and most annoyingly vexatious to the great mass of members who do not know what the laws are; for no sooner have they got the new ones and read them, than they are told some change is made.

I am sorry to have taken up your time so long, but this is a most important question. I trust after calm and serious deliberation, you will all vote in my favour for a "triennial alteration of the General Laws."

### *The Negative.*

C.D.—I shall vote against the proposition moved for the alteration of the 10th General Law. Nothing whatever has been advanced to show us that the change proposed will be "beneficial to the Unity," and before that grave consideration all other minor matters of personal convenience must bow down.

Every member is supposed to attend his Lodge every meeting night; and every member is supposed to know the laws. If he does not, it is his own fault, and not that of the laws, or any Committee of Delegates. It is not only possible, but easy for him to know all the laws; he is aware when he is initiated that there is an A. M. C.; and he is bound to refer to his General Laws, which show him that it always meets on Whit-Monday to consider alterations of laws. Then, it is his duty to attend his Lodge, some time in July, and learn what has been done. This he can do without expense, by merely reading the Quarterly Report, or, if he wants to possess a copy of the alterations, he purchases them for one half-penny. If he lives twenty-four years, and repeats this process, he will have to spend the enormous sum of one shilling, and spare about one hour every year to peruse and learn the new laws! It is for the lazy, indifferent, and thoughtless few who *will not* take this trifling trouble that we are pressed to make the sweeping legislation proposed; for those, in fact, who, as some, not very elegantly, but forcibly, express it, are a "sleepy lot." Let us be consistent, if we mean to oblige them. Let us tell them they may not only have three but twenty-one years if they like to learn the new laws, but they shall not alter their District or Lodge laws for the same period, and probably by that time most of them will sleep the sleep of death. In that way, we may probably lose good members—not by an *annual* alteration of laws. Will any one give us proof that a single person has left the Unity from the latter cause alone? Is the Manchester Unity decaying? I ask the question because you sat so quietly to be told that the changes made annually are unnecessary. Who is to be the judge of the fact—the "sleepy lot," or the body of Delegates at each A. M. C., busy and active for the good of each absent member? I ask you by the majority of your votes to reject the proposition, and so proclaim *this* change is unnecessary. If you do so, who shall deny you did right?

The proposer says our General Laws are good ones, and we can safely leave them untouched for three years. Why not five, why not seven, or more? The laws of England are said to be the perfection of human reason, and yet, strange to say, no one proposes that the House of Commons shall meet triennially. There, the way is open to propose any alterations; and if the proposition is good, a new law is made; if unnecessary, or radically bad, it is rejected. So in the Manchester Unity. We must have the way opened. No one knows what events may happen to necessitate alterations, and no one knows what injury the Unity may suffer if we agree to lock up our tongues, and so stultify ourselves for three years. Not the least curious fact is, that the changes annually made are administrative only, that is, such as it becomes officers to know. Since 1853, no laws of importance have been made which particularly affect members.

We are told to look to the question of expense, as Delegates cause the Districts an outlay. Granted: but who ever heard of any business being done without expense? Delegates do not come merely to support their own propositions, but to oppose others, either "unnecessary," or "bad," as they, in their judgment, may think proper to call them; and which, through no fault of theirs, must come before the A. M. C. Suppose some one suggested the propriety of taking away the right of representation from those Districts which do not habitually send Delegates, we should soon hear them offer to send the full number, and pay them without any croaking about expense. It is a pity *all* do not do so now.

But the proposer tells us he means to let Districts send Delegates or not, as at present; only, if the motion for triennial alteration of laws be carried, either Delegates will not be appointed, or those that are will not make such a long stay, and are therefore more likely to be sent, because the expense will be less. I will supply him with an estimate. Say 300 Delegates are sent each year, and they work three days less in each of two years, the Districts, if they paid 10s. per day, would be saved £900. In the *third* year, they would necessarily occupy a fortnight to legislate for the Unity, and the excess of six days over the usual A. M. C. would require exactly this £900 to pay them. What, then, is the difference, except in imagination? The same remark applies to officers of the Order and Directors, and to the printing of alterations and laws, for as there must necessarily be an arrear, there must in the third year be a greater quantity of alterations to print, whilst the General Laws supplied must, in numbers, be the same as now, to meet the wants of new members.

Surely, this gets rid of the bugbear "expense," and I think also of the notion, that because we have not time to do our business annually, we are sure to do it if we try once in three years instead. Was there ever such an argument?

And the Officers and Directors are to be chosen annually. Why? If the laws will last three years for the members, they will also do that time for the chiefs. And if the members sleep, why not the chiefs? The proposer should be honest, and tell us he wants triennial moveable committees, and that his aim is, if not intentionally, at least in effect, to destroy the Order.

And we must sleep while the world outside is busy, nervous, and full of life. The great universe is thorbbing, heaving, moving onward, and yet we must sleep, and perchance die out; the Manchester Unity being numbered with the things that were. "Beautiful is the dream of progression," but only to those who have gained the proper idea of life!

If, after reflection, any one of you can sanction triennial alterations of laws, do so. If I am alone, I vote against it.

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E. F., G. H., I. K., and others, took part in the debate.

L. M.—I should like to discuss the whole matter from the beginning—(Divide, divide).

On the motion of N. O., seconded by P. Q., the debate was ultimately adjourned.

# Poems for Recitation.

## "WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

BY JOHNSON BARKER.

Oh! say not hope's a fleeting dream,
A passing of the breath—
A bubble on the living stream,
That vanisheth in death;
For it bears a deeper meaning to the virtuously brave,
Whose earthly leaning staff is hope—a hope beyond the grave.

O, ye who sweat the livelong day,
And half the livelong night,
Move cheerily on your rugged way
And work with main and might.
Trudge on—trudge on, while yet ye may—
Oh! struggle onward in the fray,
And God will crown the right!
Tho' lowly be your present task—keep heart and never fear;
The loom of Time can wonders weave—keep heart and persevere!
With faith and truth for guiding-stars, with kingdoms ye may cope,
Then let your earnest motto be—" While there is Life there's Hope."

O, ye who by affliction's side,
Wear out the sleepless hour,
And watch the mouldering of pride—
The pride of youthful flower;
Watch on, watch on, whate'er betide;
The very dying have not died
When Hope had lost its power.
Then let not frowning aspects daunt—watch on, and never fear;
True-hearted hope will never flag—watch on, and persevere!
Unfearing, not a moment stay, to sigh, or weep, or mope,
But let your earnest motto be—" While there is Life there's Hope."

O, ye who 'neath oppression bend,
Bow'd by a chastening rod;
O, ye without an earthly friend,
Condemned, despised, bestrod;
Hope on, hope on, and well depend,
Ye'll be befriended in the end,
If ye but hope in God!
Then onward wend your weary path—hope on, and never fear,
A breath is all of earthly wrath—hope on, and persevere!
Though bowed and bent your worldly way ye stumbling have to grope,
The triumph will be yours at last, if ye but live in hope!

Then say not hope's a fleeting dream,
A passing of the breath;
A bubble on the living stream,
That vanisheth in death;
For it bears a deeper meaning to the virtuously brave,
Whose earthly guiding star is hope—a hope beyond the grave.

# A Year's Experience of Woman's Work.

BY BESSIE PARKES.

A PAPER READ AT THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE AT GLASGOW, 1860.

NEARLY a year has now passed since, through the means of the last meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, public attention in England was largely drawn to the subject of female industry. Nor was it in England alone that this vexed question came under discussion; France also contributed her thoughts; and two elaborate articles in the *Révue des Deux Mondes,* and other papers in less important periodicals, testified that our difficulties are also felt, although under somewhat modified conditions, on the other side of the Channel.

My title to again introduce this topic to the notice of the association is simple and direct—that of having experience to communicate in regard to remedial measures undertaken against the evils which were deplored last year—experiments limited, it is true, to one circle of people, and, in the main, to one centre of action; yet none the less valuable, because they afford us certain definite lessons which a less concentrated sphere might less clearly bestow.

In November, 1859, the *English Woman's Journal* had already been dealing with the various questions of woman's industry for not quite two years. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women was as yet inchoate, but maturing its plans, and asking for affiliation to this association. A reading-room for ladies, and a register for noting applications for the more intellectual and responsible departments of female labour, had just been brought into existence. Such was the beginning of our present organization a year ago. Last winter every department received a great accession of funds and of activity. The journal greatly increased in circulation; the society was absorbed into one created by and dependent on this association, with a committee of twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen, which immediately began to consider the formation of model industrial classes; the reading-room was removed to large and excellent premises in a central situation in the metropolis; and, as a natural consequence of these improvements, to which a wide publicity was given by the press, the register was literally deluged with applicants. We thought that by opening a register which should act merely among our subscribers, we might occasionally find opportunities of putting the right woman into the right place; that Mrs. A. might recommend an excellent matron or school teacher, and Mrs. B. hear of her through our simple plan, combining an entry in a register book and an advertisement in the journal for the current month. If in this way we got two really good and well-trained officials placed in a month, it would compensate for the little extra trouble. Being thus, as it were, a plan private to the circulation of the journal, it was not otherwise advertised, nor was any publicity then sought for it. But when the whole question started into life, the advertisements put forth by the society appear to have aroused the attention of women in all parts of the country; and as the society and the journal now had contiguous offices in the same house, no practical distinction could be made, and the secretaries of either were literally deluged with applications for employment. We had no sooner explained to the ladies who came that the formation by the society of model classes or businesses for a select number did not imply an ability on our part to find remunerative work for indiscriminate applicants, than the same task had to be gone over again next day. Indeed, I remember one Friday in the month of March, when twenty women applied at our counter for work whereby they could gain a livelihood—all of them more or less educated—all of them with some claim to the title of lady.

Although not professing personally to enter into these applications, the replies to which devolved on the secretaries, I was very constantly in the office of the journal when they were made, and entered into conversation with the ladies; in many cases, indeed, they came with notes of introduction to me or to my co-editor, and I had to ask them what kind of work they wanted, and, indeed, a more important question—for what kind of work they were fitted. In this way we may certainly lay claim to have heard more of women's wants during the last year than any other people in the kingdom; and that just because the demands were so indefinite—the ladies did not want to be governesses; they wanted to be something else, and we were to advise them. In this way I have conversed with ladies of all ages and conditions, with young girls of seventeen finding it necessary to start in life, with single women who found teaching unendurable as life advanced, with married ladies whose husbands were invalided or not forthcoming, with widows who had children to support, with tradesmen's daughters, and with people of condition fallen into low estate.

To find them work through the journal register was a sheer impossibility. Not only were they far more numerous than one had ever contemplated, but they were of a different class. I had hoped to hear of and to supply a few well-trained picked women to places of trust among our subscribers; but here were literally hundreds of women, neither well trained nor picked, outnumbering any demand by 99 per cent. The Victoria Printing Press and the Law Copying Class got into work, and employed from ten to twenty girls and women each, but more could not be draughted into either establishment during the first year of its existence, without ruining the enterprise; while some time must be allowed to elapse before the idea involved in these model experiments could be expected to be seized by the commercial public, and an entrance be effected by women into either trade at large.

Since, therefore, we possessed but small power to aid numbers through the medium of our own organization, it remained to be seen whether we could form a link between our register and, firstly, the semi-mechanical occupations to which women have acquired, or might acquire, a title; and, secondly, the benevolent institutions of the country; so as to supply workers to the one, and matrons and female officials to the other.

To this end we adopted an idea struck out by a friend, and printed long slips for distribution, containing, besides the addresses of the Victoria Press and Law-Copying Class (in case any vacancy might occur, or more hands be wanted), the addresses of the two chief offices of the Electric Telegraph in London, in both of which women are largely employed; and also the addresses of the two chief institutions for training and employing nurses; also of Mrs. Lushington's cooking school, &c., intending to add to the list whenever we heard of any new institutions which would be regarded as centres of women's work. At the bottom of this list we notified that we ourselves kept a limited register for really competent matrons, clerks, and secretaries.

Now, in regard to what I have termed semi-mechanical occupations, I will dismiss them with a few remarks, to which I earnestly request consideration. I am considering the needs of educated women—of women who have been born and bred ladies;—it is a real distinction, from which, even in America, the most earnest democrats cannot escape, and which in England, however much the strict edges of the line of demarcation between class and class may be rubbing off, still exists in full force. Looking at it from one point of view, we are sometimes tempted to regret the false notions of gentility which prevent women working bravely at whatever comes nearest to hand; but, in considering a whole class at large, an honest observer must feel that there is something noble—something beyond a mere effort after "gentility," in the struggle to preserve the habits, the dress, and the countless moral and material associations of the rank to which they were born. A good and a refined education is a very valuable thing, and if educated women are to work at all for money—and I see no escape for a certain number being obliged in our country to do so—that education ought to secure them something more than a mere pittance.

Now, the semi-mechanical occupation of the telegraph—and I believe it will be found to be the same with all semi-mechanical occupations—does not (except in the department of overseers) supply the needs of an educated woman, unless she be quite alone in the world, having neither parent nor child to support; and even then, the wages hardly allow her to "look like a lady," much less to live like one. I am quite aware that there are daily governesses who go out for less than £50 a-year; their proportion is roughly estimated by the matron of the Governesses Benevolent Institution as about one-third of the whole number of daily governesses. But many of these are not what we mean by ladies; they belong to and teach in tradesmen's families. Others, again, are quite young, and, living with their parents, can afford to go out and teach for any sum they fancy pays them, and at a much cheaper rate than they could do if they actually supported themselves on their earnings. Others, again, are inferior in education, and so are driven down to offer their services at a low rate, from being destitute of accomplishments. Custom does not shield the governess as it shields the physician, with his definite standard of acquirement guaranteed by diploma, and his one guinea as a fixed recognition thereof; and therefore women will be found classed under the general head of "daily governesses," who are very unequal in their qualifications, and in the amount of salary they require and receive.

But it is none the less true that really educated women, possessed of a certain skill in music, drawing, and in modern languages—ladies such as teach ladies in the professional and merchant classes—ask and get more than £50 a-year as a general rule. The conclusion, therefore, to which I have come is, that it is chiefly for young people living at home with their parents, and for single women not possessing a high stamp of education, and having only themselves to support, that the semi-mechanical arts—such as that of working the telegraph, printing, law-copying, managing sewing-machines, &c.—are profitable, and will supply with bread and meat and clothes; and that it is highly desirable to extend and encourage such occupation in every way, taking great care in the formation of model classes, or new businesses, to harmonise them as much as possible with the physical and moral conditions of female workers. The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women devotes its energies to increasing this kind of occupation, and deserves the active support of the public for its exertions, so that it may gradually be enabled to extend them in new directions, and offer fresh examples of the introduction of women into hitherto unaccustomed businesses and trades.

But for older and for highly-educated women—for those to whom the keeping up of a social position has become a moral necessity, and for those who have others dependent on them—we surely ought to seek some employment which will secure them a fair income, and not consign them to simple trades, which, let them be ever so extended over numbers, cannot be parallel to the professions which gentlemen require, or to the commercial enterprise which they carry on on a large scale.

Now, there is work which really clever and energetic women are wanted to perform, and which people are everywhere beginning to say they ought to perform; all work involving moral superintendence over women and physical care of the sick and infirm of both sexes. Mrs. Jameson of late years dwelt constantly on this subject in her writings and private conversation; and Florence Nightingale has begun to organise the training of women for the latter purpose; nurses are also educated at several institutions under lay or church influence. But, as to placing educated women to act as officials in charitable, industrial, penal, or reformatory establishments, I really think I may say that nothing is done or doing. We keep reiterating the need of them in each and all; but I do not see that we are nearer the realization of our wish than we were five years ago.

Why is this? I can supply one part of the answer from our own experience of the last year; because the women who, from natural ability, might be disposed and competent to undertake such posts with advantage to themselves and others do not ask for them, have little idea of the kind of work and little desire for it, and would probably fail in doing it if they tried; because they have had no training.

Although I have seen many highly educated and refined women in want of employment during the last year, I have not seen half a dozen who were competent, by their own conviction, to take the responsibility of management on a large scale; the matronship of female emigrant ships, the control of a wild troop of reformatory girls, the overseership of female factory operatives, or the female wards of a workhouse.

Now, Sisters of Charity abroad do all these things. The popular notion of a Sister of Charity in England is, that she is always nursing the sick, or searching on a field of battle for wounded men with a vestige of life in them, or visiting the poor at their own houses—poetical and somewhat shadowy Evangelines, with baskets on their arms. But in good truth these are but a small part of their multifarious duties. They get through, in separate divisions, nearly all the work performed (or unperformed) in our workhouses;—they take, feed, clothe, and teach orphan and destitute children, and bring up the girls for service; they take bodily possession of old people and cripples, and tend them in other establishments—they distribute medicines and manage most of the casual relief funds of foreign cities. They also—and let me particularly draw attention to this point—undertake the care of criminal and vagrant children. I saw in the month of April last the great reformatory in the Rue de Vanguard, in Paris, where 100 girls of the lowest class—the majority actually prisoners, and consigned there by Government—are under the care of the Sisters of Marie-Joseph. This establishment was founded partly in consequence of the exertions of Madame de Lamartine, and it was shown to me by Madame Lechevalier, who actually holds the salaried post of Government inspectress of the female prisons of France. Why have not we also an inspectress for our female prisons? Madame Lechevalier has often knocked up a prison at eleven o'clock at night, when she suspected anything wrong; and I saw enough of her power of character, even during the few hours I spent with her, to convince me that she was a woman to hold a legion of female prisoners in awe.

Sisters of Charity are also now in France trying to make head against the evils of the factory system. In the *Révue des deux Mondes* for last February is to be found a very interesting account of three establishments where young girls are engaged in manufactures under the care of Sisters,—one at Jujurieux, for taffetas; another at Tatare, for plush; and the third at La Seauve, for ribands. Young girls on entering sign an engagement for three years, and a month's trial is also required. Workwomen are also received, who enter into an engagement for eighteen months.

But all these duties require something more for their wise fulfilment than love and patience; they require energy, foresight, prudence, economy, and the habit of working in concert and subordination; and, accordingly, we find the women who are to fulfil them subjected to a severe and methodical training. The *Maison Mère* of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, in the Rue de Bac at Paris, sends out 500 trained women every year to all parts of the world.

And we, if we wish to employ women successfully in works of benevolence and social economy, must find some way of training them for their duties, or we shall never achieve our wished-for results. Here and there we may find one specially gifted, to whom order and activity come by right divine; but if you take the few women who are even now filling marked positions of public importance, you will generally find they have received regular training in some way. Every one knows the severity of Miss Nightingale's preliminary studies, and the ordeal she passed through in hospitals abroad. Miss Carpenter had concluded a long and honourable career as a teacher before she devoted herself to criminal children. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell* is hardly a case in point, as her possession of a degree involved her career as a student; and (I believe) Miss Dix and Mrs. Fry forced their way by unusual energy, graduated themselves, so to speak; but all the institutions for nurses pre-supposed preliminary training. Miss Dence, the mistress of one of the best private asylums in England, was regularly educated under the leading physician, who has devoted himself to ameliorating the condition of the insane; and there are now several establishments in which ladies are conducting refuges for their own sex, each undergoing a certain probationary discipline.

Thus we find in every department of benevolent exertions the want of efficient machinery for teaching those who are to help others. And this knowledge is necessarily of two kinds—intellectual and practical. Books alone will not give it, nor will books and oral instruction combined suffice. Not only must the mind of the worker be furnished with all necessary knowledge, but the habits of the worker must be trained in activity, prudence, and control. Such workers can only be trained in the works they are eventually to perform, just as the swimmer can only be taught in water. In religious communities this is effected by receiving beginners into the life of community; among us it can only be effected by receiving female pupil teachers, as it were, into all our institutions; and this can only be done by the consent and co-operation, in many cases of Government, in all cases of the men who control all our institutions in England.

The pressure may "come from without;" it has come from without, and it only needs to give it a right direction. Moreover, almost all the best men who are working in philanthropic reform say that they want female help to carry out their purposes properly; but it will be of little good to ourselves, or to them, or to the poor, the ignorant, the sick, or the criminal objects of their solicitude, if it be desultory and untrained. We must appeal to men to give us the necessary opportunity of learning—in fact, to help us to help them.

In enumerating the women who have achieved useful careers, Mrs. Chisholm must not be forgotten; and in this connexion she is doubly to be remembered. While endeavouring to relieve the strain of female necessities, we must not forget that our colonies are eminently in want of women of every rank, and that they are the natural destination of the great surplus which exists in England. If it were possible to plant those who are suffering and struggling at home—with problems which at the best are very hard for most women to solve practically—in useful independence or happy marriage over the broad fields of Australia and New Zealand, who among us but would say that it was by far the best solution of our difficulty?

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* Sister to our contributor, author of "Lost and Found," &c., in last volume.—ED.

But before educated women will emigrate in any number the way must be made safe and respectable. They must find shelter and assistance on the other side of the ocean; a regular organization must be created, and competent female officials appointed to the emigrant ships in which they are to sail, and others be ready to receive them on landing. We have tried this year to induce several ladies to take advantage of the assisted passages granted to Canterbury, New Zealand, the only place to which assisted passages are granted for educated women; but we found none willing to start, even of those who would otherwise have liked to emigrate, because of the vague uncertainty which awaited them on the other side; no committee to put them into decent lodgings and assist them in looking out for situations such as are described by residents as actually vacant; nobody to whom to apply in case of illness; nobody to do what Mrs. Chisholm did, when she made herself the mother of the female emigrants of the working classes. In fact, no progress will be made in this most necessary exodus, until a few carefully-selected women, trained in all the necessary knowledge, are sent out from England, with a small fund and the best introductions to our chief colonial ports, and there instructed how to form local committees and *depôts* for the reception of governesses, or any other educated ladies who desire to try the fortunes of a new world. If such a plan were carefully inaugurated, I believe that a few years would see a very sensible diminution of the strain at home; and I believe that the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women might very wisely lay the foundation of such a plan, by selecting, instructing, and sending out the first officers if the necessary funds could be provided for that purpose.

To sum up, in a few words, the meaning of this paper, and the results of the past year's experience. All the semi-mechanical arts are eminently suited for young people, and it greatly behoves fathers to train their daughters to the possession of some such means of gaining independent bread in the morning of life, while health and spirits are, or ought to be, strong, so that while living under the parental roof they may secure themselves against a rainy day, when it may no longer shelter them. But there are many, many women to whom, by reason of age, health, or social responsibilities, the semi-mechanical arts are not applicable; women also whose capacities deserve and require a wider field of intellectual and moral exertion than the compositor's case or the law copyist's desk can afford; and seeing, as I do daily, how great is the comparative delicacy both in brain and in the bodily frames of women of the middle and upper class—of the bad effect upon many of them of long hours of sedentary toil, and the supreme difficulty of introducing them in great numbers into the fields of competitive employment, the more anxious I become to see the immense surplus of the sex in England lightened by judicious, well-conducted, and morally guarded emigration to our colonies, where the disproportion is equally enormous and where they are wanted in every social capacity; and to see a large number of those who remain, the single or otherwise self-dependent women, who must exist in every highly civilised and thickly populated country like ours, well and carefully trained in all those functions of administrative benevolence which are, in fact, but a development of household qualities; the larger, the more generous, and equally distinctive part of woman's work in the world.

# THE POET'S MISSION.

BY THOMAS RUSSELL.

To make of Love a sacred thing,
To rob it of its venom sting,
To dry the floods that quench the flame,
For this—for this the Poet came.

To gift the flowers with eloquence,
To root out all the thorns from thence,
To make their beauty looked upon
*Not* as a thing whose use is gone.

When they should droop, but symbols make
Of hearts that on till they break;
Of bosoms holding Love, when age
Has vainly strove to blot the page.

To bind us, brothers, man to man,
'Twas thus that his commission ran:
To guide the wayward, help the weak:
In ears long closed soft words to speak:

To cause the glad millenium,
The reign of rapture, to become
No fable, but reality,
That all *may* feel, that all must see:

To herald in the time of Peace;
Make War and all War's horrors cease;
The ploughshare fashion from the sword;
And blood no more in strife be pour'd:

To hallow Summer, welcome Spring;
Oe'r Autumn's treasures fragrance fling;
Old Winter's hoary brow to smoothe,
His stormy wind and tempest soothe:

To wreathe a chaplet for the year
Waning away, to gild the tear
Dropt in his grave; to usher in
His follower—unknown to him!

Is not his Mission high indeed?
The Poet's voice who will not heed?
Who brand his craft with word of shame?
Earth languished till the Poet came!

# What Reading and Writing have Become.*

A LIVING philosopher has compared an uneducated people to one in which every man should have his right hand lamed. What a sad thing it would be, thinks this philosopher, to travel through a country where all the inhabitants had their hands lamed—incapable of working: even so it is, he thinks, with an uneducated people, a people that cannot read and write. There is much aptness in this comparison of the living philosopher's; but would there not have been more if he had compared an uneducated people to one in which every man should be deaf and dumb? The man who cannot read, what is his sense of hearing worth? The communications of business, the gossip of the household, the clink of guineas, and the whirr of spindles he can hear; but to the high and mighty voices which God has fashioned to edify him and all men, he is deaf. The man who cannot write, beyond some little temporary circle, he is dumb. While he who can read has an ear-trumpet that conveys to him the uttered thought of the remotest past and distance: he who can write has a speaking-trumpet that carries his messages over all the continents, and through the loudest storms of the ever-noisy sea of time. This is true, indeed, of all ages in which the art of writing has been practised; but of no age is it so widely true as of ours.

Before all written popular literature, there has existed in every country, even in inarticulate England, an oral popular literature of song. In the rudest ages the tragic, and pathetic, and notable incidents in which human life everywhere and everywhen abounds, moved unreading men of genius to embody them in simple song. "Chevy Chase" and the "Agitation," which Robin Hood conducted "under the greenwood tree," have had their laureates not less than Waterloo and the "Anti-corn-law Movement." Transmitted from the lips of parent to the lips of child, kept fresh and living by bands of wandering minstrels traversing the country, these songs were no doubt a chief element in the cultivation of the unreading people—they were its rhymed novels, and biographies, and histories. But as acts of parliament began to punish the wandering minstrels for a vagrant, song died out among the rural populations; and last century the Percies and Ritsons with difficulty rescued some few fragments of what had once been a whole world of music. And now remark what, even in this department of popular song, reading and writing have become for us. While the eighteenth century antiquaries were collecting their ancient reliques, and the like, a Scottish ploughboy, with the fiery and susceptive heart of an old minstrel in him, was driving his team afield. Had the lot of Robert Burns been cast in an unreading and unwriting age, the dumb ploughboy might have died a dumb ploughman; his melody might have fallen like rain upon the dry ground, refreshing it, but disappearing for ever. But Robert had been taught both to read and write, and a book or two lay in his pocket as he drove his team afield; so, instead of an anonymous minstrel, like one of the cattle on a thousand hills, he became a song-writer for Britain and the world. And already, in a single generation, wherever Anglo-Saxons meet, on the banks of the Mississippi or the Irwell, among the Himalayas or beside the Australian lagunes, his songs are heard; to perish only with the human soul, of which they celebrate the emotions.

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* Read by Mr. Espinasse, at a meeting of the Lancashire Public School Association.

Next, in order of time, as a favoured helper in the culture of the people, comes the drama—a kind of composition which pre-supposes reading and writing in its creators, but by no means in its enjoyers. In order to get a hearing for his song, the minstrel had to please the ears of his rude auditors with a musical accompaniment of voice or fiddle; and so the dramatist had to please the eyes of his rude spectators with scenery and costume, and the pretended actual presence of the persons whose doings and sufferings he communicated in his dialogue. It is true that Shakspeare and his brethren were patronised by reading royalty and nobility; but his mainstay was the unreading multitude; hence the boldness with which he took his plots from current contemporary works. The scholar might study English History in Hollinshed—the educated man of the world could enjoy the pages of Boccacio; but to Shakspeare's unreading audiences these were all unknown. In a wider way than the old minstrel had been, the dramatist was now a novelist, historian, and biographer for the people. Very soon, too—witness Ben Jonson—he became its moralist and censor also.

Skip a century or so from the death of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, and what a difference do we find! Obscenity struts upon the stage; profligacy applauds from the pit. It is not from wooden boards to a few, but from printed paper to the many, that the man of genius now gives instruction and delight. The satirists and moralists of the eighteenth century are not dramatists, but Addisons and Steeles, with their gay *Spectators* and *Tatlers*, Popes with their polished rhymes, Johnsons with their stately *Ramblers* and *Idlers*. In the hands of the Fieldings and Smolletts, the Richardsons and Sternes, the English novel arises, and British History in those of the Humes, and Robertsons, and Goldsmiths. Coming nearer to our own time, we find the actor a more important person than the dramatist, and writing for the stage abandoned to trifling dilettanteism. William Shakspeare found in English History matter capable of yielding poetic pleasure; he works it up into an historical play, and carries off the applause of a Globe Theatre audience. Walter Scott finds in European history similar matter: not into an historical play, but into an historical novel does he work it; and for audience, even in his lifetime, he has a whole reading Europe, and a colossal fortune for his profits. So many Englishmen can now read, that the man of talent finds a far surer and wider audience through the press than through the stage, and is at the same time freed from so many shackles which the latter imposed on him. That great engine of popular culture, the theatre, has been in the course of centuries degraded to what we see it now. The race of real dramatists has died out. We have no tragic writers and no tragic actors. Kean the tragedian has given place to Kean the spectacle-monger. To be sure the theatres fill, perhaps as well as ever; but audiences go to laugh at farce and burlesque, and witness bad adaptations of showy French melo-dramas. Only over the minds of the comparatively uneducated does the drama of human passion any longer assert its sway. Shakspeare is lord of the library and the closet, not of the stage. He who wishes the best instruction or delight his contemporaries can afford him, must look for it now in printed books.

It is curious to observe the means by which, mainly, this change has been produced. Just after that glorious flowering of the drama "which did so take Eliza and our James," Puritanism burst forth indignant, finally triumphant, bade the theatre manager shut up shop, and his establishment has never yet recovered the blow. You might have been tempted to say—here is a positive injury; one attractive means of educating the people is abolished. But see what Puritanism did for the education of the people in a merely mechanical way. It is seventeenth-century Puritanism, and eighteenth-century Methodism that more than any other influences have bestowed on the English people what reading power they have. Before Puritanism, there was nothing in the English Church (whatever else of good it might contain) to make the English a reading people. Provision was made for the reading of the Bible to the people, not by the people. Puritanism started up, saying: "Interpret the Word of God for yourselves ; this priesthood's interpretation of it is worth nothing." What an educating influence was this! All serious men now set their children to learn to read, that they might read the Bible. The man who could read the Bible could read other books; hence, in great part, our present multitude of readers. So true is it, that even the political economist may understand—that religion, of one kind or another, is the parent of all good things on this earth, small as well as great.

Not less important was the change which, in the matter of reading and writing also, the great revolt of Puritanism has introduced into our political procedure. The king and his parliament having both finally quarrelled, and resolved on settling that quarrel by arms, they both appealed to the people. Doubtless each had its settled and decided partisans, whom no appeal from any quarter could alter; but in that national dispute there were many independent or indifferent persons whose support was most valuable. And now began that appeal, through the press, to public opinion, which has continued ever since, and which forms so remarkable a feature in modern political history. In the old feudal time the great noblemen and churchmen were all important to secure; as the chiefs went, so went the vassals. But with the growth of an independent middle class, of yeomen, traders, merchants, each member of it ready to act on his own judgment, a conviction of the understanding was the one thing needful. Add to this the call for news, so natural in a time of civil war, and you have in the Puritan revolt the origin of the newspaper press and political writing. In the next century you find the men of talent who can write a class supremely important. The real political debate is carried on, not in Parliament, but in the press. Johnson's pamphlets were more important than any minister's speeches. It is admitted on all hands that Burke's one book did more than aught else to steady England for an attack on France and her revolution. In the present century William Cobbett wrestles for a few months with English grammar, and emerges into political literature—to become a power in the State. People speak of the Church in old times—how it furnished men of talent with the means of procuring authority and influence. But for the man who has talent and insight now, the arena of the press may well be an ample one; for power over the heads and hearts of his fellows is sure to him, in exact proportion (in the long run) to his merit; and what ambition could look for more?

For the great mass of mankind, the one sole avenue of amusement, instruction and edification, is reading; for the man of genius the one sole arena is writing. Brindley, the great engineer, his great works all finished, dropped into deep melancholy in his latter years, say the biographers; he had never been taught to read; his mind, engineering schemes once out of it, was a vacuum, which the amusing shows of things presented in books might have perhaps pleasingly filled. Shakspeare's father, it is pretty certain, could not write; luckily, there was a free grammar-school in Stratford—and now we have Shakspeare's works. Were it only for the sake of the few Shakspeares, and the few Brindleys, let schools everywhere be built in England, and the sounds of young instruction blend everywhere with those of labour, which rise there without ceasing up to the cope of heaven.

"Its proper title is the 'Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Friendly Society;' though, for brevity's sake, only portions of this title are in common use. There are several other Orders of Odd-Fellows, but the Manchester Unity possesses more members, and a larger amount of paid-up capital, than all the rest added together. It is called the Manchester Unity, because the idea of uniting the several Lodges and Districts into one complete Society, was started in the metropolis of the north. Indeed, the main strength of the Society is to be found in Lancashire and Yorkshire, though of late years the Order has been making vast strides in London and the South.

### THE OBJECTS OF THE UNITY.

* * * "The Society has for its objects—by means of entrance fees, subscriptions, donations, fines, &c.—the raising of funds for the relief of its members during sickness, or while travelling in search of employment; free medical attendance; superannuation in old age; and the insurance of the lives of its members and their wives—generally in sums varying from £3 to £6 on the death of the latter, and from £6 to £14 on the decease of the former. Separate funds are subscribed for these several purposes, and a distinct sum per member is put aside, in weekly payments, as a fund for management or incidental expenses, and the relief of casual brethren in distressed circumstances.

### PAYMENTS AND BENEFITS.

"The payments of members are made either weekly, monthly, or quarterly, in such proportions as may best suit their convenience. As an illustration of the rates of payments and benefits we may take a single Lodge in the metropolis. One newly started is conducted on the following plan: members entering at twenty years of age pay an entrance fee of 6s. and an annual contribution of £1 14s. 8d., in order to secure 12s. per week during sickness for the first twelve months, and 6s. per week during the remainder of the term of sickness, however long it may be; £12 at death, and £6 at the death of a wife, should her decease take place first; medical attendance and medicine; distress gifts, if required, and travelling relief; an annuity of 8s. per month to a widow, and 1s. per month for each child under fourteen at the time of its father's decease. Each member is entitled to receive sick pay after six months' membership, funeral moneys after twelve months,' and the benefits of the widow and orphan fund after paying into the fund for two years. Or instead of an annuity, the widow has the option of receiving an immediate equivalent in one sum. The widow and orphan fund is not common to the Unity, but is adopted at pleasure by the Lodges in each district.

### GRADUATED SCALE OF PAYMENTS.

"These being the benefits derived from the payments of members, it must not be supposed that any sums are received by them by way of charity. They pay into their Lodges their weekly pence, and receive the benefits as the 'fairly earned reward of their prudence and forethought.' In this respect the Society differs very materially from the Freemasons, who confer relief always as a charity and never as a right. The Manchester Unity dispenses its funds without degrading the recipient; it extends the right hand of fellowship to all its members; and sets an example of self-government superior perhaps to that of any other similar association in England or the world.

"Before dismissing the subject of payments and benefits, I must mention that the entrance fee and periodical payments are graduated according to the age at which a member joins the society, so that the old do not encroach on the young, and the youthful and healthy members in no wise unduly subscribe towards the liabilities of their aged and failing brethren.

### MANAGEMENT AND SECRETS.

"We now come to a brief consideration of the way in which the Society is managed. We have seen that it consists of about 325,000 members. The precise numbers, according to the last returns were 216,215. These members meet in lodges, generally held in taverns and publichouses. A certain number of lodges are united, in different localities and centres of population, into what are termed Districts, and the sum of the Districts forms the Unity. The following will show the number of members as compared with that of the Foresters, the society next in strength, importance, and financial success to the Manchester Unity:—

| | Odd Fellows. | Foresters. |
|---|---|---|
| England . . . . . . . | 267,394 | 159,883 |
| Wales . . . . . . . | 23,011 | 5,661 |
| Scotland . . . . . . . | 3,277 | 825 |
| Ireland . . . . . . . | 1,013 | 164 |
| Abroad . , . . . . . | 10,566 | 2,088 |
| 1860 . . | 305,261 | 168,576 |
| 1861 . . | 316,215 | 189,584 |

"In the Metropolitan Districts there are now about 20,000 members, which number is increasing daily.

"Each Lodge is governed by its own officers. The chairman is called the Noble Grand, the deputy chairman is the Vice-Grand; the last past chairman is the Grand Master of his Lodge; those who have passed the chair are known as Past Grands, and the rest are Secretaries, Wardens, Guardians, Right and Left Supporters of the chair, and Brothers. The Lodge is opened by a few sentences from the chairman, and each brother who enters must give the sign and password, which latter is changed every quarter. This sign and password, with some others for the higher degrees of office, constitute the only and sole secrets of the Society; but they effectually prevent the entrance of strangers, and even of members in arrear of their subscriptions. * * * *

"But to return; the members of the several lodges elect delegates to the district committees, which are held quarterly, half-yearly, or three times a year. At these committees laws are passed for the mutual benefit of the lodges in the district, levies are made for management, expenses, and other business of an executive character is transacted. The delegates in their turn elect deputies to the A.M.C. (Annual Moveable Committee), and ballot for their own proper officers, who are respectively known as Provincial Grand Master (Prov. G.M.), Provincial Deputy Grand Master (Prov. D.G.M.), and Provincial Corresponding Secretary (Prov. C.S.). At the A.M.C. the elections for officers of the Unity are conducted. These officers are the Chairman or Grand Master (G.M.), Deputy Grand Master (D.G.M.), the Secretary of the Order (C.S.), and nine directors; the G.M., D.G.M., and last past G.M. are directors by virtue of their offices. These elections take place annually, except in the case of the C.S., which office is held by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, who, as an actuary of high class attainments, holds permanent office. Officers who have passed the highest dignity in the Unity are called Past Grand Masters (P.G.M.). In cases of dispute between members, the cause is first brought for discussion before a summoned lodge; if it be not there settled, it is then carried to a District Committee; and lastly, appeal is made to the Board of

Directors, whose decision is final. All cases are settled by arbitration, and few indeed are carried beyond the jurisdiction of the Society, to be arranged by the legal representatives of the state.

### CAPITAL.

"The whole capital of the Unity is about two millions, or an average of over £6 per member. This, of course, includes the Widow and Orphan, as well as the Sick and Funeral, and Management Funds. Many Lodges possess over £12 a member, and one as much as £22. Statistical returns are made annually from each Lodge to the G.M. and Board of Directors; and in the course of a few months the results of the quinquennial return required by Government will be known, when it is anticipated that the Society will exhibit a still larger increase in numbers and funds than has already been shown.

### ADVANTAGES TO WORKING MEN.

"The Manchester Unity is a Great Brotherhood, a Universal Family, a Bond of Union, an unfailing adviser, and a sincere and faithful friend. Compared to it, and similar associations, all the Secret Societies of the Middle Ages—all the orders of knighthood and chivalry, priesthood and science, literature, commerce, and art—were comparatively weak, inefficient, and delusive. In a word, the Manchester Unity is essentially a society for working men, and as such deserves warm encouragement from legislators and men in high position —a large number of whom, indeed, are already among its patrons. It has branches all over the globe; and wherever Englishmen are found there surely arises an Odd-Fellows' Lodge. In the trenches before Sebastopol, in the cold north and in the torrid south, in the land of the stranger no less than in our beloved country, the principles of Odd-Fellowship teach men to stretch out a helping hand to a brother in distress, and to turn not away from the weak, the faltering, or the erring. Testimony to the value of Odd-Fellowship has been borne by the rich and the noble, the wise and the thoughtful, O many times, and on many interesting occasions.

"Friendship, Love, and Truth—Faith, Hope, and Charity; these are the mottoes of our Order, and all our practice tends to lead our brethren to the daily exhibition of Virtue, Honour and Loyalty."

## The Lodge Room.

Aberdare.—Henry A. Bruce, Esq., the esteemed M.P. for Aberdare, was recently initiated in the Bruce Lodge, at Mountain Ash. His example has been followed by Lewis Roberts, Esq., of Cwmdare, together with J. Jones, Esq., surgeon, Trecynon.

Bradford.—The friends of Mr. Christopher Billington lately presented him with a valuable electro-plated tea service, and a pair of spectacles. One of the pieces bears the following inscription.—"Presented to Christopher Billington for his valuable services rendered to the Milton Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., 1861."

Brighton.—The Members of the Loyal Oak and Ivy Lodge celebrated their sixteenth anniversary on Monday, June 24. The members and friends, to the number of about eighty, sat down to an excellent repast. Mr. Edward Saunders, of Brighton, one of the founders of the Lodge, and Secretary of the Widows and Orphans' Fund, presided, supported by Mr. George Palmer, of Worthing, G.M. of the District, Mr. James Curtis, of Brighton, C.S. of the

District; Mr. D. A. King, of Brighton, Honorary Physician to the Lodge, several past officers from Brighton, including Messrs. Gates, Ledgo, Stredwick, &c., Mr. Dollman, Messrs. Norman, Meeds, &c., &c. After dinner, and the giving and receiving of a few appropriate toasts, an adjournment was made to the cricket field, where cricket, trap, and other games were indulged in. The lodge consists of seventy members, with a capital of nearly £400.

Birmingham.—On Monday, July 8th, at Aston Park, nearly 80,000 persons were present at a varied entertainment—with M. Blondin on the tight-rope, and G. M. Gale, P. G. M. Buck, P. G. M. Hardwick, C. S. Burgess, P. P. G. M. Rough, and other well-known members as speakers at the banquet. As we have not been furnished with particulars of this *fete*, we are unable to give them.

Bradford, Yorkshire.—The members and friends of the Faith, Hope, and Charity Lodge, to the number of upwards of a hundred, celebrated their anniversary on Wednesday, July 10th, by a supper. Dr. Brown presided, and Mr. J. Dawson, manager for T. Salt, Esq., Saltaire, very efficiently fulfilled the duties of Vice-Chairman. After the usual loyal toasts had been acknowledged, Mr. William Pickard proposed the Manchester Unity, and Board of Directors; to which Mr. Councillor John Schofield, P.G.M., and one of the Board of Directors, replied. In the course of his remarks, he said that the Order was never in a more prosperous condition, having in the five years ending December, 1860, initiated upwards of 125,000 members.

Buckingham.—The Members of the Loyal Grenville Lodge celebrated their nineteenth anniversary on July 17th, when upwards of thirty-five sat down to an excellent dinner; G. H. Haslop Esq., surgeon to the lodge, presiding. On January 1st, 1861, the lodge consisted of eight-two members. During the half-year two have been initiated; the lodge has lost one by death, and one member's wife, and two have ceased to be members for non-payments of contributions.

Bury St. Edmund's.—The Members and friends of the St. Edmund's Lodge, to the number of 207, celebrated their 20th anniversary on Monday, September 9th. The brethren assembled at the Lodge-house, where they formed a procession, with the regalia of the Order, flags, &c., and marched, accompanied by the band of the West Suffolk Militia, to the Abbey Grounds, which had been kindly granted by N. S. Hodson, Esq. A ramble among the floral beauties in the garden, and a dance upon the lawn, to the inspiriting music of the drums and fifes, served to pass the time till four o'clock, the hour fixed for the banquet—at which Mr. Samuel Daynes, P.G.M., and one of the Board of Directors—presided. Mr. Daynes gave an excellent account of the Unity, and showed how well he had studied, and how much he appreciated, the article on "Regalia," which appeared in the April No. of this magazine, by quoting the greater part of it. Among the other speakers were P.P.G.M. Carter, P.G. Lock, Prov. G.M. Hogg, P.G. Haward, N.G. Frost, and Brs. Clark and Brown. A dance concluded the day's festivities.

Foots Cray, Kent.—The members and friends of the Loyal Flower of Kent Lodge celebrated their anniversary on Monday, July 15, Heckstall Smith, Esq., in the chair. The members formed in procession, and proceeded to Longland's place, headed by a military band, accompanied by the regalia of the order; thence to Foots Cray Church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Carrick. A banquet followed, which was well attended.

Furness Abbey Lodge.—The members, to the number of three hundred, dined together at the Cavendish Arms Inn. This year's anniversary was rendered exceedingly interesting from the fact of the following gentlemen attending to be initiated:—H. W. Schneider, Esq., of Swarthdale, Robert

Hannay, sen. Esq., of Springfield, the Rev. J. M. Morgan, vicar of Dalton, and Mr. Wm. Slater, yeoman, of Park.

GREAT BERKHAMSTEAD DISTRICT.—The Members of the District, and their friends and supporters, met on Monday, June 24th, to celebrate their annual gala in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund. The Members and their friends formed the procession, and paraded the town, the band playing various airs, and shortly before one o'clock they entered the old castle grounds, where Mr. Nelson Lee had made ample preparation to meet the various tastes and wishes of those present. A concert then took place, followed by other amusements —dancing on the lawn, &c., till dusk, when commenced a brilliant display of fireworks. The whole concluded with a transparent display of the words, "Thanks for the Widow and Orphan." The Committee realised about £40. There were upwards of six thousand present at the *fete*, which was every way a success.

HADDINGTON, N.B.—On Saturday, August 10th, the Odd-Fellows connected with this district, comprising the Tyneside and Tantallon Lodges, received a visit from a large number of the Members of the Kelso and Edinburgh Lodges. The occasion, among the Odd-Fellows of the town, was made a complete holiday. An excellent band from Edgehead was procured, floral arches were thrown over the entrance to the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Market-street, as also over the east end of the Nungate-bridge, and arrangements were at the same time made for a grand banquet in the Assembly-rooms in the afternoon. Nothing was left undone, in short, to give the visiting brethren a hearty welcome. At eleven o'clock, a procession was formed at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, headed by the band, and a large number of the Members belonging to the Tyneside and Tantallon Lodges walked to the railway station to meet the train which was to convey the Kelso and Edinburgh visitors to Haddington. The train having duly discharged its freight, the procession was re-formed, the visiting lodges occupying a prominent place in the order of march, and the Odd-Fellows, two and two abreast, walked through the principal streets of the town, with the band preceding them. At about half-past two o'clock there was a re-gathering in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, and at three o'clock the different lodges again walked in procession to the Assembly-rooms, where a most substantial dinner had been prepared for them. P.P.G.M. John Hislop occupied the chair, the duties of the croupiership being discharged by P.P.G.M. William Ross. Among others present were Provost Cunningham, Bailies Dunlop, Dickson, and Vert, Treasurer Moodie, Dean of Guild Roughead, Councillor Watson, &c. Numerous excellent speeches were made. The band performed at intervals, and several excellent songs, contributed by Members of the company, added much to the hilarity and enjoyment.

HAGGERSTONE.—The members of the Haggerstone Lodge had their twentieth annual dinner on Tuesday, July 23rd, at the Lodge-house, Kingsland-road. Appropriate toasts were given, several songs sung, and the evening spent with the greatest harmony and goodwill.

LANGTON, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—On Monday, June 24th, the half-yearly meeting of the Tunbridge District was held; when, at the conclusion of the business, most of the delegates dined with the members of the Hand of Friendship Lodge, which that day celebrated its third anniversary.

The members met at the Lodge-house at ten in the morning, and walked in procession through the pretty village of Langton, which is delightfully situated in the midst of a beautiful country, about three miles from Tunbridge Wells.

At half-past two the members of the Lodge and their friends, to the number of about seventy, sat down to a substantial and excellent dinner in a marquee erected in the meadow adjoining to the Greyhound Inn. Past Grand George F. Pardon, editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, in the chair; supported by the Grand Master and Corresponding Secretary of the District, as well as several well-known members of the Order; and the vice-chair was ably filled by Past Grand John Piper, Permanent Secretary of the Lodge. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman, in a long and interesting speech, proposed the "Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, its Grand Master, and Board of Directors." He gave an account of its objects and purposes, and dwelt at length on the advantages of it and similar associations. William Judd, Esq., a member of the North London District, replied, and, in a speech of considerable length and eloquence, supplemented the chairman's remarks. Mr. Hilder, C. S., of the Tonbridge District, gave an interesting account of its progress and present condition. Secretary Piper spoke for the Hand of Friendship Lodge, which, he said, was prospering most favourably, considering that it only that day celebrated its third birthday. It possessed forty members, and had nearly £100 invested capital, after paying all sick, funeral, and district claims. The other toasts followed, and the festival may be considered a great success.

MARKET HARBOROUGH.—The Odd-Fellows of the Market Harborough District have presented Mr. R. Lowe, their worthy C.S., with a gold watch. The members of the Briton's Glory Lodge, whose meetings are held at the Swan's Hotel, met on July 24th, to celebrate their anniversary. Seventy-two guests sat down to dinner. The watch is a hunting one, with enamelled figures, and bears the following inscription:—Presented by the brethren of the Market Harborough District I.O.O.F., M.U., to P.P.G. Robert Lowe, now, and for fourteen years past, C.S., as a mark of their esteem and appreciation of his valuable services. July 17, 1861." Mr. Lowe begged leave to thank them, and those brothers present, and those brothers absent, who had contributed to the testimonial. He did not consider his services were equal to the value of the present made him. He hoped he might live long to work in the cause of Odd-Fellowship. Other toasts followed, and a most delightful evening was spent.

NORTH LONDON.—The district visit fixed for the Temple of Peace Lodge was held on Monday, August 12, when Prov. G.M. Harris attended, and much interesting matter formed the subject of conversation. P.G. Shergold, the excellent Secretary, informed the G.M. that the lodge accounts for the year just past would show that the sick and funeral fund received £199 18s. 2½d.; and there was paid out in sickness, £102 12s., and for funeral levies, £26 7s. 3d.; together, £128 19s. 3d., leaving a net gain of £70 18s. 11½d. The district officers visited the City's Pride Lodge, on Tuesday 20th; Prince George of Cambridge, Wednesday 21st; and Prince Albert, Chester Arms, Albany Street, Thursday 22nd. During their year of office, the District Officers, frequently attended by P.G. Pardon and other active members of the order, have visited at least one lodge every week.

NORTH LONDON.—The St. John's Lodge celebrated its twenty-first anniversary at the New Vauxhall Gardens, Southgate, on Wednesday, September 11, by a variety of amusements. At six P.M. the dinner took place, P.G. William Jones, proprietor of the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street, presiding. The usual toasts were excellently well proposed and responded to.

NORTH LONDON.—On Monday, the 1st of July, the Members of the Phœnix Lodge held their anniversary at Watford, Herts. The Members assembled at the Lodge House, and walked in procession to church, where an admirable sermon, suitable for the occasion, was preached by the curate. The dinner was prepared by "mine host" at the Green Man, and was excellently served.

About one hundred members dined, presided over by Mr. Clutterbuck, a county magistrate, who was attended by several of the resident gentry of Watford.

NORTH LONDON.—The Members and friends of the Carlisle Lodge celebrated their seventeeth anniversary on Tuesday, September 24th, by a dinner at the Carlisle Arms, Queen-street, Soho; P.G. Vassie in the chair. Messrs. Moore, Mines, and Cresshull acted as Stewards. The District Officers, P.G. Pardon, Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, and other well-known members, were present.

NORTH LONDON.—DISTRICT LECTURES AND DEGREES.—The district lectures and degrees were given to past officers of lodges, on Thursday, July 18, at the Haggerstone Lodge House, Kingsland-road, when the following members attended:—For Purple P.G.'s, Alfred Stone, Charles Stone, Hester, and Fagan (Lord Portman); Apperley (Hope of Finsbury); Attwood (Amicable); Earle and Wallis (Haggerstone); and Toynbee (King Edward); also P. G. Wray, of the Viner Lodge, Lincoln; P.P.G. M. Rickard, Plymouth District, was also present, and assisted the District Officers, with other Past Officers of the District. Degrees were given to Smith (Haggerstone), N.G., V.G., and Sec.; Brooks (Hope of Finsbury), N.G. and V.G.; Dean (King Edward), N.G. and V.G.; Scott (Haggerstone), N.G. and V.G.; Fisher, V.G. and Sec.; Perfect, V.G.; Tanner and Gomer, Sec.

NORTH LONDON.—On Wednesday, June 5th, the North London Officers visited the Bruce Castle Lodge, at Tottenham, when the Caledonia, Lord Portman, Duchess of Kent, and City of London Lodges, were represented by members present. After the usual business, the complimentary toast to the District Officers was given, and responded to by them; "the Press," coupling with it the name of P.G. Pardon, who, in acknowledging it, touched upon the importance of the press to all well-regulated Societies, and of what he had been able to accomplish in the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine*, the *Weekly Chronicle*, and the daily papers. The visitors having also returned thanks, some excellent singing and reciting followed. The Lodge celebrated its anniversary on the 9th of July, when a large party assembled, under the presidency of P.G. Simpson.

NORTH LONDON.—The members and friends of the Morning Star Lodge celebrated their seventeenth anniversary by a dinner, on Monday, June 5th, at the Malpas Arms, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square. Mr. C. Cook officiated as Chairman, and Mr. H. Cooper as Vice-Chairman. Numerically and financially the Lodge is in a highly favourable condition.

NORTH LONDON.—The Cambridge Lodge celebrated its anniversary at a dinner, on Tuesday, September 10, at the Clanricarde Hotel, Southwick-street, Paddington. Also on the same day, the Princess Royal Lodge, Johnson's Arms, Johnson-street, Notting-hill.

NORTH LONDON.—The Members of the Great Western Lodge, with their friends, met on Monday, September 2nd, and proceeded to Pope's Grotto Hotel, Twickenham, where a substantial repast was provided by P.P.G.M. Collard. Boating, quoits, dancing, and other amusements ended a pleasant day. The Secretary's report showed the lodge to be in a thriving condition.

NORTH LONDON.—At the British Oak Lodge, Highgate, on Tuesday, Sept. 3rd, there was a capital muster of visitors from the Prince George of Cambridge, Morning Star, Union, Island Queen, and City of London Lodges. Prov. G. M. Harris, P.G. Pardon, P.G. Adams, P.G. Mitchell, and others, spoke on the Unity and District. The lodge is in a flourishing condition.

NORTH LONDON.—The twentieth anniversary of St. Martin's lodge was celebrated on August 21, when a presentation of a purse and a handsome timepiece was made to Past Grand Masters. On the base of the timepiece was the following inscription:—"Presented to Richard Masters, P.G., by the

Members of St. Martin's Lodge, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., as an acknowledgment of his meritorious services as Lodge Secretary.—August 21st, 1861."

North London.—The eighteenth anniversary of the Bruce Castle Lodge took place in August, at the "Eagle," Tottenham. Mr. Harpin, P.G., occupied the chair till the arrival of Mr. Harris, who spoke long and eloquently on the advantages of the Society.

North London.—The eighteenth anniversary of the Lord Melbourne Lodge, held at the Rose and Crown, Welwyn, was celebrated on Wednesday, July 24th, Pro. G. M. Harris presiding. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were duly honoured, Sergeant Mitchell, of the London Scottish, responding for "The Volunteers," and Mr. Prior for "The Clergy and Gentry." "The Lord Melbourne Lodge" was proposed by the Chairman at great length, and the toast was honoured with great acclamation. "The North London Officers," "The Manchester Unity and Directors," "The Press, and kindred Societies," followed. The meeting was one every way successful.

North London.—The members of the Royal Oak Lodge, held at the Royal Oak, Harlesden Green, held their 14th Anniversary on Monday, July 22nd. The members, preceded by an efficient brass band, formed in procession, and proceeded to St. John's Church, Kensal Green, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. A. G. Pemberton, M.A., in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund. The procession then returned to the Royal Oak, where a capital dinner was provided. After dinner, cricket and other games were played, and an efficient band for dancing.

Newark.—The members of the Good Samaritan, Noah's Ark, and Good Intent Lodges, and the United Juvenile Branch, held their anniversary on Monday, July 22. They assembled at their Lodge-house, and proceeded to the parish church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. G. Bussell, vicar. Upwards of 300 sat down in the Corn Exchange, to an excellent dinner, provided by Bro. William Slater. Grosvenor Hodgkinson, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair. The arrangements were excellent, and a most pleasant evening was spent.

Newark.—On Whit Tuesday the members of the Good Samaritan Lodge held a special meeting at their Lodge-room, for the purpose of presenting their permanent secretary, Mr. John Adcock, with a testimonial, consisting of a handsome electro-plated tea and coffee service, a dozen silver tea-spoons, and sugar bows. The presentation was made by Mr. John Roberts, of Coddington (a member of the Lodge, who had been Auditor for some years), with a suitable address. The following inscription was engraved on the teapot:—"Presented by the members of the Good Samaritan Lodge of Odd-Fellows M.U. to P.P.G.M. John Adcock, as a token of respect for his valuable services. Newark, 1861." The meeting terminated shortly after ten o'clock.

Nuneaton.—On Sunday, the 25th of August, the members of the above Lodge met at their Lodge-house and proceeded to Church, when their worthy Chaplain preached a most excellent sermon, and on Wednesday, the 28th, they held their anniversary dinner, when seventy sat down to an excellent spread. The chair was filled by J. Estlin, Esq., solicitor, supported by the Rev. J. R. Quirk, chaplain, and R. B. Naison, Esq., lodge surgeon; the vice-chair by their late host, Mr. W. Wagstaff, supported by Messrs. Lea and Clay; the other vice-chair by the N.G. Isaac Freer, supported by the P.G. of the lodge.

Pimlico.—The seventeenth anniversary of the Builders' Pride Lodge was celebrated on Wednesday evening, May 8, when about a hundred members and friends assembled. J. R. Pettigrew, Esq., M.D., presided, supported by Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., Prov. G. Harris, of North London; Mr. G. F.

Pardon, Mr. Richard Pettigrew; Messrs. Yates, Stiff, Newman, Deal, and other well-known members of the Order. The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. Ellis, an Odd Fellow of forty years' standing, and there were present members of the metropolitan districts and several provincial friends. Many excellent speeches were made, and some capital songs were sung.

PIMLICO.—On Monday, July 8th, the Pimlico District had a large muster in Baron Rothschild's grounds at Gunnersbury. A most delightful day was spent.

PLYMOUTH.—The Officers and Members of the Plymouth District held their anniversary *fete* at Newnham Park, near Plympton, on Coronation Day, when about one thousand Odd-Fellows were present, and with the public who attended, enjoyed a most delightful day.

PLYMOUTH DISTRICT.—On Wednesday, July 10, at a supper held at P.G. Hayman's New Market Inn, Mr. Richard Spry was presented with a handsome testimonial of respect from the Members of the Loyal Falmouth Lodge, of which he has been for the last four years the Secretary. P.G. Francis Dinnis occupied the chair, and Br. James Hicks the vice-chair, and there were about forty Members present, and a most pleasant evening was spent. The testimonial consisted of an electro-silver tea service and salver. On the latter was the following inscription:—"Presented to Past Secretary Brother Richard Spry, by the Loyal Falmouth Lodge (No. 4045), as a memorial of respect for his valuable services.

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday, August 5th, the Members of the Miners' Glory Lodge, Talk-o'-th'-Hill, assisted by some of the Members of the Miner's Lodge, Chesterton, celebrated their anniversary. At an early hour in the morning, the brethren mustered, and formed in procession to the church, where an appropriate sermon was preached; after which a substantial dinner was served up by Host Hancock. Prov. D.G.M. Emanuel Lovekin in the chair.

STALYBRIDGE.—On Tuesday, July 9th, a number of the brethren met for the purpose of presenting to P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Hodson, a testimonial for his past services in connection with the District. There were present on the platform—T. H. Sidebottom, Esq. (the Mayor), W. Bayley, Esq., Ralph Bates, Esq., James Kirk, Esq., Richard Brierly, Esq. (all honorary members of the Order); W. Aitken, A. Wield, G. Garside, and the principal officers of the District. The testimonial consisted of a very eulogistic address, beautifully lithographed and framed; a splendid silver inkstand, and the best and latest edition of Macaulay's "History of England," in five volumes.

STEPNEY DISTRICT.—The annual financial statement of the Stepney District shows that the number of subscribers is increased to 1,679, of the average age of thirty-three years and three months. The receipts during the year 1860 were, for contributions, £1,990 15s. 1½d.; entrance fees, £82 1s. 3d.; and interest, £385 18s, 11d.; and the payments to sick members, £1,030 5s. 8d.; and for funeral levies, £173 11s. 2½d.; showing a net increase in the year of £1,254. 18s. 5½d., and making the present surplus capital of the district £14,294 16s. 9d. Thirteen members and ten wives died during the year. The return is highly creditable to Mr. Love, the secretary, and proves what information can be supplied by well-managed Friendly Societies to their members without the compulsion of an Act of Parliament.

SOUTH LONDON—The members of the Lord Byron, Sons of the Thames, St. Mary Magdalen, Pride of Bermondsey, City of London, and Victoria Lodges, celebrated their joint anniversary, by an excursion to Brighton, and the Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, on Monday, July 15th.

SOUTH LONDON.—The Members and friends of the Flower of Kent Lodge celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary on Tuesday, the 30th of July, Mr. W. Treliving, the N.G., in the chair.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman proposed "The Grand Master and Board of Directors," which was ably responded to by Mr. Vincent Robert Burgess, Director and C.S. of the district.

In responding to the toast of the "South London District and its Officers," which was proposed by P.G. James Fisher, of the Pride of Walworth, Prov. G.M. Burton called the attention of the Members to the financial and social progress made by the district, and requested the co-operation of all the Members in assisting to carry out the objects of the society. P.G. E. White, Secretary, in responding to the toast of "The Flower of Kent Lodge," showed that the Lodge was in a condition of well-deserved prosperity, as with 160 Members good on the books, they had at that time only one on the funds. The South London District generally is in a state of great prosperity, harmony and good feeling prevailing in all its Lodges.

South London.—On Thursday, July 15th, the Members of the Orphan's Home Lodge celebrated their anniversary, under the presidency of P.G. Jackson; when Secretary Burton, Pro. G.M., was presented with a lever watch and Albert guard, subscribed for by nearly one hundred members of the lodge, who are fully alive to the fact that the rapidly increasing prosperity of the lodge is due to his integrity and unceasing exertions as secretary. Prov.G.M. Burton expressed his grateful acknowledgment of the handsome present, and his high appreciation of the generous recognition evinced on the part of the lodge of the mode in which he had discharged his duties. The pleasure of the guests was greatly enhanced by several excellent speeches, songs, and recitations.

Southampton.—The Odd-Fellows of Southampton and the neighbourhood, held a *fête* on the 26th of August, at Spear Hall, Portswood, the residence of G. Lungley, Esq., who had kindly allowed the use of his beautiful grounds for the purpose. The *fête* was in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Order. The opportunity afforded by the *fête* was embraced by Mr. Lungley to bring together a large party of friends. At the conclusion of the banquet the company adjourned to the grounds, and enjoyed themselves in various ways till nightfall. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and a display of fireworks concluded the *fête*.

Shaw District.—The members of the Yew Lodge, at their thirty-first anniversary, presented to P.P.G.M. Thomas Tetlow, a very handsome writing desk, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, of the value of three-guineas, as a mark of the estimation in which, for thirty years, he has been held by his brethren.

Sheffield.—The first public dinner in connection with the Sheffield District of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, took place on Monday evening, June 17th, in the Cutlers' Hall. About three hundred persons were present. His Worship the Mayor (H. Vickers, Esq.), presided. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Mayor proposed, "Success to the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows." Mr. Charles Hardwick pointed out the great advantages conferred by Friendly Societies on the working classes and the nation at large, and the importance and position of the Order whose anniversary they had met to celebrate.

St. Agnes, Cornwall.—The grand annual gathering of the several Lodges in Cornwall was held at St. Agnes on Tuesday, July 5th. About a hundred and fifty brethren assembled, and having formed in procession, carrying the emblems of the Order, and dressed in full regalia, proceeded through the town to the church. The prayers were read, and an eloquent address delivered by the Rev. J. Vaudrey. On leaving church, the procession proceeded to the Beacon, to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding scenery, returning to the town by a circuitous route by way of the Quay. The brethren then repaired to the school-room, which was converted into a banquet-room, and beautifully decorated. They sat down to an excellent dinner, under the presidency of Brother T. Hingston Harvey, Esq., who was supported by Bro. Hitchins and Bro. Dowton, Prov. C.S.; the vice-chair being filled by Bro. Newton, Prov. G.M. The St. Agnes band was in attendance during the dinner.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—The anniversary of the Loyal Clarence Lodge, was celebrated on Wednesday, August 21st. In the morning a cricket match was played on the common between the married and single Members, when, after a smart contest, the Benedicts triumphed over the Romeos, and carried off their bats with a majority of twenty-three runs. At four o'clock the Members and their friends, to the number of about a hundred, assembled at the Corn Exchange, and partook of an excellent dinner. After full justice had been done to the banquet, the chair was taken by Mr. George F. Pardon, P.G. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts disposed of, the Chairman proposed the Grand Master and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows Friendly Society. He entered at considerable length into the history, present position, and future prospects of the institution, and urged all present to exert themselves in making known the advantages they themselves enjoyed. Other toasts followed. Mr. Holmes, P.P.G.M., replied for the District and its Officers, and gave several interesting details. In responding to the toast of the evening, "The Loyal Clarence Lodge," Mr. Edward Barnard, the secretary, who is also the C.S. of the District, stated that the lodge was never in a better or more prosperous condition. It was founded in 1845, and consisted at the present time of one hundred and eighty Members, with a surplus capital of £1,700, or nearly £9 10s. per Member. Mr. Aidee proposed "The Chairman," and spoke in high terms of his great activity and influence in Odd-Fellowship. "The Host," "The Press," and "Kindred Societies," completed the list of toasts. During the evening there was some excellent singing.

WALTHAM DISTRICT.—On Wednesday, July 10th, the members and friends of the Loyal Provident, Queen Eleanor, and Ancient Abbey Lodges, Waltham Abbey District, to the number of nearly four hundred, made holiday at Rye House, Herts. The usual out-door sports were indulged in to a very exhilarating extent, and at three o'clock the company sat down to an excellent dinner in the great hall. The chair was taken by Mr. E. H. Littler, Deputy Grand Master of the District, and among the company was Arthur Priest, Esq., the respected surgeon to the District; Prov. G. M. Pearce, P. P. G. M. Phipps, P. G. Vince, P. G. Hewitt, P. G. Speller, P. G. Piggott; Messrs. Crane, Marsh, Bradstock, Mackee, Warden, and George F. Pardon, editor of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE and the *Weekly Chronicle.* After the toasts and speeches usual on these occasions, the ancient hall was cleared for dancing, which was kept up with great spirit till ten o'clock, when the special train returned to Waltham Abbey.

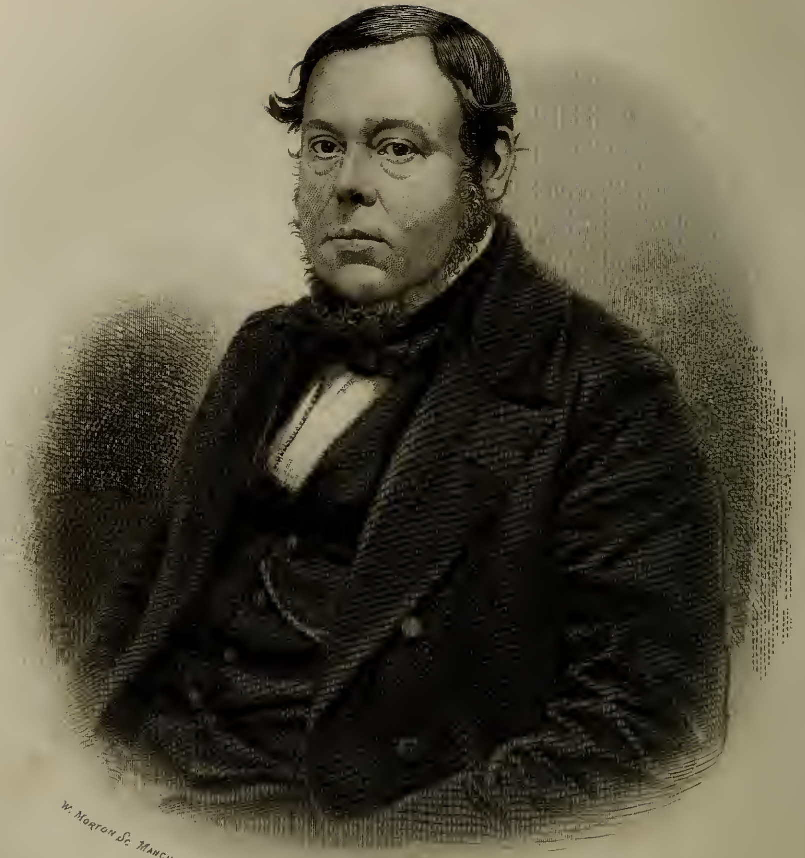
WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Wednesday, July 10, a great demonstration was made at the Molineux Grounds. The lodges in the district number about sixteen, and at ten o'clock these assembled in St. James's-square, and headed by bands of music, proceeded through the principal streets of the town to the Collegiate Church. Each lodge had its distinguishing flags and banners, and the members themselves were decorated with the various insignia of office. There were between 600 and 700 in the procession. The sermon at church was preached by the rector, the Rev. J. H. Iles. The collection after the sermon amounted to £7 8s. 6d., and will be divided between the South Staffordshire Hospital and the Wolverhampton Ragged School. On leaving church the procession was re-formed, and marched down Darlington-street and Waterloo-road to Molineux Grounds. A spacious marquee was here erected for dinner, to which about 600 sat down, and on the removal of the cloth, the party adjourned upon the green, and with the public, who were now admitted, took part in the *fetes* that followed. These consisted of miscellaneous concerts, performances by the band of the Bilston Rifle Corps, the band of the Second Company of Rifle Volunteers, the St. George's Sax-horn band, and Messrs. Humphries' Quadrille band. There were also displays of fireworks, pyrotechnical balloons, rifle shooting, dancing, and the usual paraphernalia of an every-day *fete*. Upwards of 6,000 persons were on the ground. At the dinner, the Mayor, C.Clark, Esq., took the chair, Dr. Fraser officiating as vice. The usual loyal toasts having been duly honoured, Mr. Hardwick, in his usual happy manner, spoke for the Manchester Unity, and Mr. Gale for the Board of Directors.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—SPECIAL INITIATORY MEETING.—Charles Clark, Esq., Mayor of this borough, was initiated a Member of the Loyal King William the Fourth Lodge, at a meeting held in St. George's School-room, on the 5th of August, when upwards of two hundred Members of the various Lodges were present, including W. Dunn, Esq., Surgeon of the Lodge, and the District Officers. The meeting was called for the especial purpose of the initiation of the Mayor; and the large school-room was tastefully decorated for the occasion. S. R. Willson, P.P.G.M., officiated as N.G. The Rev. J. H. Iles, rector of the Collegiate Church, who is also a Member of the St. Andrew's Lodge, read the initiation charge. P.G. Thomas Gardener officiated as warden, and P.G. Henry Wilcock, of the Chillington Lodge, was conductor. After the ceremony of initiation was concluded, the usual toasts were proposed and responded to, and the Mayor made an excellent speech.

## LECTURE AND PRESENTATION.

Mr. Charles Hardwick delivered a lecture in the Assembly Room, Rose and Crown Hotel, Clitheroe, in Lancashire, on Saturday, Sept. 14. The subject of the lecture was, "Friendly Societies: The Provident Institutions of the People, their Vast Social Importance, their Imperfections, and the Remedies." The lecturer entered at length into the question of the real origin of these institutions, and the gradual progress of the working classes from serfdom to their present social position; he reviewed all the more important facts and principles in the science called "vital statistics," and expounded, in a popular manner, by the aid of diagrams representing the average of sickness and mortality, the true laws of finance necessary to secure the future reliability of these valuable societies. While pointing out errors and suggesting remedies, the lecturer defended the members from aspersions which he contended had been unjustly cast upon them. Mr. Hardwick concluded with an earnest appeal to the industrious provident operatives on behalf of these societies, which were calculated in the truest sense, to secure their cherished independence in the hour of affliction, and to promote their moral and social advancement.

The Chairman (Mr. Fielden, bookseller) afterwards, in the name of the Members of the Clitheroe District of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society, presented to Mr. W. Hodgkinson, their Corresponding Secretary, a very elegant timepiece, with a suitable inscription, as an acknowledgment of the value of the services rendered by him to the district during the eight years he has held the office.



W. Morton Sc. Manchester

Samuel Taylor Settle
P. Prov: G. M.

THE

# ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1862.

## Samuel Taylor Settle, P. Prov. G.M.

Mr. Samuel Taylor Settle, whose portrait accompanies the present number of the Magazine, was born at Turton, near Bolton, Lancashire, on the 13th of July, 1811. At an early age he was employed in a cotton mill, and continued engaged in various departments in connection with the staple manufacture of his native county till 1855, when, under the auspices of his cousin, John Orrell Lever, Esq., M.P., he undertook the management of the "Howard Arms Hotel," built for the accommodation of invalids and other visitors to the celebrated alkaline and chalybeate waters at "Whittle Springs," near Chorley, Lancashire.

Mr. Settle's lengthy career as an Odd-Fellow has been marked by unceasing devotion to its best interests. He was initiated a member of the Order, in the "Welcome Traveller" Lodge, of the Bolton District, on the 9th of March, 1833. He almost immediately commenced his career of active usefulness. He served several inferior offices, and afterwards filled to the satisfaction of his Lodge the offices of V.G. and N.G. On his receiving the purple degree in 1836, the members expressed their appreciation of his services by the presentation of a handsome silver medal, suitably inscribed. At a subsequent period, he again satisfactorily performed the duties of the superior offices of the "Welcome Traveller" Lodge. In 1843, a new Lodge was opened, chiefly through Mr. Settle's instrumentality. He was one of its first officers, and, for a lengthened period, he took a very lively interest in its welfare. This Lodge, in compliment to its founder, was named the "Settle's Pride," and is at present in a very prosperous condition. Mr Settle's activity and zeal in the cause of Odd-Fellowship caused him willingly to render assistance to his brethren in other sections of the then extensive Bolton District. He has served the office of N.G. in various

Lodges, no fewer than six different times. Scarcely any better proof of his hearty approval of the great principles of our Society could possibly be given.

His zeal in the cause of Odd-Fellowship soon found a larger area for its exhibition. In 1838, he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Bolton District, and, in the following year, the Prov. Grand Master. He did good service to the cause of progress during this period of his labours, and especially in discountenancing the partial division of Lodge funds, a practice then not uncommon in seasons of commercial depression, when the benevolent, sick, and funeral funds formed one common stock. During the troubled times which succeeded the passing of the celebrated financial resolutions at Glasgow, Mr. Settle again cheerfully accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the District, and in December, 1846, he was re-elected Provincial Grand Master. His conciliatory manners and firm adherence to the law and the cause of progress, won him many friends during this trying period. Mr. Settle had been early impressed with the necessity for financial improvement in many of the Lodges in his neighbourhood, and, as early as 1843, when the "Settle's Pride" Lodge was opened, he persuaded the members to commence with a higher rate of contributions than was at that time customary. In consequence of this enlightened policy, Mr. Settle has lived to see many then supposed wealthy branches decay, while a recent valuation of the assets and liabilities of the Lodge which was nursed in its infancy by his fostering hand, as calculated by the C.S. of the Order, shows that a very trifling additional annual contribution would enable the Society to safely promise to its members an annuity of about three shillings per week for life to all who survived the age of sixty-five.

Until within the last few years, during which his business necessities have curtailed his active labours, but not lessened his affection for the good old cause, Mr. Settle was a well known and respected deputy to the Annual Moveable Committees of the Order. When deputies were appointed by lodges, he represented the "Welcome Traveller," at North London, in 1837. He afterwards represented the Bolton District at Birmingham, the Isle of Man, Wigan, Glasgow, Bristol, Southampton, Blackburn, Halifax, Dublin, Carlisle, Preston, and London. He received an appointment for Durham in 1855, but his acceptance of the management of the extensive establishment at Whittle Springs prevented his attendance. Mr. Settle was elected on four different occasions one of the Directors of the Unity, viz., at Blackburn (1849), at Dublin (1851), Carlisle (1852), and Preston (1853). He likewise represented the Bolton District at the celebrated "Corn Exchange" special meeting at Manchester, in 1848. In common with many other of the best friends of the Institution, Mr. Settle, at that time, entertained the greatest possible faith in the professions and general integrity of the late C.S., and accordingly he supported his cause with his habitual zeal. After listening to the proceedings of the Southampton A.M C. however, and carefully weighing the additional evidence from time to time produced, Mr. Settle arrived at the conclusion now universally endorsed, that the confidence of a large section of the Unity in the then C.S. had been misplaced. In the frankest possible manner Mr. Settle acknowledged the change which his opinion had undergone, and laboured as zealously in the cause of the executive as he had previously done for its opponent. His straightforward, manly conduct on this occasion, gained him many friends amongst those to whom he had previously been conscientiously opposed.

Mr. Settle was one of the Founders of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, of the Bolton District, and one of its earliest Presidents. He has on several occasions acted as trustee, both for Lodge and District. He has ever been a warm supporter of all propositions which he believed were calculated to promote the progressive improvement of the Society. He was especially active in inducing the various Lodges in his neighbourhood to enrol themselves under the act passed in consequence of the efforts of the Manchester Unity Directors, and others, in 1850, and so secure their legal standing in the courts of the National Executive Government, and their thorough respectability in the estimation of the country at large.

On leaving Bolton for Whittle Springs, the Members of his District determined to exhibit their appreciation of his services and their personal regard for him as an honourable man and a true Odd-Fellow, by a public demonstration. In this they were heartily supported by the neighbouring district of Chorley. An excursion to the beautiful grounds at Whittle Springs was determined upon. About one thousand friends from Bolton availed themselves of the liberal arrangements entered into by the railway company for the occasion. Nearly four hundred of the Chorley brethren and friends met them at the station, and joined in the procession to Mr. Settle's residence. It was computed that about four thousand persons were present in the gardens on the occasion. A public meeting was held in a spacious tent erected for the purpose. The chair was occupied by the then Grand Master of the Order, Mr. Councillor Jno. Schofield, of Bradford, and the meeting was addressed at length by Mr. W. Aitken. of Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. Charles Hardwick, of Preston and others. Mr. Nicholls, the Grand Master of the Bolton District, occupied the vice-chair. In the name of the Members whom he represented, he presented to Mr. Settle a handsome gold watch and chain of the value of twenty-two guineas, suitably inscribed, together with an address beautifully engrossed, conveying the thanks of his brethren for his valuable services during twenty years, their regret on his leaving the District, and their best wishes for his future prosperity. Mr. J. C. Prince, the Lancashire poet, was expected to attend and deliver an original poetic address. Circumstances prevented his attendance, but the poet subsequently enclosed an ode to the beautiful locality and its medicinal springs, in a metrical apology to Mr. Settle, for his unavoidable absence.

Mr. Settle was elected about two years ago a member of the Board of Guardians for the Chorley Union, which office he at present holds. On two occasions he has exhibited his philanthropic disposition and sympathy with the poor, by gratuitously treating the inmates of each of the workhouses of the union to a substantial repast. He was married in October, 1856, to the widow of Mr. Michael Ross, a Member of the Bolton District of the Manchester Unity. At the present time he has two children. Mr. Settle is likewise a Freemason, and a past officer of the ancient order of Druids. By the latter body, on the completion of his period of office, he was presented with an emblem of the Order, as a mark of the respect in which he was held by his brethren. Mr. Settle is thoroughly a self-made man. He has acquired the respect, confidence, and esteem o his brethren and friends, not by the exhibition of great oratorical power, but by patient labour, hearty love for the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and general integrity of purpose. The almost unanimous vote by which the proposition for the insertion of his portrait and memoir in the MAGAZINE was carried at the Bolton Annual Meeting, must have convinced him that he still retains the regard and best wishes of his old colleagues and fellow labourers.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

BLEST morn! by the Redeemer made the holiest of the year,
In the encircling silence now I feel thy drawing near;
The very frost-wind, stealing past, upon my forehead flings
A freshness wafted by the stir of thy advancing wings;
In clustering constellations, too, the star-troops seem to burn
With all their best emblazonry, to welcome thy return.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou spiritual time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Rejoice, my spirit, hopefully; yon temple's holy tower
Gives to the far-pervading night the consecrated hour,
And human voices, here and there, uplift with glad acclaim
A sweet old song of homage to Jehovah's holy name,
While fancy hears the angel hymn, and sees the star whose ray
Shone on the lowly manger-roof where God incarnate lay.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou praise-inspiring time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Imagination hovers o'er thee, glorious Palestine!
Proud birthplace of the Saviour, that prodigy divine,
Thou saw'st His miracles of love, His excellence of life,
And how He bore with Holy calm the malice and the strife
Of cruel and calumnious power, of unbelieving pride,
Though sold, scourged, menaced, and reviled. and by his own denied.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou meditative time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Land which beheld upon His brow the diadem of thorns,
Planted by ruffian hands amid indignities and scorns,
While some, more reckless than the rest, exulting in their deeds,
Spat in that pale and patient face, distained with bloody beads,
The while he uttered in his heart these words of sorrow true,
"Father, forgive their ignorance, they know not what they do!"
Hail to thy coming once again, thou sympathizing time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Land which beheld, when Heaven had brimmed his earthly cup with woes,
His ordeal of sanguine sweat, His agonizing throes,
What time in lone Gethsemane's funereal depth of shade,
A more than human misery was on his spirit laid,
The while with pinched and parching lips he murmured, "From thy son
Oh! pass this draught of bitterness, but still Thy will be done."
Hail to thy coming once again, thou musing, mournful time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Land which beheld the final scene of man-redeeming love,
When the dear Jesus loosed his soul, to wing its way above,
While rude remorseless men looked on with wild and wolfish eyes,
Laughed at the spectacle, nor deemed how great the sacrifice,
Till earth put on a dreary robe of black, unnatural night,
Shook tower and temple on her breast, and smote them with affright.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou awe-creating time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Sweet to behold thy influence o'er all the Christian world,
To see the banner of good-will spontaneously unfurled,
To find our daily fears forgot, our enmities forgiven,
And hearts grow nearer each to each, and nearer unto Heaven;
To know that 'mid the multitudes one simultaneous tone
Of joyance and benevolence respondeth to our own.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou humanizing time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

In crowded cities men forego their wretchedness and wrongs,
New pleasure lighteth up their eyes and leapeth from their tongues;
In palace and in cottage-homes one sentiment is rife,
On mountain slopes, in quiet glens, awakes more buoyant life,
In stern and lonely forest glooms, on wildering seas and wide,
Hand claspeth hand, soul clings to soul, and care is cast aside.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou elevating time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Blest season! when the friendly draught, in darkness prisoned long,
Flows o'er the laughing lip, and wakes the slumbering voice of song,
When music stirs the holly-bough and thrills the languid breast,
And frankly from the glowing heart is flung the harmless jest,
When modest maidenhood grows gay, and childhood frolics wild,
And age remembers lovingly that Jesus was a child.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou free and festive time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

Blest season! yet not blest to all, save in the holy sense
Of sweet salvation, and the power of high Omnipotence;
How many at this festal time confront the coming year
With desperate hearts, upbraiding eyes, and souls that know no cheer!
Oh! that the human family might each and all partake
One creed, one comfort, and one joy, blithe Christmas, for thy sake.
Hail to thy coming once again, thou hope-awakening time,
Morn of a mighty mystery, soul-saving and sublime!

# Glimpses of Shropshire.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

Blessed be the man who invented cheap trains; cheap holiday trains; cheap summer excursion trains; family tickets; tickets that ensure the holder three days at the seaside! but above all the tourist's ticket. May his shadow never grow less, but expand yearly in the reflected sunshine of many a heart made happier by this agreeable, and to the speculators not unremunerative, arrangement; an arrangement which enables thousands, at a trifling cost, to refresh mind and body, and makes the hope and expectation of one part of the year the pleasing reminiscence of the rest. To the hard-worked magazinist, the struggling artist, the desk-weary clerk, what a boon are these same tickets; franking them, a hundred, aye, hundreds of miles away from the scene of daily labour, with a whole month's leave if it suits them.

The author of "Vanity Fair" (after Walter Savage Landor, by the way) has avowed that travelling is an extinct enjoyment in our times, and that being whirled along a railway is no substitute for it, nor any positive enjoyment, but is simply endured as a necessity. All I can say is, that there are exceptions to the rule, and that the present writer has felt a very sensible quickening of the pulse, and exhilaration of spirits, under such circumstances, and is prepared to say that there is real joy in the sense of rapid motion, which, though it spoils the intervening prospects, is the more quickly bringing us to "fresh fields, and pastures new," in which our journey is to end.

It is nearly twelve months since I last purchased such a ticket, and, as a preliminary measure to its full enjoyment, effected an insurance on the spot, which made my personal safety worth a thousand pounds to the L. N. W. Company. I regard such a provision as an ancient friend of mine does his umbrella, without which he never stirs from home, as a sort of *fetish* against the ills we relatively deprecate. No rain falls, and no accident occurs, when we are thus in some degree prepared for them.

I had started from home with the intention of going westward, but missed my train by a minute, and drove back to Euston-square resolved on running down to Bangor. Here, again, I was foiled; but there was a train for Shrewsbury which would start in a few minutes, and would set me free for a month amongst the Shropshire hills.

I had once passed through Shrewsbury as Master Falstaff, of immortal memory, had done before me, and I remembered the beauty of its walks by Severn side, the quaint old market-house, the timber-frame dwellings, and the old-world names of its streets: Wyle-cop, Dog-pole, Pride-hill, Mardol, Shop, Latch, and the Double Butcher's-row; and I resolved once more to revisit the town that had refused to be made a city, and see a little more of its surroundings.

If I remember aright, a sketch of Shrewsbury appeared in these pages some time since; so I will not linger over any description of the ancient "Island of Alders," where the old kings of Powis kept regal state in wattled palaces, the grandeur of which was estimated by the number of posts in the hall; or descant on the flight of the Britons hither from Wroxeter, pursued by the sacrilegious Easterlings and their fierce leader, Flamddwyn, or the Flame-bearer, as Taliepin calls him.

To visit Wroxeter was one of my reasons for returning to Shrewsbury; and my hastily-arranged plan was to locate myself at Upton Magna, which had been described to me as within walking distance of the Roman ruins, Haughmond Abbey, Uffington, and other picturesque and pleasant places, and yet so near to the town, that a few minutes by rail would take me to it.

I had dim visions of a quaint bedroom, with hangings snowy white, and sheets lavender scented, and a cozy cottage sitting-room, with an oaken settle by the fire (though it was early autumn), and a carved clock lazily ticking out the slumberous hours, while the "blue-fly buzzed in the window-pane" and the open door let in a crowd of flower scents from the surrounding garden; a gardener's garden; the very lodging, in fact, that my friend *Plume d' Argente* had found twelve months before; for the social air was said to be sudorific at Upton Magna, and things had remained for generations pretty much unchanged. So the bright morning after my arrival at Shrewsbury found me following the road from the Upton Magna station to the village. There is the pond, and the little inn with its sign, a bird of ill-omen, if I remember (a raven I rather think), and a group of cottages on what I presume is the green. The inn looks dingy and uninviting; there are a few geese, and some pigs wandering in the road, and the only spot of verdure is the surface of the pond, covered with slime and duckweed. Can this be Arcady, I question? Nonsense. The flowery cottages are further on; though the grey timbered group to the right have garden plots before them.

Up the dusty road, between hedgerows almost as dusty, and so into the heart of Upton Magna. There is the primitive post-office, with a pretty little child tottering out to the low, white gate, and a huge pig coming leisurely over the doorstep, evidently as much at home as any of its congeners in an Irish cabin. There is the dunghill, and the pool of stagnant water too, and yet that stately looking, florid gentleman, with the whitest of clerical neckcloths and the black, double-breasted waistcoat, is not Father Connell.

It will all come right in time, I suppose. Yes; there is the cottage and the garden I am in search of, and other cottages; and the aged church, undergoing a course of reparation and cosmetics, the arch in the chancel taken down, the flooring taken up, the pews turned out, and the venerable porch removed; and in the lane beyond a new Elizabethan school-house, and Elizabethan cottages for the schoolmaster and mistress. No change at Upton Magna! Why, it has all changed; and instead of breathing the air of a sleepy hollow, here is the ringing of trowels, the sounds of axe, and hammer, and adze, with sawing and grinding, and the noises of all sorts of implements, such as masons have used ever since their bands were scattered over the face of the earth, and the confusion of tongues forced them to signs as a means of recognition.

But there are no village men, or children, or women, except the little postmistress, who must keep house, and her little child, and two or three dames too old or too well off for leasing; for it is harvest time, and for the most part men, women, and children are in the fields. So the workmen have the village to themselves, and are buzzing in a busy crowd around the church. I hasten to make inquiries after the gardener's wife, whom I find ill, very ill, and therefore unable to accommodate me; nor can she recommend me to a lodging. Every house has two or three additional inmates quartered in it. And, moreover, I find, from glimpses of interiors, that the number of cottages in which I could be comfortably lodged are very limited indeed.

The kindly little postmistress is quite distressed that the village should lose a visitor, and runs to and fro amongst her neighbours, greatly desiring that something may be done to meet the exigences of the case, and prevent my return to Shrewsbury. Everywhere, however, we meet the same answer: every room in every cottage is filled to its utmost capacity with Mr. N——'s men, "For you see, mum, it's contract work; and there's more on 'em coming, for they are bound to get the church finished by the first of October, and its getting nigh hand to it now."

There is nothing for it, then (having exhausted the church and field paths without seeing anything to make me regret the necessity) but to return to Shrowsbury. So, without shaking off the dust from my feet against the village, which I believe had every inclination to receive me, but could not, I retraced my path to the railway station.

There, upon reclaiming my luggage, which the solitary porter had promised to convey to my lodgings (when I should have taken them), the stationmaster and his man appeared to feel quite a personal indignation against the Upton Magna housewives. Had I inquired at the Inn? Of course I had; but every room was engaged. "Did ever anyone hear of such a thing?" The—I rather think it was a scion of the Corbet Arms, a crow sable, or a field argent—filled beyond the power to make up a bed for a solitary stranger. Well, the porter only wished he had the Hin. His mistress would take precious care she wouldn't have turned a lodger hout for want of making up an extra bed; but it was the way with the Upton Magna people: when they might have visitors staying there, they wouldn't; and he did believe they would always keep the village jest as it was, the last spot God A'mighty had made.

During a part of this colloquy, a little man, of a compact figure, with keen, intelligent looks, and bright beard and whiskers, had entered the station, and to him the station master referred a question on my behalf, as to the best plan of visiting Wroxeter; for, having plenty of time, I had been debating a ticket for Wellington or Shrewsbury, and inquiring the mode of getting to the ruins from the former place. The stranger thought I should find nothing to interest me at Wellington, beyond its proximity to the Wrekin, which a day ticket would enable me to visit, whereas there were many things to interest a person of historical and archæological tastes in Shrewsbury and the vicinity, if I had not yet seen them; and, moreover, the present station was the nearest point of any to Wroxeter. So I returned by the next train to Shrewsbury, receiving much information by the way from my fellow traveller, who had been to put a refractory church clock in order, but whose conversation had a much wider range than horology. He had been out with the Archæological Society on the occasion of their then recent visit to the chief town of Shropshire; and I incidentally found that he personally knew some old literary friends of mine. Moreover, he had an extensive knowledge of the country, and was familiar with its mines and manufactures.

In brief, the terminus was reached before our topics of conversation were half exhausted, and he made his bow at the door of the omnibus which was to take me back to my lodgings in the Abbey Foregate. The vehicle made its circuit, and dropped its passengers, all but me, whose destination was the limit of its journey; and as we turned down Wyle-cop for the Abbey, my railway acquaintance suddenly re-appeared for a moment on the step, and threw in some pamphlets, poems, and other papers, which I afterwards found had reference to the subjects on which we had been conversing; and I was glad to discover a card—J. H., Watchmaker, Wyle-cop, Shrewsbury.—amongst them. Mrs. H. afterwards told me that she could not think what possessed her husband, when, at the instant of his return, he rushed up stairs to his bookcase, and out again, with the papers he had found, to throw them apparently in the street. Most genial of Nazarites (not from principle, but natural antipathy), most kindly of Odd-Fellows, most courteous of churchwardens, how much of the after pleasure and advantage of my visit did I not owe to this seemingly insignificant incident, which proved the most fortunate thing that could have happened to me. Here was I, a stranger, in a strange town, without acquaintance, or introductions, or other credentials than my calling; but on my looking in, on my way to the railway station, the next day, to thank Mr. H. for the pamphlets; books, information, and introductions were kindly and zealously placed at my disposal, and the mere change of scene I had projected on leaving home, gradually expanded into a scheme for obtaining some personal knowledge of the country, and a long-desired insight of the local manufactures.

The beauty and proximity of Coal-brook Dale, and its significance in the history of the mineral productions and commerce of our country, held out too strong temptations for me to resist; but intermediately there was Wroxeter to be visited, and Church Stretton, with its hills and mountains, and Ludlow, rich in historical and Miltonic memories. Once more, therefore, on a morning the most delicious for my purpose—a warm, yet breezy morning, with grey, filmy clouds that had turned their silver lining outwards, sailing in the upper currents upon the surface of the deep blue sky—I found myself alighting at the Upton Magna station. The path, after crossing the railway bridge and a bit of marshy meadow, leads past a few cottages and a farmyard, through a lane flowery even at this season, with honeysuckle in its second bloom, with the flourishing flowers of the common mallow, the yellow ones of St. John's wort, and close beside them the puce-coloured heads of knap weed. Every little space the pretty blossoms of the pink or white campion shone through the vert; and patches of the great moon daisy made a delicate background for the lingering clusters of blue veronica, and bi-coloured toad flax, with bluegreen leaves, and slender spikes of amber, and primrose tinted flowers, which edged the borders of the road. Trailing amongst the hazel and thorn boughs shading the bank, the great bindweed blew out its large, white, trumpet-shaped flowers, and hung the hedges with wreaths of dark green overlapping leaves. Such a stillness there is in the air, that the wimpling of the streamlet wandering on beside the path makes itself heard under the overhanging ferns and the branching sprays of "water purples" (brooklime) clustered in it; and the fall of the yellow leaves, and the sharp but cheerful song of a round-eyed robin, who hops down from an upper branch to have a peep at me, and then hops back into the shade, are the only sounds that disturb the soft, warm, sleepy, atmosphere. Out of the lane the air grows fresher, and there are signs of life, in neat, quaint cottages, with oaken dressers, looking very smart, placed opposite the door, and, by the fireside, the high-backed, never-absent, oaken settle.

Not a passenger has hitherto passed me; but now the gate of a field opens a little in advance of me, and a dog and pony, very rough and ill-groomed, with a lady mounted on him—whose make-up, to say the best of it, has been equally uncared for—her legs encased in a tight petticoat of one colour, while her shoulders are covered by a cape of another, makes an eccentric appearance. She has one arm full of books, of the district-visitor description, and is possibly bound upon their distribution; for which all honour to her. Only, instead of looking gentle, as "Mercy," in the old "Progress," at the stranger in her path, she turns her head at a most ungraceful angle with her body, into the nearest hedge, and calls sharply to her dog, who, like most dogs, seems to think he has a right to my acquaintance.

A grey farm-house now and then, with great fields of late ripe corn, and bands of reapers in them. An orchard or two, with a more than usually heavy crop of apples mellowing on the trees, with their ripest, ruddiest sides towards the road.

And now the path turns a sharp angle, flanked on both sides by the offices of a cottage, half hostel, half farm, but in which the rustic air prevails over that of the house of entertainment, and where, looking in at its freshly-ruddled brick floor, its flowery windows. and shining shelves, I promised myself to rest on my return.

Other farm-houses, and fields, and orchards, and—suddenly, as if I had opened my eyes in a land of giants—the great, dark mass of Roman wall—the mural monument that for fifteen hundred years has marked the site of the buried Roman city—straight before me! I declare the sight of Stonehenge did not affect me like the first sight of this stern, rough bit of ruined wall, the actual revelation of times and circumstances which had hitherto been but vaguely conceived of on the evidence of history. There it stands in the very centre of what was Uriconium, with its great, gaping horizontal aperture, letting in the pleasant sight of the living corn-fields to the men working in the *débris* and the dust of the dead past.

The city is said to have covered an area of more than 300 acres, over which the plough has passed generation after generation turning up, from time to time, coins and sculptures, fragments of pottery and architecture, and other antiquarian treasures, much of which may be found in farm-yards and gardens, and, in spite of the recent rigid inquisitions and requisitions concerning all such discoveries, in almost every cottage in the neighbourhood.

"I had two o' them little black gods, as they calls 'em, my boy found in the field yonder: images of the Virgin Mary's I suppose they were. They must a' bin funny folks, they Romans, to say their prayers to them. But I wasn't agoing to give them up to any body, after having 'em for years. So my boy took 'em to Birmingham, when he went there, an' got a tidy bit for 'em," said a comely woman who, standing at her garden gate to have a stare at the stranger, in answer to a smiling look, and a compliment to her flowers, tendered me some local gossip, which, had I heard it before instead of after my explorations, might have tempted me to withhold the modest offering which, on writing my name in the visitors' book, I naturally dropped into the subscription box for the furtherance of the excavations, which box my informant told me, with a wicked twinkle in her rich dark eyes, had not long since been broken open, robbed of its contents, and thrown into an adjacent field. "Old John," she said, "had left the box out that night, a thing he didn't ought to do." And what made it worse, there happened to be more in it, by what she could hear, than ordinary; more than four pounds, she believed. "Dear heart! such a piece a works the gentry made about it, though many on 'em never put a sixpence in it."

Stepping over the mounds of earth, and picking my way between heaps of animal bones, in which the tusks of the wild boar, the jaws and teeth of deer, and sheep, and oxen abound, and on many of which the mark of fire is plainly visible, and passing others of broken pottery, mixed with fragments of black Upchurch, and bright red Samian ware—the latter looking smooth and polished as if of quite recent manufacture—I found myself in an oblong cleared space, with a few steps leading to it, which has been pronounced by the savans to have been a market-place. Here weights and scales were found, and a steel-yard, similar to those still in use. Here I am joined by the foreman, who appears really pleased to have a visitor who has not expected too much, and who can find abundance to interest, even in the present condition of the works. "But as for them people from Birmingham and Wolverhampton, he did believe they came there expecting to see the people serving in the shops some on 'em, too, in carriages, as ought to be ashamed o' themselves." In brief, it would appear that the too enthusiastic accounts set forth by Mr. Wright are calculated to produce a reactionary feeling in persons who, not being archæologists themselves, see no difference in the remnants of old Roman walls and flues, by whatever learned names they may be masked, and those occasioned by a fire of yesterday. Hence the indications of dwellings, and baths, and mart, which are sufficient to furnish to the eye of the antiquary the buildings as they stood, afford not even the outlines of them to the ignorant, or the unlearned in Roman architecture and customs. And such persons are too apt to speak slightingly of the show they come so far to see. and to revenge the obtuseness of their perceptions in disparaging remarks—touching rubbish, &c.—especially in connection with the before-mentioned heaps of broken pottery, every fragment of which is destined for presentation to the museum, but which appears to the uninitiated identical with garden potsherds.

All the relics collected during the excavations have been deposited in the little silent museum at Shrewsbury where I had previously spent a quiet morning in making myself acquainted with them. Rings, bracelets, fibulæ, and hairpins; spoons, knives, choppers, &c.; precisely the things which brings the daily life of a people familiarly before us, and enables us, in imagination, to perfect and re-clothe with humanity the osseous fragments of Celt and Roman lying in the table-cases adjacent. Many of the skulls are insignificant in size; but a few of them, like the legs and arm bones, are of great size, and have the massive jaw-bones entire, and the teeth, with the enamel white and shiny remaining on them, but the front portion of the crania is in almost every instance low and narrow. The majority of these skulls, the superintendent tells me, were found pell-mell at the ford, at the bottom of the field yonder; as if their owners had fallen in and perished, trampled under the feet of other fugitives, or had been slaughtered by their pursuers in the act of making their escape. I wander about amongst the grey ruins, with their crumbling walls, hypocausts, anticipating by so many centuries the modern discovery of heating with hot air. Here are drain tiles too of the most approved construction; and many iron implements have been found, the forging of which was so excellent that, as I am subsequently informed by Mr Whilks. the intelligent and kindly manager of the Horchray works, a small portion which he procured, on being re-smelted and re-forged proved after all the years of rust and decay which it had suffered of a finer and harder quality than any produced in the present day; a fact which he attributed to the charcoal fires anciently used in smelting it.

Here is the floor of a presumed bath room, daintily inlaid with little oblong pieces of white, polished stone, quite perfect. In another part is a portion of herringbone pavement, a pattern usually distinctive of Roman work; and the foreman points me out the spot where a piece of tesselated pavement lies hidden. The walls of the dwellings, like the great block 70 feet in length, and 20 feet high, which stands in the centre of the city, and is supposed to be a portion of a temple, or some other public building, are composed of the common sandstone of the country, bound together with layers of Roman tiles, smooth and firm as any that are made at the Broseley works to-day.

As I step from the unearthed remnants of the old Roman city, into the "Wanderers Way," as the Watling-street—another proof of the broad, grand scale, and utilitarian spirit in which the public works of this imperial people were carried out—has been called, it seems to me more palpable than ever, that the seeds of all that is good and profitable for a people, like the good that is in an individual, dies not, nor is lost, but has perennial root and vigour living on from generation to generation, even as the rude potteries of the Romans in the Severn Valley, have survived and refined into such works as Rose's China factory at Coalport, and the forge fires flickering or glowing through the forest glooms in the neighbourhood of the wooded Wrekin, have burgeoned through the length and breadth of the adjoining districts into the giant furnaces, and gigantic or exquisite productions of the Horsehay, and Coalbrookdale Works, to which some day I hope to invite my readers to accompany me.

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# The Registrar's Annual Report.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

## SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE annual report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies has latterly attracted more attention from those interested in the welfare of these institutions than is usual with dry official blue books upon what are considered non-political questions. Its publication is of great value to the cause of progress in many respects. Certain important economic facts, and statistical returns, are first introduced to the public notice in its pages; and opinions, not simply those of the Registrar himself, or his correspondents, but others of a kind of semi-official character, are from time to time propounded therein, which furnish material for profitable reflection and critical comment. All questions of great national importance present a widely different aspect from the legislative and executive platform, than they do from that of practical every day life. Acts of parliament, and particularly those bearing upon special sub-administrative organizations, such as the self-governed affiliated friendly societies, often seem to their framers the very perfection of senatorial wisdom, while those for whose benefit they were specially ushered into being, not only fail to appreciate all the theoretic beauty referred to, but sometimes detect shortcomings, overcomings, or other imperfections, which, to a great extent, nullify their practical value. Hence, the necessity of the hearty co-operation of those most interested, both in the framing and carrying out of any legislative enactment affecting the welfare of friendly societies. In this spirit, and in this spirit alone, I have previously reviewed Mr. Pratt's official report. It is infinitely more gratifying to me, when I find I can conscientiously endorse his suggestions or approve of his course of action, than it is when I deem it my duty to demur or protest against either the one or the other. Believing him equally anxious with myself and others to still further develop the provident instinct of the operative population, and to reform and perfect its practical machinery, I can fully appreciate the value of his general services to the cause. But Mr. Pratt's official experience is of a totally different character to that of practical working officers and members. Many pet theories of professional as well as amateur legislators appear doubtless very satisfactory to the eyes of gentlemen who bask in the official sunshine of a despotic government, which are utterly repugnant to the habits, prejudices, sentiments, and traditions of a people like the British. accustomed to pride themselves on their freedom, and especially, on the most popular phase of its exhibition—the practice of self-government. Mr. Pratt has considerably modified his tone with regard to certain matters affecting the government of friendly societies, doubtless from a conviction that a majority of the members are determined, in spite of his attempted coercion, to exercise their own judgment and their legitimate right in the management of their own affairs. He hitherto appears to have favoured the views of a certain class of philanthropists, who appear to think that the clergy or upper classes generally ought to superintend, and, in the main direct the action of working men in every effort for their social elevation; that the latter indeed are to a great extent incapable of self-government, and that it is even desirable, in order to achieve *their beau ideal* of a social Utopia, that they should ever remain so. He, however, appears now to think there does exist some little difference between the right of a member of a friendly society to spend his own money after his own fashion, and that of a pauper or felon to the disposal of a portion of the funds raised for his support by local or national taxation. In his " Instructions for the Establishment of Friendly Societies on Sound Principles," which are well worthy of careful study by all interested, he says, "The management of the Society should be vested in a committee consisting of *Honorary* and benefit members, or of *Benefit members only.*" To this there can be no rational objection, providing the "*benefit* " or *contributing* members themselves decide the question. As a matter of *recommendation,* however, I still hold that the practice of the Manchester Unity, which confines its officers to the subscribing members, is most certainly preferable. Honorary members rarely for any length of time attend with the requisite punctuality to the routine duties, indeed they generally, in my own experience, very properly object to do more than simply express their approval of the society and its objects, with a view to the encouragement of the members and others in their efforts to promote habits of prudence and forethought among the masses. And this is all that self-reliant, provident men either wish or ought to ask at their hands.

### Annual Return and Balance Sheets.

Mr. Pratt justly complains of the apathy or incapacity of secretaries with respect to the " General Statement " or annual report. He says,—" In the month of December, 1860, the Registrar sent by post to 22,948 societies, the form of such General Statement, but up to the date of the present report, he has not received more than 8,140 general statements and annual reports. It is his intention not to allow this section of the act to be a dead letter, but to take proceedings for the recovery of the penalties against the secretaries of some of these societies, who, upon a second application, shall neglect to comply with the provisions of the law." The statute provides that the penalty in each case shall not exceed twenty shillings and costs. The annual committees of the Manchester Unity have some time since, legislated upon this subject, with the view to secure all the necessary returns both for the Registrar and its own executive. It is desirable that other societies should follow the example, not only for their own immediate interest, but for the sake of the public character of the great body of provident working men. There is no taunt so difficult to meet by the friends of these institutions, as that which reflects on the capacity or willingness of their officers to furnish this most important information. To say that the secretaries *object* to the additional labour, is not a legitimate answer to the demand; to say they are *incapable* is still less satisfactory. One of the first conditions of practical self-government, is the capacity to carry out efficiently its work in all its necessary details; and surely the keeping of proper books, and the presentation of correct and intelligible balance sheets, together with such other results of past experience as may be valuable for future guidance, ought not to be tasks beyond the intellectual power of some of the members of any friendly society. If any such exist, it is high time that they apply at the public market, and engage a competent bookkeeper at the current rate of such labour. This course would not only redound more to their credit, but to their private advantage. The losses sustained by Friendly Societies from inefficient book-keeping and careless and imperfect auditing of the accounts, have been so enormous that a relatively small fraction of the amount would have sufficed to pay handsomely for efficient services of the kind referred to. Every individual member of any branch of any Friendly Society cannot, therefore, do better service to the cause of progress, or better advance the best interests of his club, than by bringing all his influence to bear in this direction. The plea of incapacity will not serve in the present age of Mechanics' Institutes and parliamentary grants for educational purposes, whatever it may have done a quarter of a century ago. Besides, it is an unworthy and a humiliating one, and ought especially to be repudiated by every section of the class especially banded together to promote habits of prudence, forethought, and self-reliance. The right to demand these returns by the Registrar is surely not too high a price for the many valuable concessions of the Legislature to enrolled Friendly Societies, and especially as the only object proposed by the Government in their collection is the publication of such knowledge as will enable the members themselves to so regulate their financial arrangements as to prevent, to the greatest possible extent, the still frequent bankruptcy of individual branches and isolated clubs. Mr. Pratt naturally regrets the withdrawal of the Bill of last session, introduced by Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, at his suggestion, to compel "all Friendly and Assurance Societies to render to every member thereof, or person depositing money therein, a copy of their annual accounts." But if he himself finds a difficulty in obtaining the annual returns from many clubs under the present statute, he need not be surprised that the members generally objected to Governmental interference with their internal management, and brought their influence to bear upon their parliamentary representatives, and upon Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, in the manner they did. There can be no doubt Mr. Pratt's object, in the main, is right; but his recent scheme was in many respects simply impracticable, in others it would have unquestionably entailed much useless expenditure. The members of many, to my own knowledge, do voluntarily that which Mr. Pratt sought to enforce by law, yet even they objected to coercive measures, and contended that the members of each society on enrolment had reserved to them their previous right to the management of their internal affairs. If Mr. Pratt would but respect this feeling a little more, and endeavour to ascertain the wishes or prejudices, if he will, of those for whom he would legislate, before he procures the introduction of small bills, seeking to modify the provisions of the now well-known consolidated statute, much of his effort would unquestionably meet with a more cordial recognition than it has recently done. A better understanding on this subject is certainly a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

It appears, however, that the chief object of the recent Bill was to compel certain "office clubs," with numerous branches, to present more satisfactory balance-sheets, not only to the Registrar, but to their members themselves. Clubs of this class might, perhaps, with advantage, be subjected to a little special legislation, inasmuch as the members, as a body, take little or no part in their management. He refers to two societies of this class, the "Friend in Need," and the "Royal Liver." Their reports, as quoted by him, are certainly of a very unsatisfactory character. Will it be believed by the Members of the Manchester Unity that the former society is divided into 250 districts, employs 1,500 collectors; and includes 250,000 members; that it ensures for burial fees, relief in sickness, medical aid, and endowments, and that yet it only possessed a reserved fund, on the 31st December, 1860, of rather over *fifteen thousand pounds?* The "Royal Liver" is even in a worse position; it numbers about 250,000 members, and possesses a capital but slightly exceeding twelve thousand pounds, "including £3,400 lent to members, and in the hands of the officers." Of course, I am aware that the statement recently put forth in a pamphlet entitled, "What is the Manchester Unity?" as to the amount of reserved capital possessed by that body, is an exaggerated one, inasmuch as the average of the Metropolitan districts is improperly assumed as indicative of the average for the Unity. We may not possess, to meet the claims of 330,000 members, Two Millions of money as there stated; but to whatever extent this sum ought to be discounted, it is nevertheless very satisfactory, indeed, to contemplate our aggregate financial position in contrast with that of these once celebrated office clubs.

### PUBLIC-HOUSE MEETINGS.

The Registrar has somewhat modified his tone upon this subject. He evidently begins to perceive that it will require considerable time to completely annihilate such ancient and popular institutions as public-houses, and that after all it is not so very bad or immoral a thing to induce even their devotees to join a provident friendly society. In his "Instructions," he says the place of meeting should, *if possible*, be at some public Institution or school-room. If that cannot be obtained, and there is no place except an inn or public-house, a certain fixed payment should be made for the use of the room, lights, and fire, *with a stipulation that no beer, etc., should be brought into the room until all business is concluded*, when each member should pay for any refreshment he may require. When an Anniversary or Annual Feast is held, the contribution thereto, and the attendance thereat, should be *voluntary*, though there seems no objection to a rule, that every member who lives within a given distance, should have a ticket sent him, which if not returned within a certain time, say a week before the day of the feast, he should be required to pay for."

Many lodges of the Manchester Unity have already adopted something in the spirit of this recommendation, consequently there can be no objection to its being submitted to the consideration of others, with this especial understanding, however, that the members themselves, in each individual case, *legislate* on the subject, and not the Registrar, who I have previously shown, possesses no such authority under the statute.

Mr. Pratt seems to think that the fact of a society or branch meeting at a public-house, is in itself an element of financial insecurity. He brings forward some plausible evidence in support of this view. He says "he had lately occasion to enquire into some facts with reference to Friendly Societies in the county of Hereford, and he ascertained that in that county, 136 societies had had their rules certified since 1793, of the number 123 were held at public-houses, and 13 at schools and private rooms; but of the 123, no less than 42 had been dissolved, but of the 13, only one."

On the contrary, I know many clubs, established at schools or private rooms, that do not prosper simply because, in the present state of social manners and habits, other societies meeting at public-houses offer more attraction, or are brought more directly under the attention of parties likely to join. The Manchester Unity Members have spent thousands of pounds in buildings, with the view of aiding in the transference of its lodges to private rooms, and I am sorry to say not always with permanent advantage. But all Mr. Pratt's facts do not point in the same direction as those he quotes in support of his view. In the county of Lancaster, since his last report, he shows that nine societies have been dissolved, only five of which were held at public-houses! Two of them were indeed connected with Temperance Societies. In Yorkshire four have been dissolved in the same period, only one of which was held at a public-house! There may unquestionably be advantages in the meeting in private rooms; but if it is desirable to induce as large a proportion as possible of the operative population to support these institutions, we must yet continue for years to come, to go where we can find them, and not expect any very large section yet to come to us. If we do other societies will simply work up the ground which we blindly neglect, in a more primitive aad imperfect manner, and consequently with less satisfactory results.

### Burial Clubs and Alleged Infanticide.

The great heart of the country has been again shocked by a renewal of the cry that a large proportion of the infant mortality amongst the labouring classes resulted from deliberate murder on the part of the parents for the sake of the few pounds to which, by the rules of these societies, they become entitled on the demise of their offspring. The manufacturing districts and the borough of Preston especially were pointedly referred to as localities where this murderous propensity was strikingly exhibited. Burgesses of "Proud Preston," jealous of their ancient renown, were naturally anxious for some explanation, refutation, or, if such was the dire fact, satisfactory confirmation of the astounding statement. Having written and spoken much on this subject when the foul aspersion was first thoughtlessly thrown upon the character of my townsmen especially, I, through the local press, soon exposed its utter falsehood. I saw the paternity of the blundering libel the moment I read the communication from Chester, republished by Mr. Pratt in his report without comment. My surprise was great, indeed, to find that he had not perceived that the whole was but a resuscitation of the so-called facts and statistical figures, which had been fully disposed of *above seven years ago* by a committee of the House of Commons, in the proceedings of which committee Mr. Pratt took much interest, as I know from personal contact with him at the time. As will be remembered, the whole case miserably broke down. The vaunted Preston statistics were shown to be utterly worthless, and led to no such inferences as the panic-mongers imagined. Their case could not be substantiated by even a single instance where murder had been proved to have been committed for burial fees in the town of Preston; and I am glad, indeed, to say that although much effort has been expended to discover one since the time referred to, it has been expended in vain. The cases sent for trial at Liverpool, accompanied by a special presentment by the grand jury, equally failed to lend a substantial form to this loudly-denounced horror. Baron Martin, who tried the case, intimated that the grand jury ought to have "cut" the bills, as there was not a shadow of evidence to substantiate a charge of murder at all, either for burial club fees or for any other consideration whatever. The report of the committee of the house was printed, and the Act of Parliament passed which is now in force. This Act limits the total amount assured on the death of a child under five years of age to six pounds.

Even this sum exceeds the maximum amount petitioned for by members of Preston clubs, in public meeting assembled, so thoroughly was the Legislature satisfied of the purely imaginary character of the murders referred to. Previously, some abuses undoubtedly existed. In Manchester, I think, one child was entered upon the books of about fourteen societies. This duplicate insurance of *dependent* children is now prohibited by law, and it is the interest, as well as the duty, of every officer and member to see that the penalties are enforced in all such cases. It is, however, not necessary here to enter more fully into the question. The subject was thoroughly discussed at the time by myself in two articles which appeared in "Eliza Cook's Journal," of the 4th and 25th of March, 1854. It is sufficient that the public are informed of the fact that the present small panic is but a partial disinterment of the mouldering remains of the greater defunct one, which I and others imagined we had for ever consigned to limbo in 1854.

I cannot, however, refrain availing myself of the present opportunity, to again call attention to the very primitive and consequently imperfect character, of the financial arrangements adopted by many of these burial societies. For a monthly contribution of four-pence, paid equally by all subscribers from infancy to forty-five years of age, the usual insurance at death is about five pounds ten shillings. A regular insurance company, with tables correctly graduated according to age on entrance, will ensure *ten* pounds at death for a monthly contribution of *three-pence*, to all parties joining at age fifteen. A similar sum is insured for *four*-pence per month to all parties joining at age twenty. But when the applicant for admission is forty five years of age, *seven*-pence per month is demanded for the assurance of ten pounds. Thus the members entering at fifteen, and for several years afterwards, are paying infinitely *more* than they ought, in equity for the amount assured. And yet, these clubs are generally possessed of reserved funds far too limited in amount to guarantee their future liability. I know of one with 30,000 members, that is not worth the same number of shillings, and it is considered by its members generally as one of the best of its class. This rotten state of things results mainly from the fact that the insurance of the infant lives is effected at the rates previously quoted, namely *four*-pence per month for the sum of five pounds ten shillings; and this, notwithstanding the well established fact, that the *risk* is enormously enhanced. The Registrar-General's reports testify, that, on the average of the whole population, amongst children under five years of age, between six and seven per cent annually die off. Between five and ten, the rate is rather less than one per cent., and between ten and fifteen, it is little over one in the two hundred. Afterwards the rate gradually increases, but it is not until after age seventy, that it reaches the percentage exhibited amongst infants under five years of age. Thus the surplus money improperly charged subscribers entering at fifteen, and for several years afterwards, is not even sufficient to counteract the financial errors induced by the inadequate contributions of the infantile section. Many of these clubs must, therefore, of necessity eventually collapse, even if they were otherwise perfect in financial matters, which, unfortunately, they are not, by any means. It is to be hoped that the increased intelligence of the leading members on this subject, will speedily be brought to bear on the mass, so that those societies which are utterly beyond redemption, may be at once dissolved; and, for the intellectual and moral credit of all concerned, that others may be founded, with such financial arrangements as shall, with perfect equity, guarantee to every number the full amount of benefit promised.

There are several other interesting matters touched upon in Mr. Pratt's Report, the consideration of which I must postpone to a future occasion.

[ORIGINAL.]

# THE COTTAGE AUCTION.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

"We lived within a cottage neat,
My father drove the plough,
My mother walked, with aching feet,
Miles to the mill, I trow;
Brothers and sisters five had I—
Go ask the sexton where they lie!

"Of years a score my father wrought
'Neath iron-handed sway,
He dared to speak his honest thought,
And so was sent away;
And from that hour my mother's cheek
Seemed to be wasting week by week.

"However swift the shuttle sped
From my poor mother's hand,
She could not find us all in bread,
So many in a band;
Then she fell sick, and Bobby died,
I sat beside his grave and cried.

"Slowly my mother better got;
My father plied his spade;
The Squire's rich woods grew round our cot,
Where hares and rabbits played,
But father would not touch the game,
Though Death on Famine's pinion came.

"Then came a monster of mankind,
Down in our cot he sate,
My mother's face appeared resigned,
What'er might be our fate;
But father's eye flashed fire, and there
He stood the image of despair.

"You see we could not pay our rent,
Which left us in the lurch.
To chapel always father went,
Our landlord went to church;
I thought religion softened hearts:
'Tis not so in these heathen parts.

"The auctioneer said, 'Going! gone!'
And sacked our pretty cot;
Things we had purchased one by one
He bargained in a lot;
And craving hunger could not turn
That brigand from his purpose stern.

"With great feet on our old arm chair,
His lolling tongue he rolled,
While all his gloomy train did stare
To see our treasures sold.
I would have banged him 'gainst the wall
Had I been as my father, tall!

"My father's books, a costly store,
He brandished ceiling-high,
And shouted, as he thumbed them o'er,
'Come, make a bid! who'll buy?'
The Bible, mother's feelings crossed,
But 'Bloomfield's Poems' touched me most.

"The polished clock, with pictured face,
Of Ruth 'mid sheaves of corn;
The drawers, the cage, the glass book-case,
My grandsire's bugle-horn,
My father's flute, my mother's chair,
And Bobby's cradle, all were there!"

"Each after other passed, 'mid tears,
To that dull hammer's swing,
The funeral knell of blissful years
It seemed to me to ring.
Were angels singing rapture songs
While we bore all these thorny wrongs?

'O what a picture was that scene,
In happy days of yore,
When not a home on all the green
A lovelier aspect wore:
The glowing fire, the chimney nook,
The circle glad, the open Book!

"Just at that hour, when hope seemed past,
My mother homeward flew,
God ope'd a way for us at last,
That sea of trouble through;
The debt was paid, the harpies fled,
Our home was saved, and tears we shed."

*July*, 1861.

* * *

# The Queen's Diamonds.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

In the year 1756, there was standing, in the most populous quarter of the town of Hamburgh, an old, massive, and fantastically-constructed mansion, in harmony with, though somewhat more irregular than the quaint edifices around it, which lent a peculiar and picturesque physiognomy to the neighbourhood. The centre of the front façade, which consisted of heavy pilasters meeting above in an arch, and almost concealing the deeply sunk entrance, was flanked by two wings as different in style as if the one had preceded the other by some centuries. The one, substantial and unadorned, admitted the daylight through apertures which resembled port-holes rather than windows; while the other, terminating in a pointed gable, was profusely and highly decorated with all the caprices of the most flowery Gothic style, which were, however, defaced and interrupted here and there by tasteless and discordant alterations.

The inside of the building, too, was of a not less eccentric character than the outside. Although covering an extensive area, and originally designed for the accommodation of a large establishment, it contained at this time but two inhabitants, who dwelt as far asunder as the extreme length of the building permitted, and the chambers which they severally occupied were concealed amid labyrinths of tortuous and interminable corridors, like nests amid the branches of a large tree; for the once spacious apartments had been cut up into small rooms, which gave entrance to each other in such a manner that one unacquainted with the topography must inevitably lose his way. All these arrangements, however, were admirably suited to the mysterious habits and devious life of the proprietor for the time being, who had, for more than ten years, admitted no visitor within his doors. Every morning he went out alone, and might have been seen traversing the streets on foot, greeted by everybody of importance as an old and valued acquaintance. The best houses in Hamburgh were open to him: nobles and citizens and merchants, all of every rank accosted him with respect, and seemed as if they would be only too happy to offer him the hospitality which they knew he never accepted. In the evening, when his day's business was done, he returned punctually to a slender and homely repast, which was always prepared at an unvarying hour by a female domestic, who was the other occupant of the house, and whose age and general appearance were such as to effectually disarm scandal. The apartment which he occupied, and where he generally sat up till an early hour in the morning, was a circular room in the Gothic wing, about ten feet in diameter. A lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, burned during the whole night. Two large iron safes, which were opened and closed by a machinery of which the owner alone knew the secret, stood opposite each other by the wall, and between them lay a large soft mattress covered with rich Persian silk, on which he slept. The floor was thickly carpeted in such a manner that every footfall was noiseless, and the wall was hung round with arms and weapons of all times and climes, from the poisoned arrows of the Scythians to the matchlock of more civilized warfare. There were also some frames, edged with solid gold and silver, enclosing collections of gems and specimens of all the coins circulating throughout the known world. Amid all these curiosities there was but one book—a copy of the Talmud, written and illuminated on parchment, from which he read a portion every night, leaving it open on a small table until he returned to it again. Into this chamber three doors opened, of which one led to the stairs, and the other two to a closet and a long corridor, so that, in case of any sudden danger or assault, there were three several avenues of escape. One evening, after his customary devotional exercise, he had just emptied his pockets of the money and business memoranda that had accumulated during the day, and having entered the latter in a ledger, was deliberately weighing the former piece by piece—the gold ducats of Holland and Lubeck, the sequins and pistoles of Venice—and smiling at the exactness of the weight, though he had already gone through the same process earlier in the day, when a dull noise, resembling a suppressed groan, struck on his ear. He listened sharply, and discovered that the sound proceeded from strange voices, rising and falling at intervals somewhere in the house. Assuring himself that the safes were firmly closed, and returning all the money on the table to his pockets, he laid his ear close to the nearest door, and ascertained that not only the voices but the footsteps of strangers were approaching. Unprepared for a resistance that might cost him his life, to which he clung more tenaciously even than to his money, he extinguished his lamp, and, as the intruders were advancing up the stairs, made for one of the side doors, in order to escape into the dark intricacies of the corridors, and to summon help from outside, while his visitors should be engaged in endeavouring to open the safes. There was not a moment to lose, for he already saw a light streaming through the chinks of the door, and at the same moment a commanding voice cried, "Open!"

Solomon laid his hand tremulously on the side door, but had scarcely touched it when there also the same voice was repeated; and was still reeling under the shock, when his exit through the remaining door was intercepted by the same menacing demand.

As he was yet hesitating in terror and perplexity, the plaintive voice of his old attendant Martha addressed him. "My dear master," she sobbed, "open the door if you would save both our lives! It is all my fault—all my folly!—and I am ready to submit to any punishment you choose to inflict. For the first time these ten years I quitted the house for a moment, and these three men followed me on my return so closely that I had not time to secure the door. With a pistol to my head, they compelled me to guide them hither. Forgive me, my good kind master! and if we both escape I will serve you for nothing all the rest of my days!"

"Will you open your door by fair means?" said one of the strangers, "or do you prefer that we should break it?"

With a heavy sigh for his money, and all the care and labour it had cost him, Solomon slowly and despairingly did as he was commanded; and three men in masks entered the room—one of them still holding Martha by the arm.

"You will be good enough now," said the same man who spoke for the others, "to count out to us in gold the value of thirty thousand Hamburgh ducats!"

"Thirty thousand ducats!" cried Solomon. "Where do you imagine I am to find such a sum?"

"There!" replied the stranger, pointing to one of the iron safes. "Come, now, no nonsense! and be smart, as we're pressed for time."

"Are the thirty thousand ducats all that you want?" inquired Solomon, timidly.

"Have I not told you so already?"

"Because," said the Jew, "there may be a few rix-dollars in the safe, and I hope you will leave them with me. They will be all that I shall possess."

"On mature consideration," said the stranger, after a consultation in a foreign language with his companions, "and to guard against contingencies, I think we shall want five thousand more." But, observing that at this announcement Solomon was turning pale and beginning to look unwell—"Don't be alarmed," he continued; "we are not come to rob you; we are merely borrowing, and you shall have sufficient and safe security for the loan."

"Pardon me," said Solomon, opening his eyes wide, "but, if that be your intention, why come at this hour, and in disguise?"

"Silence!" said the stranger. "We answer no questions. Do as you are commanded!"

Accordingly, Solomon proceeded to reckon the money, pausing and looking up at intervals to offer letters of credit, payable anywhere in Europe for the amount, but these were all refused; nothing but ready money would do. As he laid each successive instalment of the sum on the table, it was thrown into a large oak box which the strangers had brought with them, and to which the whole amount was transferred—equal to three hundred thousand French francs. Solomon ventured to inquire respecting the security, and was commanded to assist in the removal of the box to a carriage that waited below, in which he was informed that he must accompany them.

"Whither are you going to take me?" he inquired, in agony.

"I have already told you that we can answer no questions," was the reply.

At this stage of the proceedings Martha became loud in her lamentations, but was assured that her master would be restored to her uninjured at the end of a fortnight, and would be brought back in the same manner as she saw him taken away.

Taking his Talmud under his arm, Solomon laid hold on a handle of the box, and moved on with the strangers toward the carriage, as sad and forlorn as if it were the bier of his father or his son. He then took his seat beside one of his captors and opposite the other two; and four fresh horses bore them away at such a pace that, as the night was dark, he was unable to ascertain through which of the gates they left the city. All night they travelled at the same rate, conversing with each other in a language which Solomon did not understand, but refusing to give him any information respecting their destination. With that exception, he had nothing to complain of. When daylight was just beginning to blush on the horizon, they politely requested that he would have the kindness to allow himself to be blindfolded, and regretted to say that they would be under the necessity of performing the same ceremony every morning during the journey. Solomon submitted quietly, with a bitter smile at the mockery of courtesy.

In about two hours after dawn the carriage was pulled up; he was assisted to alight, and two men, holding him firmly by the arms, led him cautiously along a narrow plank which swayed and bounded under their feet, until he felt and heard and smelt that he was on board a ship. The voyage, retarded by bad weather, lasted three days and three nights. Then they took to their carriage again, and on the evening of the fourth day, at the hour when he expected that his eyes would be uncovered, he received the welcome announcement that the journey was done. He was now left to the custody of one of his fellow travellers for about an hour, while the others had disappeared with the box; at the expiration of that time he was led away still blindfolded, and as soon as he heard a door softly closed behind him, the bandage was suddenly removed, and the brilliant light that suddenly burst upon his eyes so dazzled him that for some moments he was unable to distinguish surrounding objects.

He now found himself in a large room, glittering with the reflected light of a multitude of wax candles, and gorgeously furnished. Close beside him he saw the oak box, open and empty, and the gold which it had contained turned out in a pile upon a marble table. At the left side of the fireplace was seated a lady, whose calm and dignified features indicated the habit of command. Near her, but on a less elevated chair, sat another lady, considerably younger and surpassingly beautiful, and, at the other side, a gentleman of middle age and an easy and good-natured expression of countenance, was reclining carelessly in a deep arm-chair, and amusing himself with a huge greyhound that laid its head familiarly upon his knees. The rest of the company, nine in number, remained standing, and it was easy to perceive that the respect which they paid to the principal personages was greater than that usually accorded to a mere superiority of fortune. To complete the picture, it is necessary to include a child about ten years of age, and remarkable for his frightful ugliness. His head, disproportionately large, was further disfigured by being unnaturally flattened on one side, and a prematurely faded complexion; while his long, slender, and loosely-attached legs and arms suggested, when in a sitting attitude, a hideous resemblance to a chimpanzee. All this deformity was redeemed only by a quick intelligence of look and the bright animation of his large eyes.

Before Solomon was invited to approach, the gentleman who seemed highest in authority held a consultation in a low voice with another who stood beside his chair.

"Twenty hats," he said, "are there not? How many will each of these cost?"

"Ten thousand double crowns."

"And the hunting caps?"

"Somewhere about the same sum altogether, for their number is more considerable."

"At that price you are certain of having them?"

"I should rather think so," thought Solomon. "Such a sum for things of that sort! Verily I have fallen among madmen."

He was now invited to inspect a jewel case containing a set of diamonds, which he examined with the practised eye of a man accustomed to such merchandise, and consented to accept as security for a third of the loan; after which other jewels were submitted for examination, until the entire sum was secured. The several clauses of this bargain were minutely discussed by the personage who sat opposite the two ladies, who also exacted from him a solemn promise that he would never reveal the particulars of the adventure, or seek to know whither he had been brought. Solomon swore on the Talmud to be discreet, and then, overcome by long and unusual fatigue, entreated to be conducted to some place where he might rest until he should be permitted to depart. This request, however, was promptly refused, and he was commanded to be in readiness to return immediately in the same manner as he had come. His eyes were accordingly bandaged again, and he was led away; and in ten minutes after, the same carriage in which he had arrived, started at the same headlong pace, containing the same four travellers.

"At last," cried Adolphus Frederic, as soon as the Jew was gone, "at last I feel myself the King of Sweden. This gold, which the illiberality of my country refuses me, shall counteract the subsidies lavished by France on the disloyal. Our thanks to the Queen, gentlemen! She has deprived herself of her jewels to establish our authority. My brother-in-law of Prussia is more fortunate than I; he commands and is obeyed. He has not been, like me, reduced to a phantom of royalty. Still, with the aid of Providence, gentlemen, and your good counsels, I shall rend asunder these degrading chains. So far, all has succeeded as we could wish; and to-morrow, on the opening of the session, the majority will be reversed in the three orders of nobles, clergy, and commons!"

All the company assented to these words of his majesty, except the child, who shook his head incredulously.

"You don't agree with us, Gustavus?" said the King.

"God grant that your majesty be not deceived!" replied the Prince, "and that your secret be safe."

"And why do you suppose, sir," said the King, "that it can be otherwise?"

"Because those thoughts which we do not utter are alone safe from repetition."

"What would you do, then, in my place?"

"Just what your majesty is doing, but alone and without witnesses."

"You are a child yet, Gustavus; but the time will come when you shall know how to appreciate loyalty and devotion."

"Sire," said the Count Tessin, who was the Prince's tutor, "though his Royal Highness is, of course, mistaken if he suspects treachery among us, his words give proof of an intelligence and a diplomatic talent beyond his years. At ten years of age your majesty's son is a man; at twenty he will show Sweden a second Gustavus Adolphus."

"Though your lordship may intend no more than flattery, it may be that you have spoken the truth," replied the ill-shaped dwarf, looking significantly at the last speaker.

"You have promised much, my statesman in leading strings," said the King. "See that you fulfil your engagement."

A few minutes more and all were gone, except the King, Queen Louisa, and her first maid of honour, the lady Stephana Koller, who enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the royal family. The King himself, elated as a minor on the point of being relieved from his guardian, paced up and down the room, smiling and rubbing his hands. All his precautions had been successful, and the most impenetrable secrecy veiled every movement of the conspiracy. The abduction of the Jew, and the negotiation concluded with him, and even his very existence must be utterly unknown in Stockholm; and his majesty anticipated, with an almost childish exultation, the unexpected blow which was to discomfit his enemies. He was still indulging these flattering delusions, when one of the ushers in waiting came to announce that the Count Gyllemborg—who was known to be the leader of the party opposed to the Court—and three other members of the States-General, had come to demand an interview with her majesty upon business of most uncompromising urgency. At this unexpected intelligence Frederic suddenly stood aghast, and it was the Queen alone who could command sufficient composure to order them to be admitted.

Here it may be convenient to explain to the reader, that ever since the disastrous events that had followed the misfortunes of Charles XII., the influence and prerogatives of the Crown of Sweden had been gradually declining, principally under the agency of foreign intrigues. The faction adverse to the royal family, by some inexplicable association of ideas, were known by the sobriquet of "the *hats*;" the adherents of the Court appropriating the title of "the *caps*;" and those who were still fluctuating between the extreme sections taking the fanciful appellation of "the *hunting-caps*."

When Gyllemborg presented himself with the other deputies, he excused himself under an order of the Secret Committee for intruding at so unseasonable an hour.

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" inquired the King.

"Sire," replied the Count, "my commission addresses itself to her majesty the Queen, who will, I trust, be graciously pleased to permit me, in the name of the States, to inspect the crown jewels and those presented to her majesty in Berlin on the occasion of her marriage."

Frederic felt himself turning pale, and was glad that the request had not been addressed directly to himself; but the sister of Frederic the Second was not so easily daunted.

"Gentlemen," said she, "tell those who sent you that such a demand is insulting, and that I shall not submit to it!"

"Your majesty will be so kind as to remember that the Constitution gives this right to the States whenever they choose to exercise it. Such a request, madam, proceeding from me, would, I know, be insulting; but it is the law that speaks, and under these circumstances your majesty, I have no doubt, will pardon me, and comply."

"No, sir," replied the Queen, standing at her full height, "I repeat that I will submit to no such requisition."

"In that case," said Gyllemborg, "I must suggest to your majesty that the States will probably take it for granted that the jewels are not at present in the royal treasury."

"I shall falsify that suspicion," answered the Queen, "but I shall do so at my own convenience, and then I shall separate the jewels which are my own from those to which you can have any claim. The latter I shall thenceforth consider it a degradation to wear."

"What is to be done now?" said Frederic, in a tone of dejection, throwing himself into a chair, when the Count was gone.

"Write at once to Stauffer," said the Queen, promptly, "to return immediately with the Jew, and send a courier to overtake him."

There was no other expedient to adopt; but, as a king, in all matters requiring secrecy, is less at liberty than any private individual, more than an hour passed away before a messenger was even chosen. Still, it was reasonably expected that the Jew and his fellow-travellers would be brought back before daybreak.

## CHAPTER II.

As soon as Gyllemborg had taken his leave, the Lady Stephana entreated her majesty to dispense with her usual attendance, for the agitating scene that she had witnessed during the evening left her unfit for anything but solitude and repose. Louisa-Ulric readily granted the request, and Stephana withdrew to her own apartments.

Meanwhile the precious hours were flying away, and the King's anxiety was every moment increasing. The courier, relying on his horse, had undertaken to bring back the fugitives within four hours; the dawn was beginning to appear, and as yet there was no sign of his return. Frederic summoned his confidential friends to assemble secretly at the palace, whither they all repaired immediately, with the exception of Count Stœkenstrem, who could not be found. Their amazement was astounding when the King informed them of the visit of Gyllemborg, which coincided so mysteriously with the removal of the jewels; and as they all attested their fidelity by a solemn oath, suspicion at first naturally fell upon the absent accomplice; but the known honour and sincerity of Stœkenstrem refuted the imputation as soon as it arose. It was then resolved that, as the money was distributed and the votes secured, their further movements must be prompt and energetic. The Queen would most probably be repossessed of the jewels before the assembling of the States; and, in case of any further delay, would be able to continue her refusal under the plea of offended dignity, and in the interval the blow would be struck. On this understanding they separated, after receiving his majesty's assurance that, no matter how far it might compromise him, he would never desert them. During that solemn and anxious interview, another not less grave and interesting in its way was taking place in a distant apartment of the palace.

"What is the secret anxiety, dearest Stephana, that clouds your brow and trembles in your voice?" said Count Stœkenstrem. "It is now so late that I must leave you, and you send me away without a word or a smile! Think you, because you have given your heart to a conspirator, that you must be no longer kind and cheerful? Rest assured there will be no blood shed."

"How do you know that, Franz?" said the young lady, sorrowfully.

"Still desponding! Come, my dear girl, bring back the smile to your lips and the light to your eyes; give me but one cheering word, and let me depart happy."

"Are you going now, Franz?" she asked, in the same comfortless tone.

"Inevitably, for I must be found at home by daybreak. Your paleness and dejection," said he, drawing her gently toward him, "make me miserable, Stephana; and why so alarmed? You know our secret is safe, and secrecy is success. For myself, I never felt my confidence surer or my heart more steady."

"Do you believe in presentiments, Franz?" she asked in a trembling voice, as if her tears were ready to start.

"Yes! and mine, I believe, will not deceive me this time."

"To-morrow will decide," she murmured.

"To-morrow, then, your heart will be lighter; but, in smiles or in sadness, Stephana, I am yours for ever."

He was gone, and she was alone; and then the effort by which she had maintained some show of composure gave way to the strong emotion of long-suppressed sorrow, and tears flowed without restraint. Agitated by conflicting passions, her first impulse was to hasten after her lover and to recall him, as if she longed to extract a secret to which she had not yet ventured to allude, or repented of some want of candour on her own part. And again, strengthening herself in her former resolution, she reproached herself for her weakness and confirmed her doubts, while the dark fire that burned in her eyes and the unnatural smile that distorted her lips betrayed the tempest that raged within and the reluctant obstinacy of some fixed purpose. All this was unknown and unsuspected by Stœkenstrem, who was too deeply engrossed by cares of more serious importance to waste much thought on the capricious humours of a young lady.

In the meantime, and at the distance of about six leagues from Stockholm, the carriage was stopped by six men armed to the teeth, who, after a desperate resistance, succeeded in making prisoners of the four travellers. They had scarcely effected this when they were interrupted by a distant noise like that of a horse advancing at full speed; and, as the road was darkened on one side by a grove of pine-trees, drawing the carriage into the shade, they left free space for the rider, who passed them the next moment, and shot away into the darkness like a phantom. Then, returning to the road, they took the way back to Stockholm; and, shortly after daybreak, the carriage and its escort, entering the capital by the southern gate, was driven to the house of Count Gyllemborg, where a council had been sitting during the night. Of the four prisoners all were bound except Solomon, who lay, nearer to death than life, under the conviction that his strange adventure was wound up by falling into the hands of half-a-dozen brigands.

In about an hour after their arrival, proclamation was made, through the streets of Stockholm, of the arrest, upon a charge of high treason, of the Counts Stauffer, Stœkenstrem, Horn, Brahe, Stramfeld, and others — a decisive mode of proceeding, which effectually strangled the conspiracy, and struck terror into all those members of the National Council who had received money for their votes, and were now resolved to retain the payment without giving in exchange the stipulated value. An indictment was drawn up the same day against the prisoners, and as they were led to their trial, the same troops who were to have aided them in the revolution, formed a hedge on each side of their way.

There was still one slender chance of partial safety remaining. Though condemned beforehand in the minds of their judges, they could not be fatally convicted without some direct evidence, and this could be supplied by Solomon alone, who must have a personal interest in their escape, for on that alone depended the restitution of his money. This view of the case was suggested by the young Prince, who recommended that, in the event of the Jew's conscience being inflexible, precautions should be taken for ensuring his silence; but these measures were of such a nature that they were rejected with horror by the King.

The proceedings on the trial were short and conclusive. All the prisoners sat together; and, as they met then for the first time since their arrest, having been confined separately during the interval, it was interesting to observe the anxiety with which they looked round upon each other. They were all there; there was no traitor among them; and how then was the secret discovered? To all questions they opposed only an obstinate silence; so that the burden of proof rested altogether upon Solomon, and he, without hesitation, identified them all. An hour later, and sentence of death was recorded, to be carried into execution in the evening.

"Gentlemen," said Solomon, addressing the Court, "I have lent thirty-five thousand ducats on three cases of jewels. Who is to repay me or give me security against loss?"

"The jewels belong to Sweden," was the reply. "The persons who pledged them had no right to dispose of them in any way; you must look for payment to those who have your money."

"Jew!" said the Count Horn, "your silence might have saved our lives and your own money. These gentlemen and I would have mortgaged our fortunes to make good our promises and secure you from loss. But you could not or would not understand how deeply you were interested in our safety."

It was all over, and the Court was rising, when Count Stœkenstrem requested permission to send a letter to a person whom he would name when it was ready, and was informed that it should be safely delivered.

Evening came on—a dark, chilly, comfortless twilight. The city was all silent, and seemed shocked and terrified into quiescence. That morning all were unanimous in denouncing the conspirators; now, the universal sentiment was pity for their fate; and probably, amid this general revulsion of feeling, if only one among them had escaped, he might have urged the citizens to a revolt; for the multitude that assembled in front of the scaffold, which was within view of the palace, were irritated by their ignorance of the author of the discovery, and directed their suspicions against the royal family.

Presently the melancholy scene was lighted up with the lurid blaze of torches, bringing out its more prominent features into startling relief, and falling upon the pale fixed features of the condemned. Twice already had the axe resounded upon the block, and the snow which was beginning to fall thickly was furrowed with dark streams of blood; when a female figure, with her long hair streaming wildly upon her bare shoulders, came rushing through the crowd toward the scaffold.

"Franz!" she cried, "I come to die with you!"

"No, Stephana," said the prisoner, "do rather as I have asked you. Console and protect my helpless and erring sister!" and then, as the executioner beckoned him to approach, "take my turn, brother," he said to Count Stauffer; "I want yet a moment or two of life."

"Your sister!" cried Stephana. "Alas! why did you never tell me that she was your sister who used to visit you in secret? I was jealous!—jealousy deranged my reason; I believed you faithless, and I goaded myself on to revenge! Heavens! what have I done? It is I—I whom you loved—that gave up your secret to your enemies! Pardon, Franz!—oh Franz, say you forgive me before we die!"

"Ask pardon of Heaven," he replied, coldly—"of me, never!" Turning away, deaf to her cries and entreaties, he bowed his head upon the block, and the blow that descended cut short two lives. Stephana fell to rise no more; and in her hand was grasped a paper, on which these words were written:

"My hours are numbered, dearest Stephana, and my last thoughts are of thee. The service I ask will give you strength to survive me. My sister Matilda, of whom you have heard me speak, has come from Upsal to find with me an asylum from disgrace. I have been awaiting the moment when I should avenge her wrongs. Her betrayer must now go unpunished. Mingle your tears with hers, Stephana, and let my memory, like your sorrow, be shared between you!"

H. O

# Zadkiel's Prophecies.

BY JOHN LEAF.

If it be true that half the world knows not how the other half lives, it is not the less probable that half the world has no conception what the other half *reads*. There is a literature existing for almost every diversity of taste and culture. Even absolute unintelligence and stupidity have their organs, and peculiar oracles, which stupidity and unintelligence everywhere apparently find it interesting to consult. Here, for instance, is an almanac,* which, as the author boasts, has a yearly sale of 27,000, concocted expressly for the benefit of such as have a lingering belief in *magic*. It is a work quite wonderful in its kind—a very miarcle of brazen impudence and absurdity—but which, nevertheless, to all appearance, has a charm for certain mental constitutions and, as we can affirm from personal knowledge, is confidently believed in by at least *some* of the human race. This astonishing civilization in the midst of which we live, this widely diffused enlightenment, whereof the age so loudly boasts, is in a very curious manner linked with as strange a mass of spiritual stupor and dark mindedness as ever perhaps existed at any period within the range of modern history. Let us peep a little into the book of the prophet Zadkiel, and see what it is that these twenty seven thousand human heads are expected to take for gospel.

We should not presume to bring such a work before the readers of this Journal, did we at all suppose that any of them would suspect us of thinking it in any degree probable that they have the slightest faith in Zadkiel, or are at all liable to be misled or imposed on by his pretensions. We take it for granted, on the contrary, that very few of them have ever heard of him, and that still fewer are aware of the nature of those singular revelations which, under his name, have for the last twenty years been published to his disciples. It is only lately that we ourselves became acquainted with his writings or had even heard any, but a confused rumour of his existence. We are now thoroughly convinced, however, that he is a sentient and living personage. He appears, moreover, to be possessed of certain human faculties, writes English somewhat "like a native," notwithstanding the oriental pretensions of his name, and has at least *one* recognizable and distinct article of *faith;* namely, a faith in human gullability! A probable "social nondescript," of keen vulpine cunning and esuriency, we figure him at his outset as a sort of human fox, prowling about the out-yards of society, with predatory intents upon unprotected geese. A sure instinct informs him that geese do probably abound, and that, in spite of the progress of refinement, they have not yet learnt the use of firearms. He accordingly advances with becoming craftiness, and fares prosperously as long as geese are plentiful.

Not to indulge further in a style perhaps too figurative, it appears to us that Reynard Zadkiel long ago conceived the possibility of living by his wits, and to this end he began to "calculate nativities," to advertise his gifts for giving seasonable "advice in all cases of trouble, anxiety as to absent friends, journeys, marriage, success in life," and so forth, and finally to publishing the astrological almanac now before us, wherein he sets forth, along with sundry predictions about the weather, the authentic "voices of the stars," and "most wonderful revelations from the world of spirits," obtained, it seems, by the aid of a "magic crystal, in which numerous spirits of the dead have appeared! illustrated by woodcuts of the appearances of the spirits!" Thus it will be seen that if "Old Moore" and Partridge were great, Zadkiel is greater. The rogue knows well enough that an enlightened British government, that the highly scrupulous and enlightened religious sects of England, have virtually proclaimed to large masses of the people, "We, in our imbecility and short-sightedness, have unanimously agreed that ye shall none of you be educated; that the state contemptuously called ignorance is the best for you. Work, brothers, or suffer, as the case may be, but know that it is presumption in you to aspire after knowledge! You may learn to *read* a little, friends, if the existing machinery of parish schools will suffice for the expense of it; but don't trouble your heads about *understanding* anything; it is a perversion of the faculties, and will only make you discontented with the established state of things." Zadkiel is doubtless thankful to the British government, and to the pious sects of England; for he has manifestly an interest, and even an actual property, in the ignorance and superstition which abound throughout the country. It is the raw material in which he works. We think it not unlikely that he overstates his circulation; for being by natural disposition and profession a decided liar, it is not to be expected that he should scruple about saying anything which might seem to magnify his consequence: yet the very existence and regular publication of his book is proof sufficient that he can make it *pay*; proof also that it is acceptable to the tastes and prurient modes of thought of a very considerable multitude of persons. It is chiefly in its character as a *psychological curiosity* that we have been induced to draw attention to it. Intrinsically stupid and contemptible as it may be, and on that account beneath the dignity of criticism, it nevertheless reflects to us a certain portion of the *mind* of the community; for, as already hinted, it is obvious that even the aberrations of pretended magic and astrology must obtain in some quarters a sort of credit and acceptation, or, according to the natural fate of aberrations, they would cease to be promulgated. Zadkiel undoubtedly has his disciples and believers: let us see, then, what it is that uninstructed and stupid mortals will believe.

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* Zadkiel's Almanac for 1851.

We shall not dwell long on our astrologer's predictions in relation to the "weather," but will just mention, in passing, that we have taken pains to consult him regularly for several days prior to the present writing, and in every instance have we found him a lying prophet. On the 6th instant (January) we were led to expect a fall of snow; but no snow has fallen in our parts, nor, considering the temperature, is any likely to have fallen elsewhere in the kingdom. If Zadkiel means only, as we suspect he does, that snow would possibly fall on that day *somewhere upon the globe*, without deigning to indicate particular localities, why, then it is not unlikely that the prediction may have been fulfilled, and in that case our weather-seer's meteorological foresight must pass for what it is worth. For the rest, when he does not describe the weather for particular days, he is as vague and common-place as the celebrated "Francis Moore, Physician." Thus, he sets down for January that "damp, raw weather and fogs prevail": a prediction probable enough, and pointing to a state of atmosphere as plainly characteristic of any January in a century as of the present. Then in June, he prophesies of "fair summer weather," interspersed with "thunder, lightning, and wind," along with heavy showers; as indeed he may safely do without danger of contradiction. It evidently does not require a wizard to tell the weather in this wise: on such terms anybody might succeed in prophecy.

But quitting this, we pass on to report the "voices of the stars." And in the first place we may mention, that our investigations in this department have disclosed to us that Zadkiel, in his last year's visions, had no forecast of the "Papal Bull." Of wars and tumult on the continent, such as the previous newspaper accounts of the continental countries led everybody to look for, he has frequent mention; but of this grand disturbance at home the stars had not given him the slightest intimation. We have tried to strain particular passages, to make them apply to that astonishing "aggression;" but in strict conscientiousness we have been compelled to admit, that no such accommodating detection of prophecy after the fact is practicable under the circumstances. We will glance, however, at what Zadkiel calls his "fulfilled predictions;" and we will take them in precisely the same terms in which he himself has stated them. For the month of April, 1849, he writes, "Frederick of Prussia has, &c., strange waywardness on his part, and mighty changes in his dominions—trouble and turmoil to himself. I judge that he will abdicate." On this passage, in his Almanac for the present year, he sets forth the following comment: "The mighty changes and troubles in that king's dominions were beyond all precedent; and he did *speak* of abdicating, which for some time it was rumoured he had done!" Zadkiel calls *that* a "fulfilment." Then, for April last he intimates, "Strange and serious interruptions of the peace of this country:" a prediction which is stated to have been realized as follows: "A kind of naval warfare occurs by our fleet now blockading the coasts of Greece. The French ambassador was withdrawn." For the same month it is written, "Plots and conspiracies come to light, and singular attempts to overthrow the existing state of things;" and further on, in another part of the work, "Some secretary of state may be publicly exposed and tormented, or *even meet his death*." In his quotation of the latter passage, in the present Almanac, with a view to show the accomplishment of the prediction, the words in italics have been suppressed: however, coupling the two passages together, Zadkiel states the "fulfilment" in these terms: "There was an intrigue to overthrow the ministry. A large majority of the House of Lords voted against them, and in the other House a violent effort was made to expose and torment a *secretary of state;*" presumably Lord Palmerston. Now, overlooking the prophetic hint of probable *death* to a secretary, which should at least imply that his *life* would be in danger, we invite the reader to consider the incongruous adaptation of this fulfilment to its prediction, and to mark how clumsily the purport of the two is reconciled. Zadkiel prophecies of "conspiracies and plots," and "singular attempts to overthrow the *existing state of things*," and then informs us that the same have come to pass, inasmuch as a majority of the House of Lords voted against the ministry! That, surely, is not an occurrence which needed to be dignified by the name of a "conspiracy." Then, we should like to know how Zadkiel can justify his modesty in calling such an affair a "*singular* attempt," &c. Ministers are outvoted often enough, and no harm comes of it, beyond the trifling inconvenience or vexation they themselves experience. For Zadkiel to give us such mouse-abortions of "fulfilment" for such mountain promises of prophecy, is, to say the least of it, beneath him as a grave astrologer. One other example of this sort of prophecy-made-easy will suffice for the illustration of our author's gift in this department. At page 41 of last year's Almanac, he says, "Some very lamentable shipwrecks are denoted, and the death of numbers of poor people by water, such as emigrants." The fulfilment of this is thus announced in the record of verified predictions for the present year: "The Orion steamer was lost, and many persons drowned; also a vessel in the mouth of the Thames, and nearly 200 souls lost, I believe; and also others." Can anybody remember any year of his existence when such a prediction could not have been hazarded with the most perfect certainty of being fulfilled? These, however, are Zadkiel's strongest proofs of his prophetic mission. Of the many events predicted which he does not even pretend have come to pass, it is needless to say anything.

You will naturally say, that the whole business is so palpably absurd as not to require or deserve the solemnity of contradiction. And in this we should agree, were it not that Zadkiel can point exultingly to the 27,000 families into which his Almanac is regularly received. These people must have a certain kind of faith in Zadkiel; or it may be probable that the most of them do neither decidedly believe nor disbelieve in him, and only "know not what to think of it;" for whom it would be well if they *did* know what to think of it. Such humbugs as Zadkiel are helping the cause of the old enemy, by scandalously trafficking in their ignorance, exciting their superstitions, cheating them of hard-earned sixpences, in a variety of ways perplexing and deluding them. For it is not to be supposed that these people have the habit of *analyzing* Zadkiel, or of comparing his predictions with the pretended "fulfilments" which he from time to time puts forth. Their imperfect scholarship necessarily leads them to take Zadkiel very much according to his own representations; and they come to conclude from what look like his successes, that, if he does not *always* correctly foresee the future, he has still a partial power of discerning it. Now, *lies* of all kinds are decidedly objectionable, since they do unquestionably occupy quarters in the human head which ought to be occupied by truths, by rational and practicable knowledge; and if it can be shown that even stupid and grossly unintelligent people are any way imposed upon by ridiculous pretensions, it surely is right that something should be done to undeceive them. And though it may be objected that what is attempted to be done here will not come before the parties now in question, yet if it succeeds in showing to the more intelligent what absurd notions are still current and accredited among us, it may lead some of them to inquire, with due impatience, how it is that such preposterous hallucinations can possibly be sustained. And the *one* answer must be, "It is because of the *lack of knowledge;* because of the want of a really national plan of education, whereby the people might be so intellectually and morally improved as of free consent to choose a better class of teachers. And then, it may, by and by, be further asked, "How comes it, that in an empire of such vast resources, the people are not adequately educated?" and perhaps, at length, after sufficient ponderings, the powerful heart and common sense of England may arise in sublime and steady resolution, and say, "It shall be done."

If we seem too serious over Zadkiel, it is because we know something of the difficulty of disabusing simple minds of the kind of prejudices which pretensions, such as his, are apt to foster in them. Whoso believes in Zadkiel, or even "knows not what to think of him," is, in a manner, disabled from apprehending the authentic laws of things, and cannot, while in such condition, attain to any rational insight respecting the order and true reality of the universe, and the established dispensations of human life. However, we will now proceed to some examination of those mysterious "revelations from the world of spirits," which stand so prominently emblazoned on Zadkiel's title-page. In a part of his work expressly devoted to the consideration of "magic," our astrologer sets forth, "Wherever we turn among the literature of the Eastern world, we find evidence of a deep-seated faith in magic, or, in other words, of the possibility of communication with the spiritual world. And since a pretended power to hold converse with the spirits of the mighty dead could not long have existed among such an intelligent people as the ancient Egyptians, without being exposed as false and unfounded, if it really were so, we have some grounds for believing that there must have been some *truth* in the matter. In India it is well known that *magic crystals,* such as Mr. Aubrey mentions [in a passage previously quoted from his Miscellanies], have been in use among the Brahmins, &c., for ages. They still exist; and one of large size (four inches in diameter), was a few years since brought over by a friend of Lady Blessington; after the sale of whose effects it recently fell into the hands of a friend of mine; and having tested its powers, I have resolved on giving my readers an account of this wonderful mode of communicating with the spirits of the dead." It seems that crystals of this kind are usually "consecrated to the angels of the planets," and that the common sort are "therefore far less powerful than Lady Blessington's; which, being consecrated to the archangel of the sun, *Michael,* may be consulted during four hours each day; whereas the others can generally be used only for a very brief space of time, nor can any very potent spirits be called into them, or made to render themselves visible." In bringing the matter of the spiritual revelations obtained by this wonderful instrument before the public, Zadkiel declares that he is "acting according to the advice and injunctions of the spirits themselves." He adds, further, that he has "no theory to maintain, no crotchet to uphold;" that he "merely states *facts,* to which there are very numerous witnesses," and for the accuracy of which he pledges—what think you?—his "*veracity!*"

After such an introduction, Zadkiel goes on to tell, that on the "29th, of January 1850," there was seen in Lady Blessington's crystal the following imposing vision. "A tall man appears with a helmet on, and in armour; a large club in his hand; a bear on its hind legs near him." He is fierce-looking, but has a pleasant smile. He calls himself "Orion," and has written on his breast, "Sent from God." Words appear near him, "Do not publish it the first half of this year. Tell it only to your friends." "It is sent from God." Then he declares, in the same way, that the crystal in which he appears was made in the year 675 B.C.; and says also, "*Ask any questions you like, except wicked ones.*" "*You cannot always be told.*" Then

Zadkiel asks, "Art thou a spirit of the moon?" And the answer is, "No, I am not: I come from the atmosphere." Having been "shown some other planets," our astrologer desired "to see Jupiter;" whereupon he is given to understand that he "can have a *spirit* from Jupiter," but that he is not privileged to "*see* Jupiter." He learns, also, that he is destined to "go to Jupiter" when he dies. "In letters of fire," and in the types called *capitals*, he reads sundry grave and moral admonitions; and then the spirit signifies, "I AM WANTED. LET ME GO." Then Zadkiel says, "*Thou mayst depart!*" and accordingly *exit* Orion. On the 3rd of February, Zadkiel, resolved to "try the spirits" further, called up Orion again; but the conversation between them on that occasion, as here reported, is particularly dull; so that we do not intend to quote from it. On the 26th he asks Orion, "What is death?" and the answer given is, "Life awaking from a dream;" by which it will appear that Orion knows a little of human literature. On this same occasion our astrologer had the audacity to summon John Calvin, and ask him where he dwelt; a thing which we think he hardly would have ventured on had he expected to encounter Calvin in the flesh, and could have guessed how the rigorous reformer would probably have dealt with him. However, we have by this means ascertained that Calvin has a country seat in Jupiter. He seems to have conversed with our magician with surprising freedom, considering the reputed sternness of the man. On being asked whether he had always been in Jupiter since his death, he answered, "No," and intimated that he had been, for the most part, "in the atmosphere;" a circumstance which perhaps accounts for the prevalence of storms. "How long," said Zadkiel, "have you been in Jupiter?" And the reformer told him in reply, "A week since last Sunday;" which, by calculation, appears to have been the 10th of February. It may be interesting to many, and perhaps surprising, to hear that Calvin has lately repudiated Calvinism. This, however, seems to be the fact; for when Zadkiel asked him, "Are your doctrines right for men to follow?" he briefly, but meekly answered, "No." Encouraged by his communicativeness, our astrologer, among multifarious other questionings, ventured to interrogate him about the death of poor Servetus. Calvin admits, with sufficient candour, that he made a martyr of the man, but states that he has seen reason to repent of it. He adds, further, that Servetus is now a near neighbour of his in the planet Jupiter, is living happily, and consorts with him in friendly terms; all which, if one could rely upon it, is very satisfactory.

As in an article like the present we are necessarily straitened in point of space, we are only able to give mere *glimpses* of these crystal visions, the full account of which extends to nearly twenty pages of the Almanac. We are even somewhat at a loss to select the most astonishing particulars, and must take them for the most part at random, without regarding dates or other circumstantial matters. As there is no method in the work, this plan will answer quite as well as any. Zadkiel inquires of Orion, "Did the witch of Endor really raise the spirit of Samuel?" To which Orion responds, "Yes." "Is the account of it correct?" "Not quite." "Is it a wicked thing to raise the spirits of the dead?" "No; but don't you do it." "Is it not a good thing, then?" "No. The practice of magic generally is bad; but a little of it is no harm." "Is there a head or leader to evil spirits." "Yes." "Tell me his name." "ANTIPOO." "Is there a being called Satan?" "That is him. He is in the form of a serpent." . . . "Will these revelations be readily received by the world?" "Not very." "Will the clergy generally oppose them?" "Yes." "Where is King George IV., that was King of England?" "In Jupiter." "Where is the old King, George III.?" "In the sun. He was a good old man." "Is the present state of things in Europe likely to continue?" "No, not long." On the same page with the foregoing, we have a "representation of Orion as he appeared to several persons." He reminds us very much of a figure we have seen at Sadler's Wells. Orion gives his interrogator decided assurance of the millennium. He says, it will be "a state of pure peace and happiness," and will last for a thousand years. In about fifty years' time, the Christian religion is to be "spread over India." That religion, indeed, is to become universal, and then the " millennium will follow." It may be interesting to classical antiquarians to know that Homer's birth place is now capable of being settled. His spirit lately informed Zadkiel that he " lived about 400 years before Alexander the Great, and was *born at Athens*." He intimated, also, that he " knows Virgil." It may be well to hear the opinion of Tacitus concerning Cæsar's Commentaries, and of the state of the arts among the ancient Druids. That great historian, by communications rendered through " Lady Blessington's crystal," admitted " that his account of the Britons was not so good as Cæsar's." He intimated, likewise, that " the Druids did often sacrifice human beings," and that they " did sometimes practice astrology," having " derived their rules from India;" but they were " stupid fellows in general." . . . " A tall, graceful female figure, having beautiful wings, glittering like silver, going down to her heels, clothed in a white, dazzling robe, a halo round her head," and who seems to be named " Eve"—is represented as having appeared to " Master ———," and who confidentially informed him, " that astrology will be taught in some of the colleges of England before 20 years." Zadkiel throws in an " N.B.," to inform us that this lady " Eve" is " not the mother of mankind, but a spirit from the moon."

The reader has probably had enough; but there are a few other passages which we feel constrained to quote, on account of their peculiar raciness. There is the last news from Harold, who fell at Hastings. " Harold, the last Saxon king, appeared in armour, *cap-a-pied*, with sword girt on, and a shield on his arm; a tall, fine man, with red hair and red whiskers, moustache, and beard. He said he was not killed by an arrow, as history reports, but by an axe, and was buried in Hastings, and not in consecrated ground, which *he did not understand;* but he said that his body was " blessed by a holy man." He said that he is now in Jupiter, and very happy; that " his wife retired to Waltham Abbey." Zadkiel has had interviews with many of the distinguished personages of sacred history, The following, out of several, seems worth reporting. " Solomon, king of Israel, appeared; a fine, tall old, man, with a very grey beard, and long flowing grey locks. He had a long, purple, velvet robe reaching to his feet, a golden crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand ornamented at the top. He said he did not remember how many Proverbs he had written; that he did write the Book of Wisdom (which ought therefore to be admitted into the canonical collection); that he taught the Queen of Sheba to believe in a future life; that the sect of the Sadducees existed in his time, and also the Essenes, to which latter he belonged. That he did once worship *Astarte*, the goddess of the Zidonians, out of compliment to his wife, but not habitually or sincerely. In answer to my question, " Did you understand astrology?" he replied, " Yes; but *not so well as you do!*" It is scarcely modest of Zadkiel to report that compliment; but being enjoined by the spirits to publish these revelations it is to be supposed that he was bound to do so under penalties. The next passage conveys a hint which ought to put the person interested upon his guard. On the 3rd of February, " Orion and other spirits answered several questions of a private nature to the company; also stated that L. N. would never be Emperor of France, but that he *would be assassinated;* that in time there would be a King of France again; not the Duc de Bordeaux, nor the Count de Paris." In another crystal vision some interesting news was obtained of Sir John Franklin. Orion answered for him, that he was quite well, as also was Captain Crozier; that young H. (a gentleman apparently inquired after) was likewise well, and " had just killed a bear;" further, that the expedition was then " to the north-west of Melville Island." The ghost of Swedenborg being summoned, he offered to give some further information about Sir John; whereupon Zadkiel asks, " What is the best way to communicate with him?"; signifying that he should like to know, " for his wife's sake!" Swedenborg replies, "*By the natives:* they speak to him sometimes." " Will he be home next summer?" " No." " Why?" " Because he cannot help himself: he is stopped by ice; but his heart does not fail him; he wants to explore." " How will he do for *provisions?*" " He will find bears, dogs, and wolves." " Will he find the passage?" " No; there is a continent there." " But there is also a passage?" " There is one;

but he will not find it." "What latitude does it lie in chiefly?" "I do not know. *Good bye.*" One regrets to find Swedenborg so much at fault in his geography, and should be almost inclined to think him something of a "muff," were we not informed in another place that spirits, "from some peculiar idiosyncracy, do not *well understand* about latitude and longitude." What Zadkiel could want with *Socrates*, it would be hard to tell. He, however, called him into the crystal, and he appeared in rather curious habiliments. "A tall, middle-aged man, rather bald, dressed with striped, coarse trowsers, very loose at the top and tight near the feet, a kind of frock, open in front, and without sleeves." On being asked, "What is the best thing to do here?" he answered, quite in character, "To gain wisdom." Being solicited to mention the "best means" of acquiring wisdom, he replied, rather absurdly, "Astrology, phrenology, and prayer." Zadkiel is extremely fulsome in his religion; but we do not wish to interfere with him in that particular. We may insert, however, his account of the state and prospects of a great Scripture criminal. Judas Iscariot would seem (not without reason) to be rather a shy man. He did not at all like having to appear before Zadkiel in the crystal. We learn, moreover, that at the time of his appearance he was "very wretched," which is not unlikely, as he admitted he had had a long spell of purgatory, or rather, something worse; though he expected to "be happier after the next Sunday." That would be on the 10th of February, 1850, terrestrial reckoning. So that if there be anybody as sympathetic as the Highland preacher, who desired to "pray for the puir De'il," and such a one feels an interest in the fate of Judas, it may be gratifying to him to learn how matters stand. Here, perhaps, it will be well to stop; for though we might quote a great many other astonishing passages, we have probably given as many as the reader will care to see.

# Further Illustrations of Friendly Societies' Law.

It is a trite remark that what is true of individuals is true of societies. Clubs are no more eternal than men and women; both are liable to arrive at an untimely end by indiscretion and recklessness. The same prudence which induces John Smith, the honest collier, to make a purse for the wife of his bosom, to receive and enjoy, after he has been laid low in the damp cold earth, dictates that he and his fellows should make decent and proper arrangement for the interment of a society, and winding-up its affairs, when its dissolution has become inevitable, or even expedient. The legislature has made several provisions on this head, which statutory law has been the subject of mature Common Law Judgments; and the rules of any society may add other regulations touching this matter, which are not repugnant to the acts of Parliament in question.* An attention to the law in this respect, by Trustees, where there are Trustees, and where there are no Trustees, by the Treasurer of a Society, or other person who has the custody of the society's money (who is a Treasurer within the meaning of the Act), is of the first importance. If the society is not legally dissolved, or if the terms of dissolution are departed from in the slightest degree, although honestly, and in good faith, these officers may be dragged through vexatious and costly litigation, by any one selfish, or cantankerous member; and where the suspicion of improper motive can be raised, they may be indicted in a criminal tribunal.

The Friendly Societies' Consolidation Act† provided that a society might be dissolved by resolution, passed at "some meeting thereof, to be specially called in that behalf, providing that certain requisites and conditions were also satisfied." This act rendered it a condition precedent upon the dissolution that "five-sixths in value of the then existing members, including the honorary members, if any," should vote for the dissolution; and it enacted that for the purpose of ascertaining the votes of such five-sixths in value of the members, every member should be entitled to have one vote, and an additional vote for every five years that he might have been a member, but limited the number of votes which any single member might give. Another exceedingly important condition precedent to the dissolution of a society is embodied in the same section of the act. No society can be dissolved without the consent, in writing, "of all persons, if any, then receiving, or entitled to receive any relief, annuity, or other benefit from the funds thereof, unless the claim of every such person be first duly satisfied, or adequate provision made for satisfying such claim." This clause of the Friendly Societies' Consolidation Act also made it necessary to state in the agreement for dissolving a society,—before obtaining the assents of its members, in the manner and to the extent pointed out—the mode in which its funds were to be distributed, or applied; but, in consequence, it may be inferred of the difficulty of meeting the wishes of all—and, sometimes, the very unreasonable demands of some—of the parties interested, this part of the section has been amended by a subsequent enactment. The agreement may now refer to the decision of "the Registrar of Friendly Societies, or to the Actuary of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, or to an Actuary of some Life Assurance Company, established in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, who shall have exercised the profession of an actuary for at least five years, to be named in the agreement,"* the appropriation or division of any funds then in hand. The provisions of the two acts already pointed out, relate to the dissolution of societies, by consent, and at the discretion of their members, under any circumstances. The obvious design of the legislature, when it imposed such obstacles in the way of dissolving a society, was the prevention of fraud, by, it might be, new or young members, upon the old contributors, or the aged annuitants; and the justice of such provisions is self-evident.

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* Tidd Pratt's "Law relating to Friendly Societies," 5th edit. p. 20.
† 18 and 19 Vict. cap. 63, sec. 13.

Whenever a society is insolvent, it may be dissolved by the Registrar, or an Actuary of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, of five years' standing, "on the application in writing, of not less than one-fourth," of its members.* None of the formalities mentioned in the previous paragraph are requisite in the present case. A statement in writing, with the requisite number of signatures, setting forth "that the funds of the society are insufficient to meet the claims thereon, with the grounds thereof," is the only document necessary to be prepared. The Registrar, or Actuary, as the case may be, thereupon investigates the matter, and decides whether the society should be dissolved or not. If he arrives at the conclusion that the society should be dissolved, he next proceeds to settle "in what way the funds and property shall be divided," and the award is final, conclusive, and binding "on all the members, and other persons interested in, or having any claim on, the funds of the society." Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his last Report, gives the particulars of many of these cases, and very fully explains the mode of procedure which he adopts. He makes an appointment to meet the members, either at his office, or at some convenient place of meeting in the town where the club has held its meetings, he hears Attorney and Counsel, when the parties interested choose to employ such professional aid, and decides upon his award at his leisure. The expenses such an this enquiry are a first charge upon the assets of an insolvent society.

From the award of the Registrar or an actuary, under the provisions of the Act last referred to there is no appeal; but any member of a Society dissolved by consent under a special meeting, and the Consolidation Act, who may be dissatisfied with the provision made by his fellow members may apply "to the judge within which the usual place of business is situated,"[*] or in the City of London, to the Judge of the Sheriffs' Court, in the cities of Dublin and Cork, to the Recorder thereof,[†] at any time during the six calendar months next following the date of the resolution,[‡] "*for relief or other order*," and it is enacted that the judicial officers named shall have power to make "such order or direction, in relation thereto as he may think the justice of the case may require." The powers and mode of enforcing orders and directions are duly set forth in these Statutes, and in a very lucid judgment of the Court of Common Pleas, Mr. Justice Willes gave a liberal interpretation to the words of the sections which confer an equitable jurisdiction upon the authorities just mentioned.[§] An injunction restraining the dissolution of the Society, and calling upon the Trustees not to divide the funds of the Society may be cheaply obtained. The Courts[||] to which jurisdiction in these matters is given may indeed exercise all the powers now exercised "in the Court of Chancery in respect either of its ordinary, or its special, or its statutory jurisdiction," and the decision of such Court is not subject to any appeal.[¶] To secure obedience to its order or directions such Court may also attach a penalty for non-compliance,[**] or grant relief by way of a payment in cash to the party interested[††] and either the penalty,or the relief in cash may be enforced or recovered "in the same manner as a judgment for debt, or damages in such Court."[‡‡] These ample powers are moreover such as the judges and others having jurisdiction betray no disinclination to enforce. These statutory provisions—unlike the protection against Sheriff's executions and Bankruptcy—do not clash with the general principles of the Common Law, or with judicial prejudices, and they will always be readily acted upon.[||||] There is yet another provision in the Consolidation Act to which some reference must be made. If a Society should be dissolved by the resolution of its own members, under the presumption that the Consolidation Act had been complied with, and it should be proved that any portion of the funds had been otherwise appropriated—say that the claim of a member had not been "duly satisfied," or that "adequate provision" had not been made for satisfying such claim—the trustee or other officer, or person, aiding or abetting therein, is liable to be "committed to the common gaol, or house of correction, and there kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three calendar months."[†] It will, of course, be impossible to obtain a conviction under this penal enactment, unless gross and palpable malversation of the funds has been committed, or without the person claiming to set the law in motion, can prove a case of exceeding personal hardship—the evidence of dishonest intention, which is the *gravamen* of a criminal offence, must be exhibited to the magistrate's satisfaction—but a *prima facie* case, justifying the charge, although not establishing the crime, might be easily got up by a dissatisfied member against a perfectly honest Trustee or other officer. Whenever a Society must be dissolved, too much care is not possible, in order to steer quite clear of the penal, and not get entangled in the civil meshes of the statute.

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* 21 and 22 Vict. cap. 101, sec. 8.

The case of "the Penydarran Firemen's Club," as recorded in the annals of the Merthyr Tydfil County Court, is an interesting and instructive example of the law as stated above. Thomas Jones, the plaintiff, in an action which elicited from the learned Judge of this court an elaborate exposition of the law, was a member of the society, when all the other members resolved upon its dissolution. Thomas Jones, it must be confessed, was one of those men who were present to the eyes of the Legislature when they drew the 41st Section of the Consolidation

[*] 18 and 19 Vic., cap 63, sec. 13.

[†] 21 and 22 Vic., cap. 101, sec. 1.

[‡] 11 and 12 Vic., cap. 43, sec. 11; 12 and 13 Vic. cap. 70, sec. 11.

[§] Holy v. Macfarlane, "Jurist," Vol. 2, p. 785.

[||] *Ibid.*

[¶] 18 and 19 Vic. cap 63, sec. 41.

[**] 18 and 19 Vic., cap. 63, sec. 42.

[††] *Ibid.*

[‡‡] *Ibid.*

[§§] *Ibid.*

[||||] 18 and 19 Vic., cap 63, sec. 13.

Act. He was fifty years old, and was suffering from a disease of both lungs. The malady had taken such a firm hold of him that his recovery was pronounced "neither to be expected nor possible." It is not therefore, perhaps, to be at all wondered at, if, as one of his fellow-members stated, poor Tom Jones objected to have the society broken up and the funds divided, although upon what the Penydarrians thought an equitable basis. They didn't want any lawyer to meddle in the affairs of their society. They intended to act "fair and square" to each other, and couldn't see the use of looking into the Act of Parliament. On the evening appointed for the division of the fund, we are told that the members "made a great row, and insisted upon dividing the money," but Thomas Jones, to the great annoyance of all the rest, kept repeating a protest against the course pursued, and exclaimed that he "was not willing to divide or dissolve the club." Thomas Thomas was landlord of the Vulcan Inn, and was Treasurer to the Penydarran Club. The Society had appointed no Trustees, so that their Treasurer became "a Trustee within the meaning of the Act." He appears to have been a thoroughly upright man. He was prepared to hand over the cash he then held, and apply it in any mode that would satisfy all parties. All he was anxious about was to secure himself from rival claimants. Eleven members gave him, by way of indemnity, a promissory note for £60, and, in obedience to the order of the Committee, he paid each man the amount to which he was entitled, under the adopted mode of distribution. In the words of the law report, "each man had a share, according to what he had paid, deducting what he had received" in the shape of benefits. We don't know whether, upon this mode of distribution, every man came off as well as Thomas Jones. Unless he was exceptionally treated, the healthy members, who had been long upon the books, must have drawn very acceptable sums. Thomas Jones had received, "by reason of sickness," £22 more than he had paid in to the club, and at the dissolution they offered him a further sum of 13s. 6d., which he took under protest, that he should regard it only as sick relief. Thus ended the endeavours of the Penydarran Club to wind up and liquidate its own affairs.

Shortly afterwards Thomas Jones was advised to make an application to the County Court, for such order or relief as the Judge of that tribunal might consider him entitled to. The case was heard patiently, and, as we have said, an elaborate judgment was pronounced. The Court felt it desirable that the reasons influencing its judgment should be very clearly made known, and hence a decision was pronounced in Merthyr Tydfil not at all unworthy of Westminster Hall. For many reasons, which he explained, the learned Judge thought it would not be expedient to grant an injunction restraining any further steps in the dissolution of the Society, which would have been a practical direction to reconstitute the Club, but as he considered that Thomas Jones was "entitled to the same extent of relief as if the Society still existed in operation," he declared that Thomas Thomas—notwithstanding he had parted with all the funds of the Club—should continue the payments of 2s. per week to the plaintiff, and that whenever his disease culminated in death the defendant should pay to the plaintiff's representatives the further sum of five pounds. Thus, so far as Thomas Jones was concerned, the dispute and litigation ended; but the affairs of the Penydarran Firemen's Club, having been brought into the sphere of law, they were doomed to furnish another case for our edification and enlightenment. We have already explained that when Thomas Thomas, "the Trustee within the meaning of the act," found a dissentient who would not agree to dissolve the Club, or divide its funds, sagaciously demanded an indemnity, before he parted with the cash, in his hands, and got one, in the form of the promissory note for £60. After he had been fixed with a liability to continue the weekly allowance and make a provision on the death of this dissentient member, Thomas Thomas availed himself of what lawyers call his "remedy over" against, or in plain untechnical language, he turned round upon his eleven fellow members, who had made this note. In a few weeks the learned Judge who had decided the case already narrated, was called upon to make one William Griffiths, and ten other men pay to Thomas Thomas £50—the sum of £10 having been abated, so as to give the County Court a jurisdiction. The lawyers retained for the plaintiff and for the defendants exhausted their legal ingenuity upon this cause, but the decision was an example of self-demonstrative equity. It was contended that the Treasurer or Trustee, under the terms of the act, the honest and upright landlord of the Vulcan Inn, Thomas Thomas, had been guilty of a *legal*, although *not a moral* fraud, and that he could not recover upon a promissory note, the consideration for which disclosed a breach of trust—that is the irregular distribution of the Society's funds. The learned Judge, however, put aside all the legal sophistries, and in his judgment (based upon several precedents extracted from recognised Equity Reports) held that Thomas Thomas could recover upon his indemnity, because the eleven defendants knew of and concurred in the breach of trust. Thomas Thomas, to speak exactly, could not however so make a purse for himself, if he had been disposed, but the money thus obtained would vest in him as the Trustee, for a Society which had not been legally dissolved, and must be held by him to answer the Society's obligations. The most practical result of this curious litigation was, however, a suggestion from the learned Judge, that the members should meet together and legally dissolve the Society.

In conclusion, we ought, perhaps, also to say that on the first trial we mention, the Judge quoted the words of the act which direct that "in the event of the dissolution or determination of any society, or the division or appropriation of the funds thereof (except in the way provided for by the act), any Trustee, or other officer, or person," aiding, or abetting therein, were liable, on conviction for this offence, "to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three months." He thought the persons concerned in distributing the Penydarran Club monies were liable to this fate. He did not think that his judgment would release them. His emphatic words were, "No order that I can make can discharge the parties from this liability." He also proceeded to say that "if Trustees are threatened with violence, it is their duty to seek protection (which they assuredly will effectually obtain) from magistrates, or from the ordinary courts of law, but, if instead of so doing, they weakly comply with illegal demands, they must remember that their weakness will be no excuse to relieve them from the liabilities of the trust they surrendered, nor from the personal penalties or punishments, which their compliance may subject them to endure. To such language, uttered under such circumstances, it is needless to add a word of our own in support of the position laid down on the opening of this article. J. J. M.

# Chances and Changes.

BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

## Chapter I.

Money!—the god of this world, in whose worship alone is no hypocrisy—the measure of all social rank—the talisman that dresses up every vice in presentable disguise, and lends an extra charm to every virtue—the great master of the ceremonies, who gives the *entrée* to all society. Yes, money, and not knowledge, is power. And what power? The power to gratify every highest aspiration; every most generous impulse of our nature; and to enjoy the bounty and the beauty of this fair world. And here I am, with the desire, and the taste, and the faculties to drink deep of all these pleasures; to enjoy the city, and the landscape, the land and the ocean; the wild sublimity and grandeur of rude nature, and the magic of woman's loveliness; of all these there is none for me. Here I am, within this wooden fortress, not even moving from scene to scene, for in that there would be some life, some excitement, something to make the eye kindle and the blood run fast—not less a prisoner than if, like those around me, I were guilty of some crime. Crime! yes, I am guilty of that which is the darkest and least pardonable of crimes in every civilized community; the crime of which alone there is no atonement—I am poor. "Money the root of all evil." I don't believe it. I cannot feel it. No, it is the want of money; the uncompromising necessity of having it; the burning fiery thirst of the all-powerful elixir; that is what makes the mischief. And is it then so strange or culpable that, rather than be held guilty of that never-forgiven offence, men will fly to others on which the world looks with more indulgence.

It was something like this style of soliloquy that a young gentleman, aged about five-and-twenty, was conversing with himself, listlessly holding a book which he was not reading; for he was gazing with a long, wistful, dreamy look upon the twilight-softened roofs, and spires, and cupolas of a city which he must not just then approach; gazing through the narrow vista of a small square window, that gave light to a little cabin in one of those floating prisons which, until within a few years past, were considered the safest durance for convicts under sentence of transportation. It was the house, most of all other, where distance clothes in beauty things vulgar and common in themselves—the soft, hazy, roseate hour of twilight, when thoughts and memories, like the outward eye, love to wander far away, and to find in that long dim perspective, a charm borrowed from hopes and recollections, which the actual and the present can never bear. And so he wandered on vaguely in thought, dreaming of all that he would achieve and enjoy if he had only been born to a fortune, free to follow every impulse of his fancy, and all the caprices of his taste, instead of being the poor surgeon of a convict depôt, when he was awakened from his reverie by the evening gun from a ship of war that rode, springing on her cable, within a short distance. Just at that moment, too, he was more effectually summoned back to reality by a visit from one of the warders.

"He's very bad to-night, Doctor," said the kinsman of Cerberus, swinging a large bright key upon his two fore fingers; "you'd better step down and see him, perhaps."

"Worse, is he?"

"He says he's dying, Sir; I think, myself, he's near his end. I have seen some men die in my time."

"It's very unaccountable, and not at all pleasant," said the doctor, as he descended to that part of the prison called the hospital, "the interest I cannot help feeling in this man. He sometimes almost makes me a believer in the 'evil eye.' I feel as if there was something I cannot escape from. And after all, he's not a mere brute, like the rest of them. I should like to know the history of his life—I'm sure he has a story to tell."

"Are we alone, Doctor?" inquired the convict, abruptly, after some short conversation respecting his health, "I have something important to tell you."

"Yes; if you have anything to say, speak freely, but lose no time."

"I want to speak to you very seriously, Doctor Vernon," said the patient, rising on his bent arm, and exposing in the effort his breast, scored and seamed with the scars of many wounds. "Bah! these scratches," he continued, "they are nothing now—nothing to the wounds inside. I know I have not long to live, Doctor, if I remain in this narrow dungeon. Liberty alone is life to me; the broad sunshine—the tranquil moonlight—the license to wander far and wide—to come and go; anything with freedom; even if it were to live, like a wild animal, upon the green buds and berries by the wayside. Yes, you look astonished at this wreck, this wretched skeleton. You see what this shattered frame once had of strength and symmetry. You see I was not always what I am; and now you wonder why I am here, a felon and a convict. No matter, it is a long tale to tell. It was the thirst for gold to fill the witching cup of pleasure. It was impatience of the slow, mean, patient, drudgery by which they earn it whom the world calls honest, because they plunder within the limit of the law. All that signifies nothing now; let it pass, and listen to something of the future. You are young, Doctor Vernon; you are impulsive—enthusiastic—ambitious; this sort of thing is weary slavery for such a man as you; what can you ever hope to realize from it? Would you not see the world abroad? You have many years to enjoy it yet, and cull here and there all the pleasures it holds out to the full hand. I know you would; you have within you the love and the aptitude for all graceful and refined, and sensuous enjoyments; one thing only is wanted—the command of money—the ready and assiduous slave, for to you it would be a slave and not a master.''

"And what then? Suppose I would enjoy the world, and that I want but that master-key to open it?"

"Well, then, I can give it you; enough, and to spare."

"You; and what am I to give you in return? for I suppose there must be some equivalent."

"Liberty! It is dark and quiet enough, now. Bring me to your cabin—an open window—a plunge into the water, and I am free."

"You must be raving, friend. You give me a fortune for that chance. Granted even that I were ready to betray my trust and forfeit my honour, where is it?"

"It is but natural that you should doubt me," replied the convict with a grim and bitter smile, "but as heaven hears us both, I do not deceive you. I have nothing here, as you see; but only set me free and follow me, and within three days I will place your hand upon a treasure to which no other human being can guide you."

"Keep yourself quiet, friend," said the Doctor, "your brain is wandering a little; other thoughts should occupy you now. You have much to be forgiven it seems, and I fear the time is short."

"Heaven and Earth, how can I convince you?" cried the convict, wildly; "I am not raving; I tell you it is no delusion. Do not cast away the richest opportunity that Fate may ever open for you. Picture to yourself the power of money, to which no other on earth can be compared. All the delights of sense and intellect; the ever changing scene; ever new, and ever captivating; the worship of society; the flattery of men; the soft intoxication of the beaming smile, and the murmuring music of the voice of woman; all that this rich and beautiful world reserves for Fortune's favourites. I can give you all this—I ask but one poor service—one slight act of charity. I care but little now for life itself. I have stood too often where it was not worth two minutes' purchase; but I would not die in this dungeon and fill a felon's grave—save me from that, and all is yours."

"This is a frightful temptation," said the surgeon, "seducing as the silvery tongue of Belial himself; but if you or he could make me forget that I am an honourable and true man, where is the proof?"

"The proof is short and easy enough; but promise me that, whether refused or accepted, my secret shall never pass your lips, or be written by your hand."

The promise was given, and the convict, seizing the listener by the arm, poured a few hurried and earnest sentences into his ear.

Dazzled, bewildered, and undecided, it was not to sleep that Dr. Vernon retired to his bed that night; but to look alternately upon the two pictures painted on his mind. On the one there stood before him the man of wealth and fashion carelessly fluttering away the gay and sun-lighted hours; the arbiter of taste; the welcome guest; the favoured lover. On the other he saw the obscure, overworked, under-paid, neglected professional; until, in restless and nervous agony, he tossed and flung himself round and vainly sought relief in sleep. Yielding to fatigue, he was at last sinking into slumber when he was shaken up by the report of a musket, fired apparently close above his head, and starting up to ascertain the cause, found that his tempter of the previous night, having overpowered a warder, and possessed himself of his key, had made his way to the deck and been shot by a sentry while attempting to swim ashore.

"Shot like a dog at last," said the Governor, who arrived on the scene just as the dead body was drawn on board and sank heavily on the deck, "that man was born to a fortune, and squandered it away almost as soon as he possessed it; enlisted, and fought like a bulldog; fell back again into the old ways, and has broken loose from half the gaols in England."

## Chapter II.

It was about two years after the time of the first chapter, if the accommodating reader will dispense, like Aristotle, with the least of the unities, when Mr. Horace Vernon, for he did not just then care to be recognised as a physician, was the most noticeable and most highly-considered guest of the most fashionable boarding-house in Bath. It was late in the evening, so late that it might more properly be called morning. The household was all dark and silent, except that one passing stealthily along the upper corridor might have heard some diligent sleeper or two giving voice to the luxury of rest, for the elder inhabitants, weary of their tea-table, and their whist, and their small talk, and trite reminiscences, had gone to refresh the few energies and the imperfect faculties that Time still spared them. No charm now for such as they had the quick throb of the high-beating heart, the low tremulous passionate words, and the agitating hopes and fears of glorious overflowing youth. It was their evening, and they had given place to those for whom the dew-drops still glistened on the young flowers. And so it is; each one has his little case of perfume—the aroma of romance—some more and some less; and when that all exhales away, one may as well break the alabaster; or, if hallowed by some dear sad memories, keep it there to weep over, as if it held the ashes of the dead.

Well, all the old people were asleep, and the only three young persons in the house—two ladies and a gentleman, who had accompanied them to the theatre, sat in the deserted drawing-room; opera-cloaks, fans, and gloves were thrown carelessly aside, and in that interesting languor that follows a long parade, the two girls sank into two deep chairs, pushing aside their stray ringlets, and discoursing that low soft music that flows so smoothly from the lips of youth and beauty.

Mr. Horace Vernon listened with smiles and gentle interjections, while he dispenses the *petit souper* that awaited their return. He was very happy to all appearance; but, as human nature is never satisfied with anything positive or negative in the way of enjoyment, he had already made up his mind to play a game with fortune, and to pour into his cup a drop or two of the piquant zest of uncertainty. Later again, when the lamps were burning low, and an occasional sound of waking life echoed in the empty streets, there is one lady still remaining with Mr. Vernon. They speak in low, earnest, and broken tones, but it is the same old story—no need to report the dialogue—only there was a long pressure of the hand, and a lingering look given and returned at the conclusion; and Vernon thought—as every man does think, while he sees through the coloured light of the same strong illusion, that with such an angel as he has chosen, the stream of life must flow on with eternal calm and sunshine on the waters.

At the same refuge for the lonely and *lunugès*, where Mr. Vernon had established himself, were residing during the winter months, a Mr. Beauchamp and his only daughter; and it was between that young lady and the *ci-devant* surgeon, that the peculiar understanding, mentioned above, had grown up to so mature a development. Mr. Beauchamp, for some cause, was blessed with those quiet, haughty, and politely-repulsive manners, that neither encourage familiarity nor conciliate confidence on the true *nil-admirari* principle; he had never been astonished or interested, or moved in the slightest perceptible way or degree by the dashing, ostentatious, money-no-object style of doing things with which Mr. Vernon was constantly unscaling the eyes of the rest of the circle. Whether he was naturally reserved, or harsh experience and bitter thoughts had made him sceptical and misanthropic, in any case, he seemed scarcely disposed to cultivate any new acquaintance, or to regard anything whatever otherwise than a matter of course; and the frigid refusal for himself and his daughter, with which he declined Mr. Vernon's invitation to a cruise round the Mediterranean in his new yacht, rendered it an especially nervous ordeal for that young gentleman to approach the far more delicate negotiation which he now desired to arrange. Cold, hard, and polished as a Toledo blade, Mr. Beauchamp observed, that in a matter so momentously important to his only child, he hoped he should be excused for presuming to look a little below the surface. Appearances were certainly satisfactory. It was not his habit to be intrusive, but he had lived for some years very quietly, and he must claim indulgence for not knowing who Mr. Vernon really was, or any facts concerning his property. The suitor, on his part, was anxious to be full and candid in his explanations. He was a physician, fortunately released from his profession by an unexpected legacy; his property was in the funds, as anybody sufficiently curious, might ascertain; and, as to preliminary arrangements, he was quite ready to accede to any reasonable suggestion. Mr. Beauchamp considered all that fair and explicit enough, but he must really apologize for one apparently singular request. It might seem strange, frivolous, whimsical, but would Mr. Vernon pardon him for asking permission to examine the peculiarly-shaped diamond ring which he wore. It was a sudden and very sickening shock. The words felt like alternate darts of ice and fire tingling into his brain. Fool! why had he not foreseen the danger of wearing that ring. However, a refusal would be a confession—it might, after all, mean nothing; and so with a forced smile and a quivering hand, he presented the jewel.

"It is very remarkable," said Mr. Beauchamp, "but this ring was in the possession of my family for some generations. An unpleasant accident deprived me of it. I have used many unavailing efforts to regain it, with some other property lost on the same occasion; and it is also a most curious coincidence that your investment in the funds corresponds precisely with the amount which it was then so very inconvenient to me to part with."

"Mr. Beauchamp," said Vernon, rising up pale and trembling, "I am at your mercy; but I am innocent: the facts are these. A notorious convict, at the point of death, entrusted me with the secret, that he had alone, and unaided, effected such a robbery. It was under a tall cliff by the water's edge, in North Wales, where a tourist known to be very wealthy, was expected to pass. The publicity attending the crime, and the minute description of the lost property, rendered it too dangerous to return to the spot where he concealed the gold and jewels that night. In a cavern, half-way up the rocks, they remained until I removed them. They are again all yours, undiminished, and once more I return to the struggles of my humble practice, with the consciousness of having performed a stern duty, and kept my home without a stain.''

Thanking him formally, Mr. Beauchamp assured him that he was safe from any further inquiries, but refrained from expressing any opinion of his motives, and so they parted for the last time.

But there was another, and far different leave-taking that evening—wild, passionate, and agonizing—amid tears and choking utterances. There was one last yearning look—a long farewell kiss, that thrilled into two hearts, and Horace Vernon was gone, nobody knew whither, hasting away as if he would outspread the broad-winged angel of death.

Two years more are gone, and one passing through the aristocratic end of a small seaside village in the south of England, might have read on the door-plate of a moderately-ambitious residence, that there was to be found "*Mr. Vernon, Surgeon.*" The sunny days and the rich invalids are coming again; and the poor practitioner, after having been in very low water during the winter, is waiting for his own little tide to flow. It was one of the first genial days of the spring—one of the days when the fresh brilliancy of all external things almost smiles away the heavy clouds of weariness and dejection. Dr. Vernon is heedlessly turning over the last week's *Lancet*, and thinking, wistfully, of the gay and careless days that can come back no more—so transient, so suddenly flown, so like a golden dream of the morning, that it seems now as if they could never have been real. A servant in mourning livery knocks at the door, and sends in a note.

"Here comes the first of them," he thought, until he read the one line enclosed, "Come to me, if you still remember Isabelle." It was a bewildering tumult—that rush of conjectures, fears, hopes, and speculations, that crowded in and whirled round him, as he prepared to follow the messenger. The next moment he stood before her; but her long silence, and the consequent belief that he was forgotten, still left some soreness in his mind, and one of those strange caprices in which we sometimes gratuitously and mercilessly torment ourselves, prompted the feeling that he had been injured, and he merely inquired if he were visiting Miss Beauchamp as a patient.

"If much suffering," she answer, with a faint smile, "and long wasting and deep sorrow, and forced silence leaving the tears to fall, and the heart to bleed in secret—if that can entitle me to be called a patient, I am, indeed, doctor, a subject for your skill."

Then, as he saw her there, worn and languid, and the hue of those wan features whitened by the contrast of her deep mourning, gentle feelings arose, "Isabelle, dearest," he said, raising one of those thin hands, "tell me all that has happened since we parted."

"Do you not see it here? My father died in Florence, where he persuaded himself that I should recover; as if—no matter! With my aunt, who accompanied us, I have hastened back. I was home-sick. I came here, because—because—" and the cause she could give only by hiding her face and sobbing on his breast.

It was long before either could speak; for he could only repeat her name, until at length she looked up, with a brighter smile shining through her tears, and said,

"Would it not have been better to be spared all this suffering? Surely, it signified but little to which of us the fortune belonged!"

# Maxims
## FOR MARRIED GENTLEMEN.

1. THERE are two ways of governing a family. The first by force—the other by mild and vigilant authority. The first is brutal, and you certainly lose your happiness in adopting it. The second will occasion you to be respected, and your directions to be observed. A husband deserves to lose his empire altogether, by making an attempt to force it by violence.

2. Never contradict your wife; you never did so before marriage, and do not begin it now. There is something so harsh about contradiction in a man, that it always generates an unkindly feeling. It prevents that confidence which ought to exist in married persons; and confidence destroyed, we cannot hope for much good after.

3. You cannot possibly have a better or a trustier confidant than your wife; she will always advise for the best, and very safely too. Trust her wholly.

4. Be strictly moral in your conduct. How can you pretend to be a guide to your house, if you are not? Consider what you would think if your wife would become immoral in her conduct.

5. Be as attentive in reason after marriage as you were in courtship. Attention to your wife is respect to yourself; it is her due, and shows clearly that you do not regret your choice.

6. Pride yourself only on those qualities which a man ought to possess, and give your wife credit for hers. You ought to have a manly understanding; but remember that infers no superiority over the lady's.

7. When your wife has given you counsel, which, from your knowledge of the world, you judge cannot safely be acted upon, do not reproach her, but convince her by mild reasoning that it is inappropriate. Give her always the merit of good intentions.

8. Should your wife be out of temper, do not see it; there are many little vexations you know not of; never speak harshly to her, nor be rude.

9. Be careful in your choice of friends; you have one that will never desert you; cherish her.

10. Dress well, according to your station in society; be neither a sloven nor a dandy. Commend your wife's taste in dress, and you may keep her heart as long as you like. Nothing so much secures a lady's good will as this, and it is a very slight sacrifice made at the altar of her vanity.

11. Never meddle with domestic or household concerns, they are not for a man's care. Be careful in your expenditure, and waste nothing, though you must be liberal to the poor. Never swear, nor storm, nor blow up. Let your home be the pole-star of your affections, and always spend your evenings there.

12. Always pay attention to your wife, in society as well as in private, and show yourself fully aware of her good qualities. All your happiness is reposed in her. Never show any thing like indifference or slight; she will repay your kindness by that tenderness of affection which is worth all the world beside. Seek no pleasure to which she cannot be made a party.

## FOR MARRIED LADIES.

1. Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family; the first is by the expression of that which will belong to force; the second to the power of mildness, to which every strength will yield. One is the power of the husband; a wife should never employ any other arms than of gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, I will, she deserves to lose her empire.

2. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell at a rose, it is to imbibe the sweets of its odour; we likewise look for everything that is amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time; and, whatever be her qualities, is not easily destroyed.

3. Occupy yourself only with household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

4. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, and do not read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

5. Command his attention by being always attentive to him; never exact any thing, and you will obtain much; appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more.

6. All men are vain; never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instances. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it.

7. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so; but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness; when he is convinced, leave him to the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

8. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him; if he is abusive, never retort; and never prevail over him to humble him.

9. Choose well your friends, have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters.

10. Cherish neatness with luxury, and pleasure without excess; dress with taste, particularly with modesty; vary the fashions of dress, especially in regard to colour. It gives a change to the ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

11. Never be curious to pry into your husband's concerns, but obtain his confidence at all times, by that which you repose in him. Always preserve order and economy; avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold; by these means he will find his own house pleasanter than any other.

12. Seem always to obtain information from him, especially before company; though you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him entirely master of his own actions, to go or come whenever he thinks fit. A wife ought to make her company amiable to her husband, that he will not be able to exist without it, then he will not seek for pleasure abroad, if she do not partake of it with him.

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## Regulations of the Post Office Savings Banks.

FROM THE AUTHORISED ABSTRACT ISSUED BY HER MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER-GENERAL FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE PUBLIC.

*The following is a FULL ABSTRACT of the regulations made under the authority of the Act of Parliament, 24 Victoria, cap. 14, entitled "An Act to Grant Additional Facilities for Depositing Small Sums at Interest, with the Security of the Government for due Repayment thereof."*

1. *Hours of Business.*—Every post office, being a money order office, at which the Postmaster-General shall permit deposits to be received for remittance to his principal office, will be open for that purpose, and for the repayment of

moneys withdrawn, during the hours appointed for the transaction of money order business at the said post office. Any post office, not being a money order office, at which the Postmaster-General shall permit deposits to be received or repaid, shall be open for that purpose during such hours and such days as the Postmaster-General shall determine.

2. *Amount of Deposits.*—Deposits of one shilling, or of any number of shillings, or of pounds and shillings, will be received from any depositor at the post office savings banks, provided the deposits made by such depositor in any year ending on the 31st day of December do not exceed £30, and provided the total amount standing in such depositor's name in the books of the Postmaster General do not exceed £150, exclusive of interest. When the principal and interest together, standing to the credit of any one depositor, amount to the sum of £200, all interest will cease so long as the same funds continue to amount to the said sum of £200.

3. *Name, Address, and Occupation of Depositors to be furnished.*—Every depositor, on making a first deposit shall be required to specify his Christian name, surname, occupation, and residence to the officer of the Postmaster-General appointed to receive the deposit, and make and sign the following declaration, to be witnessed by the officer of the Postmaster-General appointed to receive the deposits, or by some person known to him, or by the minister or a churchwarden of the parish in which the depositor resides, or by a justice of the peace; and if such declaration, or any part thereof, shall not be true, the depositor making the same shall forfeit and lose all right and title to his deposits :—

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Depositor's Book.

Place ..............................

No. ..............................

### COPY OF DECLARATION TO BE SIGNED BY DEPOSITOR ON MAKING FIRST DEPOSIT.

In pursuance of an Act of Parliament, I,
of do hereby declare to the Postmaster-General that I am desirous, on my own behalf, to become a Depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank. I do further hereby declare that I am not directly, or indirectly entitled to any deposit in, or benefit from the Funds of this or any other Savings Bank in Great Britain and Ireland, nor to any sum or sums standing in the name or names of any other person or persons in the books of the said Post Office Savings Bank; and I do hereby also testify my consent that my deposits in the said Post Office Savings Bank shall be managed according to the Regulations thereof.

Witness my hand this day of 186 .
Signed by the said Depositor,
in the presence of me, ..................................................
......................................
...................................... ..................................................

Save and except such benefit as I may be entitled to from being a member of a Friendly Society legally established; or from such sum or sums as may be standing in my name as Trustee jointly with the name or names and on behalf of any other Depositor or Depositors.

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A copy of the above Declaration shall be printed within the cover of every Depositor's Book.

4. On making the declaration, and in all cases in which the signature of the

depositor is required, if the depositor cannot write, his mark must be affixed in the presence of a witness, and attested by the signature of that witness.

5. *Deposits, how received, entered, reported to the Postmaster-General, and acknowledged.*—Every deposit received by an officer of the Postmaster-General appointed for that purpose, shall be entered by him at the time in a numbered book, with the entry so attested by him, and by the dated stamp of his office; and the said book, with the entry so attested, shall be given to the depositor, and retained by him as primary evidence of the receipt of the deposit. The depositor shall sign his name in a place to be provided for his signature in the depositor's book. The amount of each deposit, and the name, occupation, and residence of the depositor shall, upon the day of the receipt thereof, be reported to the Postmaster-General, and the acknowledgment of the Postmaster-General for the said deposit, signified by the officer whom he shall appoint for the purpose, shall be forthwith transmitted by post to the depositor as the conclusive evidence of his claim to the repayment of the deposit with interest thereon. If the depositor does not receive the said acknowledgment within ten days from the day on which he made the deposit, he must apply to the Postmaster-General, by letter, and if necessary, he must renew his application to the Postmaster-General until he receives the said acknowledgment.

6. *Interest.*—Interest, calculated yearly, at the rate of Two Pounds Ten Shillings per cent. per Annum, shall be allowed on every complete pound deposited, and shall be computed from the first day of the calendar month next following the day on which a complete pound shall have been deposited, or on which deposits of a less amount shall have made up a pound, up to the first day of the calendar month in which moneys are withdrawn.* The interest will be calculated to the 31st December in every year, and will be added to, and become part of the principal money.

7. *Trust Accounts.*—Deposits to be made by a trustee on behalf of another person in the joint names of such trustee and the person on whose account such money shall be so deposited; but repayment of the same, or any part thereof, shall not be made without the receipt and receipts of both the said parties, or the survivor or survivors, or the executors or administrators of such survivor, whose receipt and receipts either personally or by agent appointed by power of attorney, which power of attorney may be executed by an infant of or exceeding the age of fourteen years, shall alone be a valid discharge, except in case of insanity or imbecility of the party on whose behalf the deposits were made, when the Postmaster-General may, on proof of the fact to his satisfaction, allow repayment so to be made to the trustee alone.

8. *Minors.*—Deposits may be made by, or for the benefit of any person under twenty-one years of age, and repayment shall be made to such minor, after the age of seven years, in the same manner as if he were of full age. In case of minors under the age of seven years, the declaration must be made by one of the parents, or a friend, on behalf of the minor.

9. *Married Women.*—Deposits may be made by married women, and deposits so made, or made by women who shall afterwards marry, will be repaid to any such woman, unless her husband shall give notice in writing of such marriage to the Postmaster-General, and shall require payment to be made to him.

10. *Friendly and Charitable Societies, and Penny Banks.*—The trustees of any friendly society, the rules of which have been certified by the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, Scotland, or Ireland (as the case may be), or of any charitable or provident society, or penny savings bank, approved of by the National Debt Commissioners, may deposit their funds, without restriction as

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* The interest thus calculated will be at the rate of one half-penny per calendar month for every complete pound.

to amount, in post office savings banks, provided always that such deposits shall not be of less amount than one shilling, nor of any sum not a multiple thereof, and that a copy of the rules be forwarded by post to the Postmaster-General with the names and addresses of the trustees, who will then be furnished with the necessary instructions.

NOTE.—Special Forms of Declaration are provided for trustees, and also for Friendly, Charitable, and Provident Societies, and for Penny Savings Banks.

11. *nnual Transmission of Depositor's Book to Principal Office of Postmaster-General.*—Every depositor shall, once in each year, on the anniversary of the day on which he made his first deposit, forward his book to the principal office of the Postmaster-General, in a cover to be obtained at any post office savings bank, in order that the entries in said book may be compared with the entries in the books of the Postmaster-General, and that the interest due to the depositor may be inserted in his book.

12. *Depositors' Books.*—No charge shall be made upon depositors for the books at first supplied to them, or for books issued to them in continuation thereof; but if any depositor shall lose his book, and shall desire a new book, application must be made by him to the Postmaster-General, by letter, stating the circumstances, and enclosing postage stamps of the value of one shilling to pay for the new bock, should the application be granted, and the Postmaster shall, if he thinks fit, issue a new book and charge the depositor any sum not exceeding one shilling for the same.

13. *Postage.*—No charge for postage shall be made upon the depositors for the transmission of their books to the Postmaster-General, or for the return thereof to them, or for any applications they may have to make for acknowledgments of deposits, or for any application or necessary letter of inquiry respecting the sums deposited by them, or for the replies thereto.

14. *Transfer of Deposits to or from other Savings Banks.*—Any depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank who may desire to transfer his deposits to any other savings bank, legally established, shall, on his written application, accompanied by his book, to the chief office of the Postmaster-General, in a form to be obtained at any post office savings bank, be furnished with a certificate of the whole amount due to him, and his account with the post office savings bank shall thereupon be closed.

Upon delivery of such certificate to the trustees or managers of the savings bank to which it is proposed by the depositor to transfer the deposit, they shall, if they think fit, open an account for the amount stated in such certificate, upon the depositor making the usual declaration.

Any depositor in any legally-established savings bank who may desire to transfer his account to the post office savings bank, may require from the trustees or managers of such bank a certificate, signed by two trustees of such savings bank, stating the amount due to him, and thereupon his account with such bank shall be closed.

The said certificate may be delivered to any officer of the Postmaster-General authorized to receive deposits under the post office savings bank act, and shall be received by him as if it were a deposit of the amount there set forth; and on the said certificate being forwarded to London, and verified by the National Debt Commissioners, an account for the amount thereof shall be opened with the said depositor.

15. *Withdrawals.*—Any depositor wishing to withdraw the whole or part of the sum deposited by him, must make application for the same to the Postmaster-General, in a form, a printed copy of which may be obtained at any post office savings bank.

In this form the depositor must specify the number of his book, the name of the office at which his first deposit was made, the sum he wishes to withdraw, his occupation and residence, and the post office at which he wishes to receive his money. On receipt of this application, a warrant for the amount required, payable at the office named shall be sent to him by post.

This warrant must be presented by the depositor at the post office named thereon, together with the depositor's book, in which the postmaster shall enter the amount repaid, and attest the entry with his signature, and the dated stamp of his office. The postmaster shall take a receipt from the depositor on the warrant for the amount repaid to him, which receipt is not chargeable with stamp duty.

The Postmaster-General will endeavour to prevent fraud, and to identify every depositor transacting business with the post office savings bank; but if any person shall fraudulently represent himself to be a depositor, and by forwarding the proper notice of withdrawal, and by presentation of the depositor's book, and compliance with the rules of the department, shall obtain any sum of money belonging to that depositor, the Postmaster-General will not be responsible for the loss thereof.

16. *Repayment to a Depositor unable to attend personally.*—Repayments shall be made only to the depositor in person, or to the bearer of an order under his hand, signed in the presence either of the minister or a churchwarden of the parish in which the depositor resides; of a justice of the peace, or, in case of sickness, of the medical attendant. If the depositor be resident abroad, the signature must be verified by some constituted authority of the place in which he resides.

The form of order to be signed by the depositor on such occasions, may be obtained at the post office at which the warrant is made payable.

17. *Withdrawals by Friendly or Charitable Societies, and Receipts for the same.*—Applications to withdraw money deposited by any friendly, charitable, or provident society, or penny savings bank, must be signed by two of the trustees of any such society, or penny savings bank, or where there is no trustee, then by the treasurer, and the names of the trustee or treasurer, or other officer of the society authorized to receive the amount to be withdrawn, shall be stated in the notice of withdrawal, and the warrant for payment of the amount shall be made out in the name of such trustee, treasurer, or officer, and the receipt of such person apparently authorized shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

18. *Funds of Deceased Depositors not exceeding Fifty Pounds.*—In case any depositor shall die leaving any sum of money not exceeding £50, exclusive of interest, deposited in the post office savings bank, and probate of his will, or letters of administration, be not produced to the Postmaster-General, or if notice in writing of the existence of a will, and intention to prove the same, or to take out letters of administration, be not given to the Postmaster-General at his principal office within the period of one month from the death of the depositor; or if such notice be given, but such will be not proved, or letters of administration be not taken out, and the probate or letters of administration (as the case may be) produced to the Postmaster-General within the period of two months from the death of the depositor, it shall be lawful for the Postmaster-General after such period of one or two months, as the case may be, to pay and divide such funds at his discretion to or amongst the widow, or relatives, of the deceased depositor, or any one or more of them; or if he shall think proper, according to the statute of distributions.

19. *Funds of Deceased Depositors above Fifty Pounds.*—In case any depositor

shall die leaving any sum of money in the post office savings bank, which (exclusive of interest) shall exceed the sum of £50, the same shall only be paid to the executor or administrator on the production of the probate of the will, or letters of administration, of the estate or effects of the deceased depositor to the Postmaster-General.

20. *Payment on Death of a Depositor, being illegitimate, and dying intestate.*—If any depositor, being illegitimate, shall die intestate, leaving any person or persons who, but for the illegitimacy of such depositor, and of such person or persons, would be entitled to the money due to such deceased depositor, it shall be lawful for the Postmaster-General, with the authority, in writing, of the barrister-at-law appointed to certify the rules of savings banks, to pay the money of such deceased depositor to any one or more of the persons, who, in his opinion, would have been entitled to the same, according to the statute of distributions, if the said depositor, and such person or persons, had been legitimate.

21. *Certificate for exemption from Stamp Duty.*—In all cases wherein a certificate shall be required of the amount of the balance standing in the books of the post office savings bank to the credit of a deceased depositor for the purpose of obtaining, free of stamp duty, a probate of will or letters of administration, such certificate shall be in the form authorized by the regulations.

22. *Incapacitated Depositors.*—If any depositor shall become insane, or otherwise incapacitated to act, and the same shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General, and if the Postmaster-General shall be satisfied of the urgency of the case, he may authorize payment, from time to time, out of the funds of such depositor to any person whom he shall judge proper, and the receipt of such person shall be a good discharge of the same.

23. *Settlement of Disputes.*—If any dispute shall arise between the Postmaster-General and individual depositor, or any executor, administrator, next of kin, or creditor, or assignee of a depositor who may become bankrupt or insolvent, or any person claiming to be such executor, administrator, next of kin, creditor, or assignee, or to be entitled to any money deposited in the post office savings bank, then, and in every such case, the matter in dispute shall be referred in writing to the barrister-at-law appointed under the savings banks acts ; and whatever award, order, or determination shall be made by the said barrister, shall be binding and conclusive on all parties, and shall be final, to all intents and purposes, without any appeal.

24. *Secrecy.*—The officers of the Postmaster-General engaged in the receipt or payment of deposits shall not disclose the name of any depositor, nor the amount deposited or withdrawn by him except to the Postmaster-General, or to such of his officers as may be appointed to assist in carrying out the provisions of the post office savings banks act.

25. *Interpretation.*—In the construction of these regulations, unless there is something in the subject or context repugnant thereto, every word importing the singular number only shall mean and include several persons or things, as well as one person or thing, and the converse ; and every word importing the masculine gender only shall mean and include a female as well as a male ; and the word month shall refer to a calendar and not a lunar month.

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## TWELVE ADVANTAGES OF POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.

1. They will be quite safe. Money placed in them is placed in the hands of the Government, which is bound by law to repay it when it is wanted.

2. They will be near to every man. He will pass them as he goes to his work and as he returns from it.

3. They will be open for eight hours of every working day. A man may walk into one and deposit his money at his own convenience, and he may do this when none of his neighbours or friends are by to see what he is about.

4. They will enable men to save up money by degrees. As small a sum as one shilling can be deposited in them.

5. They will give a fair interest for the money deposited in them. If a man deposits one shilling a week in them for ten years, he will then have nearly thirty pounds of principal and interest.

6. Persons depositing money in them will not be at any expense. There will be no charge for books, or forms, or postage. There will be no entrance fees and no fines.

7. Those who put money into them, and want it out again, can get it quickly —that is, in three or four days—and without trouble.

8. Women and children may deposit money in them in their own names.

9. If a man begins to deposit in one Post Office Savings Bank, at Durham, for instance, and afterwards goes to Sunderland, or Newcastle, or some other town, he can go on depositing wherever he may be.

10. And if he has put his money into a Post Office Savings Bank in Durham, for instance, and wants it repaid to him in some other town, he can have it so repaid without difficulty.

11. The Postmasters are strictly ordered not to disclose the name of any depositor in a Post Office Savings Bank, or to mention the amount which he or she may have saved.

12. Lastly, those who put money into Post Office Savings Banks will have the advantage of feeling that they are doing their duty by their families and by themselves, and that they are placing their money where it will be safe until sickness, or old age, or some other cause, compels them to ask for it again.

# Provident Institutions of the People.

UNDER this head may be classed not only the Benefit or Friendly Societies, existing under various names throughout this country, from the isolated Village Club, the highly-patronised local Benefit Society, those huge and widely extended Associations the "Manchester Unity," and "Foresters" (composed of upwards of half a million of members), but also the numerous building and Loan Societies, Money Clubs, and also the Savings Banks of our country, presenting an aggregate of numbers and capital exceeding that of all the nations of Europe put together. It has been computed by competent authorities that upwards of four millions of persons in Great Britain are contributors, the accumulated capital exceeding one hundred millions sterling.

The objects for the accomplishment of which these great efforts have been made by the industrious population of these Islands, may be classed under the following heads. 1st. To insure a suitable amount of relief in sickness, annuities in old age, and a sufficient payment at death to secure a decent interment. 2nd. By provident frugality, to lay aside a portion of the earnings of youth and manhood, to provide for the constantly-recurring wants of a rising family, and to make, as far as possible, some provision for the future, or when removed from this world by the hand of death, to leave something, it may be, for the widowed mother, or the fatherless children. All these Societies are based more or less upon the principle of self-dependence or self-help, which combined with the laudable objects for which they are established, must render their progress deeply interesting to all classes. It is not too much to say that it is a matter of national concern that these Societies should be formed upon sound principles.

The annual Report of the Registrar-General will henceforth be looked forward to with no common interest. The Report for the year 1860, which has just been published by order of the House of Commons, conveys a great amount of valuable information, not only affecting the Friendly Societies of this country, but also of foreign states. The Registrar says, "From communications received by the Registrar, it appears that in France, one of every seventy-six of the inhabitants is a member of a Friendly Society; in Belgium, one of every sixty-six; and in England and Wales, one of every nine." Nothing can speak more conclusively; it shews how far the inhabitants of this country are in advance in provident habits over two of the most civilized and industrious peoples of Europe. May it not be fairly conceded that much of the contentment and loyalty, which now exists amongst the working men of this country, is to be attributed to the fact that through the agency of these Societies, they feel they have acquired "a stake" in the country, and are as deeply concerned in the preservation of that peace and order upon which the security of property depends, as their more wealthy fellow-countrymen.

Doubtless numerous defects in the constitution of many of these Societies may be found, nor should this be a matter of surprise or condemnation, for although the practice of working men forming themselves into Sick and Burial Clubs, is by no means of modern date, as is shown by the fact that clubs established for the same purposes and with rules, which are still extant, nearly identical, flourished under the Roman Empire. It was not till the year 1789, that a legal recognition of Friendly Societies took place in this country, a Bill having been passed in that year by Parliament, encouraging their formation. Since that year, numerous Bills, having a similar object, have also been passed. Yet their development for many years rested mainly in the hands of uneducated working men; hence it should not be a matter of surprise that grave and serious errors were committed in the original construction of their rules: indeed, the same results would have followed had the task of forming these societies been confided to the better instructed, so little was known of "vital statistics" or the laws that regulate life and health so far back as 1815, when affiliated benefit societies began to take root and spread themselves over the land. But with a better knowledge derived from experience, great and successful have been the efforts to place the Provident Societies of the people upon a durable basis. Yet it is notorious that *speculative* concerns, in the shape of Sick or Investment Societies, have been started by individuals, nay, adventurers, the failure of which have inflicted wide-spread misery and ruin upon those who have been unfortunately duped by the promise of advantages which it was impossible could be realized. Two examples of the condition of existing Societies are given in the Registrar's Report; he says:—

"From the Quinquennial return to 31st December, 1860, of a Friendly

Society called The Friend in Need Life and Sick Society, made to the Registrar during the year, it appears that the total number of

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sick Policies issued, was | | 19,338 |
| Lapsed | 4,941 | |
| Of Deaths | 102 | |
| | | 5,043 |
| | | 14,295 |
| Life Policies— | | |
| Total number of admission | | 86,224 |
| Lapsed | 18,350 | |
| Death | 1,164 | |
| | | 19,514 |
| | | 66,710 |
| Total number of Policies for Sickness and Death | | 81,005 |

The Balance Sheeet of this Society, from 25th March, 1860, to 25th March, 1861, discloses, that the receipts with former balance for the year, amounted to £33,186 10s. 8d., the expenditure to £24,152 8s. 5¾d., only half of which was expended for payments in Sickness or Death claims, the balance being only £9,034 2s. 2½ and available assets £17,430 6s. 10¼d., to meet the liabilities of 81,005 Policies for Sickness and Death. Another Society, The Royal Liver, at Liverpool, is alluded to by the Registrar, which boasts that it had 250,000 Members, spread over 250 Districts, employing 1,500 Collectors, who received from contributors during the year 1860, upwards of £45,000. The total worth of this Society, established eleven years, was on the 31st December, 1860, £15,280 4s. 1d."

The Registrar concludes, in reference to these two Societies:—"The foregoing Balance Sheets appear very unsatisfactory to the Registrar; in neither of them is there any statement as to the number of Members, or amount of Liabilities of the Society. In the Friend in Need Society, it is stated in one of their advertisements, that in the last year, 30,000 Members have been enrolled, and by the Quinquennial return, it appears there were on 31st December, 1860, 81,005 Policies in existence, and although the Receipts are about £27,000 the expenses of management are about £10,000, the payments for Deaths, &c., nearly £12,000. Neither of the Balance Sheets of these Societies contain the names of the Trustees or other Officers."

It cannot be doubted that much useful information is urgently needed amongst the labouring population with regard to the kind of Societies to which they should entrust their savings, effect insurances upon life, or provide against sickness. In a future article it is proposed to enter more minutely upon this important subject.—*Norwich Spectator.*

## LIFE'S MISSION.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

THE morn is sprung, and the knell is rung
Of sloth in his drowsy cave;
And Nature smiles with a thousand wiles
For the patient, the good, the brave.

Tha zephyr blows, and the queenly rose
Flings her fragrance far and nigh;
And Phœbus gleams with his softest beams,
As he spans the orient sky.

Then up, 'mid the strife of active life!
For there's much for all to do;
The toilsome way in each passing day
Must be trod by me and by you.

Arise, and go forth, in honest worth,
And fear not to toil in vain;
A blessing will fall on one and all,
The trustful, the zealous, the fain.

A bliss untold, the promise of old,
Be rendered in measure rare;
The heart be light, with a fresh delight,
As its fullness we daily share.

Thy labour done at the set of sun,
And manfully played thy part;
E'en as it ought, thy work as been wrought,
By thews, and sinews, and heart.

Yet on, still on, till the prize be won,
But fret not thy soul for wealth;
Content to abide the eventide,
As it brings thee repose and health.

And onward press to a happiness
Unfelt of the base and vile;
Rich thy dower for that great power,
Who looks on well pleased the while.

## Review.

*Sheen and Shade:* Lyrical Poems by WILLIAM BILLINGTON. Blackburn: John Neville (Haworth). London: Hall & Virtue, Paternoster row. 1861.

This small volume of poems has been forwarded to us by an officer of the Blackburn District, who informs us that the author, Brother William Billington, of the Prosperous Youth Lodge, Blackburn District, is a self-taught working man, a power-loom weaver. The volume is dedicated to Thomas Clough, Esq., of Holly Bush, Blackburn, by whose generous aid the author has been enabled to place the offspring of his muse before the public. We find many pleasing and meritorious pieces, from which we select a specimen :—

### TO MARY.

When, weary with the labours of the day,
And nature needs replenishment and rest,
From Mammon's Mill I homeward bend my way,
Like travelled bird returning to its nest,
Repose and richest viands are to me
But dust and ashes, save when sunned by smiles from thee.

When haste or business bids me hence depart,
By cities, hills, and hamlets fair to roam,
Thine image, like an angel in my heart,
Sits smiling, as thou wilt when I come home,
While every bud and blossom that I see
Is embleming thy beauty, life, and love to me.

When on my lonely couch at dead of night,
While in the clasp of Death all nature seems,
Before my fancy flits a Form of light,
Filling the land of sleep with golden dreams
And fairest forms, which, waking, still I see,
With eyes so dark and beautiful—bright Eidolons of thee.

Thou art the sun that lights my path by day,
The moon whose glory gilds my darkest night,
And whether near to thee or far away,
Thy love is like a beacon burning bright;
Yea! night or day, wherever I may be,
Dear maiden, thou art more than all the world to me!

## The Lodge Room.

Banbury.—The anniversary of the British Queen Lodge, 2419, was held on Tuesday, the 24th of September, 1861, when upwards of fifty members and their friends dined in the Lodge-room, at the White Hart Inn, the lodge was stated to be in a flourishing condition, having increased both in members and funds.

Beccles, Suffolk.—The Beccles Lodge of the Norwich District held an anniversary in the Assembly Rooms, on the evening of Thursday last, when about 130 of the members and friends sat down to a good and sabstantial dinner, prepared by Mr. James Walne, of the White Horse Inn. Mr. W. M. Crowfoot, surgeon, occupied the chair, and Mr. Horsley the vice-chair. The dinner gave great satisfaction, and in the evening a public meeting was held, which partook of both a social and intellectual character. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given by the Chairman, he proposed "The health of the Bishop of the Diocese, and Clergy of all denominations," coupled with the name of the Rev. Mr. Groom, of Earl Soham. The rev. gentleman said it gave him great pleasure to be present at that meeting. He did not feel himself out of position at a meeting like the present. A meeting like that he thought a great and promising feature of the present age—men of all shades of opinion had learned to assemble upon the Odd-Fellows' platform. There was an opinion abroad that these meetings tended to habits of intemperance, but, as far as he had seen, they tended to form habits of sobriety. He felt sure that the Odd Fellows' Society held a high position, and taught men habits of industry and economy. The rev. gentleman concluded an able and practical address, which frequently gained the applause of his hearers. Mr. W. E. Crowfoot (surgeon to the lodge) said, he felt great pleasure in proposing a toast, which, in some respects, was the most important toast of the evening. There was no country on which the sun shone where the Odd-Fellow would not meet with his brother Odd-Fellow, and that alone was a strong evidence of the value of a society like the present. He thought that this society established habits of independence, and made the honest and careful workman feel that in the hour of need he was not dependent upon the charity of another. He had to propose "Success to the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows," coupling with the same the name of Mr. Daynes, whom he considered the life and soul of the society in this district. Mr. Daynes, in returning thanks, observed that the Temple of Friendship Lodge, at Beccles, had every reason to be proud of the progress it had made. He did not purpose taking up their time with a speech upon the general features of the order, but he would for a moment refer to the progress that had been made in this district. Since he last had the honour of addressing them they had added 1,200 members to the District; at that time they possessed a capital of £33,000, but now they had a capital of £50,000. They were told some years since that a decadence of Odd-Fellowship had set in, but he was sure that if what he had described was a decadence, it was one they all desired. Mr. Daynes then gave examples of men, who, although once in a flourishing condition, had nevertheless gladly received in the hour of need the weekly allowance which this society afforded. In concluding his speech, he proposed "Prosperity to the Temple of Friendship Lodge," coupled with the name of Brother Aldous. Mr. Aldous, in acknowledging the toast, observed that when they held their last anniversary, in 1859, the number of members was 131—at present they had 141—average age twenty-eight years and four months—and they had increased their funds to £670 2s. 6½d. Brother Aldous made appropriate remarks upon the advantages of the order. "The health of the Volunteers" was proposed by Mr. Mullett, coupled with the name of Captain Crowfoot. Captain Crowfoot returned thanks. "The health of the District Officers" and "The health of the Lodge Surgeon" were given in succession, and ably responded to. The harmony of the enemy was well supported by the singing of Messrs. Aldous, Hindes, Winson, Horsley, and others.

Brighton.—On Wednesday evening, October 30th, the members of the Beulah Lodge, 4,067, held their Anniversary at the Odd-Fellows Hall, Queen's Road. The Chair was occupied by Provincial G.M. George Palmer; the Vice-Chair being filled by P.G. John Funnell. Among those present were Brother Richards, Lodge Surgeon; P.P.G.M. Curtis, District C.S.; P.P.G.M. Aucock, the paterfamilias and first N.G. of the Lodge; P.P.G.M. Pike, &c., &c. About 80 Members sat down to a good old English dinner, provided by P.S. George Carter, Treasurer of the Lodge. On the cloth being removed the usual loyal toasts were given, and the (non) usual compliments paid to the Volunteers. The G.M. and Board of Directors were given from the Chair, and responded to by the District C.S., who paid high and well-deserved eulogiums on those gentlemen, and also on the C.S. of the Order, whose whole hearts and minds were devoted to the well-being and prosperity of the Unity. He dwelt largely on the A.M.C., and concluded by expressing his earnest wishes that the Brighton District would give the Officers and Delegates such a welcome as would resound from John o'Groat's to Land's End. From the warmth with which these remarks were received, one would feel assured that as far as the Beulah Lodge was concerned, this would be the case. P.P.G.M. Aucock then followed with the toast of "The Beulah Lodge," commenting upon its rapid growth, and especially since its removal to the Hall. He formerly was in the habit of calling it the "Little Beulah," but he was now compelled to call it the "Great Beulah." The toast was responded to by P.G. John Newcombe, Secretary of the Lodge, who stated that the total amount of funds was £649 18s. 3½d., showing an increase of £155 10s. 7d., on the past year. The total number of members good on the books at the present time is 275. The "Widow and Orphan's Fund" was given from the Vice-Chair, and responded to by P.P.G.M. E. Saunders, late C.S. of the District. The "Odd Fellow's Hall," produced an able and eloquent speech from P.G. W. Ridley, the Minute Secretary, which was warmly responded to by P.P.G.M. John Nunn. The "Lodge Surgeons," the "Odd-Fellows' Band" (which enlivened the proceedings during the evening), the "Caterer," the "Ladies," and the "Chair and Vice-Chair," concluded the business of the evening, which was really a very pleasant one, and calculated to enhance the good feeling and kindly sentiments which should exist amongst a brotherhood of the Manchester Unity.

BRIGHTON.—The Loyal Brunswick Lodge, No. 118, celebrated its 39th anniversary on Monday, December 2. The Members dined together in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, P.P.G.M. E. Saunders presiding: P.P.G.M. Aucock officiating as deputy. Prov. C.S. James Curtis, in proposing the toast of the evening, paid a passing but touching tribute of respect to the memory of P.G.M. Roe, whose devotion to the Cause of Odd-Fellowship, and the high honour he had achieved therein, he held forward as an incentive to the younger members. P.P.G.M. Dubbins, in the course of the evening, enlarged upon the coming A.M.C. to be held at Brighton; the Committee were bestiring themselves, and they hoped by the co-operation of the Members generally to render the meeting second to none that had preceded it.

BRIGHTON.—Initiation of the Members for the borough.—On Thursday evening, the 12th December, on the proposition of Dr. Edgar Barrett, our Borough Members, Messrs. Coningham and White, were admitted members of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, in connection with the Western Star Lodge, held at the Odd-Fellows' Hall. The ceremony of initiation over, an adjournment took place to the upper room of the Hall, where a very pleasant evening was passed under the able presidency of Mr. J. R. Morgan, Mr. Wilmshurst acting as deputy. Mr. George Pike, in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Manchester Unity," and Mr. Thompson ably introduced the toast of the evening, "The health of the Borough Members." In responding, Mr. Coningham assured the members of his willingness to assist them in his place in Parliament, whenever they might require it, and Mr. White took occasion, in a speech of some length, to "lay it on thick," as our trans-atlantic brethren would say, concerning his worthy colleague, who, he told the company, was an "extraordinary" man, for he was the same in the House as on the hustings, and, said Mr. White, "I would to God I could say the same of twenty men in that House." On Tuesday evening, at the Waterloo Lodge, held at the Unicorn Inn, North Street, on the proposition of Mr. James Curtis and Mr. Councillor Nunn, our excellent Mayor was admitted a member. His Worship, in joining the Unity, was accompanied by seven other gentlemen, including two of the Council, Messrs. Silverthorpe and Woollett, and three officers of the Artillery Corps, Messrs. Branwell, Silverthorne, and Chittenden. The members of No. 5 Battery of the Artillery Corps, consisting of members of the Manchester Unity, will, in a few days, be sworn in. It is intended that the recruits, who have long been engaged in preliminary drill, should assemble at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, that the band of the Artillery Corps and a guard should attend them, and that they should march to the Town Hall, there to be publicly received by their brothers in arms. The annual Manchester Unity Ball in aid of the funds of the Hospital is announced for Monday, January 20.

BRISTOL.—LOYAL PHŒNIX LODGE OF ODD-FELLOWS.—PRESENTATION

Supper.—On Tuesday evening, October 1, between fifty and sixty of the members of the Loyal Phœnix Lodge of the Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U.B.D., partook of an excellent dinner at the Swan Tavern, Temple Gate, to celebrate a very gratifying presentation to the indefatigable permanent Secretary of the Lodge, P.P.G.M. J. Leworthy. The dinner was served in first-rate style, and was admired by all present. After the cloth was removed, the chair was taken by P.P.G.M. John Tovey, who was supported by P.G.M. Jesse Dickes, and the C.S., Thomas Adams. The vice-chair was taken by Mr. G. Knight. The usual loyal and patriotic and other toasts were honoured, and afterwards the presentation took place. It consisted of a beautifully-finished patent lever watch and gold Albert chain, supplied by Brother P.G. Cromey, Nicholas Street. The following inscription was engraved upon it:—"Presented by the members of the Loyal Phœnix Lodge, M.U.B.D., to P.P.G.M. John Leworthy, for his faithful services as Secretary during eight years, August, 1861." The presentation was made by the C.S. of the District, Thomas Adams, who delivered a short but interesting address. Brother Leworthy replied in a very appropriate speech, and referred to his connection with the Society for the last fourteen years, during the whole of which time he held some office, and thanked them in feeling terms for the handsome testimonial which they had presented to him. The company remained together until a late hour, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

Cork.—The annual soiree and ball of the Cork Odd-Fellows' Society took place last night in the Athenæum; and its success was very decided. The attendance was large and respectable, and included members of many of the most respectable families in the city. There was a great number of ladies present, and their appearance in nearly all cases fully supported the reputation of Cork as regards the personal beauty of the female portion of its inhabitants. Everything was managed in the best way by the stewards and the committee, so that the evening and night passed off without a hitch, and to the satisfaction of all present. An excellent quadrille band, conducted by Mr. Wood, furnished the music for the evening. The refreshments were supplied by Miss Johnson, Grand Parade, and were of the best description, and on the most liberal scale. On the whole, the ball was a decided success, and out of the extensive number of ladies and gentlemen present, there was scarcely any but expressed themselves highly pleased with the excellence of the arrangements, the attention of the members of the Society, and the agreeable manner in which, from these various reasons, the entire entertainment passed off.

At half-past eight o'clock there was on the platform erected at the end of the hall, Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P.; Cornelius Keller, Ald., T.C.; C. J. Cantillon, T.C.; M. J. Collins, T.C.; V. Fitzgibbon, T.C.; Dr. Hobart, and a great number of other gentlemen—visitors and members of the Society.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., the Chairman, delivered a most able address, eloquently illustrating the principles of the Order.

Dublin.—Presentation.—On September the 19th, a large number of the officers and brethren of the Dublin District met at the house of Mr. M. J. Ralph, D.G.M., to present an address, together with an ornamented clock and a purse of sovereigns, to C.S. John Quigley, in testimony of their esteem. D.G.M. Ralph occupied the chair, and the evening was agreeably spent in the enjoyment of the good fare provided by the worthy host, during which a number of toasts were proposed and ably responded to.

Dublin.—The Odd Fellows' Ball.—The annual ball of this Society took place on the 18th November, at the Rotundo, Dublin, under most favourable circumstances. The entire suite of rooms were thrown open, and the attendance was numerous and respectable. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock, at which time the Round Room presented a most animated appearance, many of the members appearing in full costume. The rooms were decorated with handsome flags, presented by Mr. H. Webb, of the Queen's Royal Theatre. By the kind permission of the Colonels of the 11th Hussars and of the 87th Royal Irish Fusileers, the splendid bands of both regiments were in attendance. The band of the 11th performed a series of pieces of dance-music, under the direction of Signor Operti. A string band, under the direction of Mr. Connolly, performed a well-selected programme in the Pillar Room. Messrs. Friengley, G.M., Ralph, D.G.M., and John Quigley, C.S., conducted the several arrangements in an admirable manner. The dancing was kept up with great spirit to an advanced hour. The refreshments were supplied by Mr. Ralph, of Newcomen place.

GLOSSOP.—The Temple of Odd-Fellowship Lodge celebrated their eighteenth anniversary on Wednesdny evening last, at the house of host James Owen, Junction Inn. Upwards of sixty of the members and friends sat down to a repast, which all the company united in testifying did infinite credit to the host and his sister, Miss Owen. Mr. Joseph Woodcock, the Deputy Grand Master of the Order, was unanimously called to the chair. The chairman was supported on the right by Mr. Gale, of Liverpool, the present Grand Master of the Order, and Mr. Noon, of Belper, Member of the Board of Directors; and on his left he was supported by Mr. Crispin, of Ipswich, also Member of the Board of Directors, and Mr. J. Lewis, P.P.G.M., of the Mottram District. The chairman, in opening the meeting, said that he should not trouble them with a long speech, as the programme was a long one, and he was surrounded by speakers both able and eloquent. As it was usual to begin loyally, the first toast he would propose was "the Queen," which was heartily responded to by the whole company. After which, Miss Broadbent sung "God save the Queen," the company joining in the chorus. The chairman proposed "the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity," of which the "Temple of Oddfellowship" was one of the Lodges. Mr. Crispin: "I find myself called upon to fill what appears to be a rather anomalous position, though at the same time it gives me very great pleasure to occupy that, to me, proud position; for it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to belong to the Manchester Unity, and to be privileged to take a part in its management. I also think it a very high honour to be called upon by our worthy chairman to respond to the toast put into my hand, though at the same time it may seem somewhat presumptuous in me, who am comparatively but a young Odd-fellow, to say anything about what Odd-fellowship has done for Glossop, seeing that Odd-fellowship existed in this locality long before I was born, and may in some measure be considered to have originated in this neighbourhood." (Cheers.) The Grand Master, Mr. Gale, and Mr. Noon having addressed the meeting, Mr. France stated that the funds of the lodge amounted to £620, the number of members 69, shewing an average of £9 per member.

GODALMING.—The members and friends of the Victory Lodge, 3759, M. U., met at the Lodge-house, George Inn, High-street, Godalming, on which occasion a most excellent supper was provided by the worthy host, Mr. B. Batson. The chair being taken by P.G. R. Whitburn, Esq., the Treasurer of the Lodge. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman said, he now came to the business of the evening, that of presenting to Prov. C.S. Henry Bridger, a silver lever watch, value five guineas, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Prov. C.S. H. Bridger, by the officers and brethren of the Victory Lodge, M.U., Godalming, as a token of respect and appreciation of his services, Oct. 29th, 1861." The Chairman expressed great delight in having to discharge so agreeable a duty. Observing that Prov. C.S. Bridger, during his fourteen years' connection with the Lodge, had performed many important services, having filled the various offices of the Lodge, and, in every respect proved himself worthy of all the esteem and regard they could manifest towards him. Prov. C.S. Bridger, in receiving the testimonial said, he sincerely thanked them for their highly-prized present, which he should ever look upon with pride and gratitude; he had been a member and servant of his Lodge fourteen years, and trusted his labours had not been in vain; he should look upon this evening as one of the most gratifying of his life. "Allow me," said he, "to thank you, and say that I trust my future efforts in the cause of Odd-Fellowship may continue unabated, and ever meet your kind approval. Brother Odd-Fellows I sincerely thank you." The song and toast went merrily round, the members and friends spent a very happy evening.

Halifax.—On Monday evening, September 16th, at a meeting of the Good-Intent Lodge, held in the large room, Odd-Fellows' Hall, Halifax, Colonel Akroyd, of Bank Field, was initiated an honorary member of the order. A very numerous attendance of members from 18 Lodges were highly gratified at hearing the gallant colonel express his approval of the principles of the order—and his gratification upon having been admitted a member.

Manchester.—The forty-first anniversary of the Loyal Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester District, was celebrated on Saturday evening, September 14th, at the house of host Wm. G. Newton, at the Sir Ralph Abercrombie Inn, Ancoats, Manchester, P.G.M. John Ormond, C.S. of the District, in the chair; the vice-chair was filled by Mr. Fredk. Richmond, P.P.G.M., a member of the Board of Directors. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman gave "The G.M. and Board of Directors," which was most ably responded to by Mr. Richmond. "The Officers of the Manchester District," responded to by the Grand Master, Mr. J. Hudson. The toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Earl of Oxford Lodge," was proposed in very suitable terms by P.P.G.M. Richmond—eliciting an interesting reply from the Permanent Secretary of the Lodge, Mr. John Davies. Many other toasts and sentiments, aided by the excellent singing of Messrs. Davies, Newton, Barlow, Crother, and Grills, contributed to the enjoyment of an evening which will long be remembered with satisfaction by those present at the forty-first anniversary of the Loyal Oxford Lodge.

Middlesbrough-on-Tees.—The Joseph Warburton Lodge of the above society, being the parent Lodge of the District, has for some time past been making rapid advances, by adding to its numbers many of the respectable working men of the town, and also a goodly sprinkling of the middle and higher classes. A special meeting of the Lodge was held on Friday, the 13th inst., for the purpose of initiating Mr. Councillor William Doughty, of this town. On this occasion the members generally were in full regalia, which gave the Lodge-room a very cheerful and gay appearance. To observe the change of feeling which has taken place in the public mind generally in respect of this society—for, since we can remember, all Odd-Fellows and Odd-fellows' Lodges were treated as very dangerous men and very dangerous things—is to have made evident the fact that the principle that governs all the branches of the order—particularly those properly conducted—is looked upon in a different light, and that the middle and higher classes now feel it an honour instead of a disgrace to belong to such institutions. On the evening alluded to, the N.G.'s chair was ably filled by P.G. John Musgrove. P.G. Timothy Henderson acting as lecture master. After the making ceremony was concluded, J. H. Anderson, P.P.G.M., rose to propose the health of the new-made member, Mr. Doughty, and, in doing so, prefaced the toast by observing that, however much the young members of the Lodge might be gratified by a meeting like the present, and the purpose for which they had met, it must be much more gratifying to him, who had spent now upwards of twenty years amongst them, and had taken a very active part that had tended to promote their welfare. It was a source of great pleasure to him to reflect on the great changes that had taken place in the Joseph Warburton Lodge since he first became a member of it. It had risen from obscurity to be one of the most influential Lodges in the Unity, and he sincerely trusted they would continue in the way they were going, for there was nothing more certain than that as long as they continued to deserve the respect hitherto manifested to them, there was no doubt such respect would not only be maintained but increased, and concluded an interesting speech by proposing the health of the new-made brother, Wm. Doughty. Mr. Doughty briefly acknowledged the compliment, and assured those present that the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows was a society he had always had a great respect for. He was glad he was now a member, and trusted he should never disgrace the obligations he had that night taken, but prove a good and useful Odd-Fellow. A variety of toasts, &c., closed a most interesting evening.

FREMANTLE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—New Swan Lodge, No. 4406, I.O.O.F. M.U.—The anniversary of the above Lodge was commemorated on Thursday and Friday, the 15th and 16th August last, at Host Lodge's Castle Hotel. At 3 p.m., the brethren met at their Lodge-room and went to church in procession, with their new banner, headed by the band of the Royal Engineers. At the church an eloquent and impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. Br. Bostock, after which the procession moved through the principal streets of the town, and on passing through Cliff-street, drew up in front of the residence of P.P.G.M. Shipton, the worthy founder of Odd-Fellowship in Western Australia, whose absence, from illness, was most deeply felt by all the members of the Lodge: the band playing the tune of the "Old English Gentleman." At 6 o'clock H. E., the Governor, with his usual punctuality, accompanied by his private secretary and Major Henderson, R.E., arrived, and was received by a guard of honour, consisting of about 70 pensioners, under the command of Captain Finnerty, Staff Officer; the band playing the National Anthem. His Excellency and party were received by several of the Past Officers of the Lodge and Order. In the absence of P.P.G.M. Shipton, P.G.M. Broun, at the request of the Lodge, presided, and P.G.M. Harwood, occupied the vice chair, about 70 sitting down to dinner, amongst whom were Captain Grain, R.E,, Captain Finnerty, the resident magistrate of Fremantle, &c., &c. After dinner, the usual loyal tosts were proposed and duly honoured. His Excellency the Governor's health was then proposed by Br. Samson, M.L.C., who eloquently enlarged on the urbanity evinced and hospitality at all times desplayed by his Excellency. His Excellency's health was drank amidst loud cheers, the band playing "The Sprig of Shillelah." His Excellency rose, amidst loud applause, to respond to the toast, and said nothing had given him greater pleasure than the honour paid him by an invitation from the Odd-Fellows Lodge. He felt sure that such societies were formed on a sound basis, and much good emanated from them. His Excellency concluded an able and eloquent address by wishing continued prosperity to the New Swan Lodge, and resumed his seat amidst long-continued cheering.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Monday evening last an animated and very successful meeting of the Wolverhampton District of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows was held in the Corn Exchange. The circumstances contributing to render the meeting so successful and interesting were the announcement that a large banner, promised to the Odd-Fellows of this town in July last by Charles Clark, Esq., the then Mayor, was to be presented on this occasion; and also that Mr. Hardwick, Past Grand Master of the Order, was to deliver an address on the importance of Friendly Societies to the working classes. Prior to the meeting in the

Corn Exchange, the members of the Chillington Lodge met at the house of Mr. Willcock, in North Street, when the Lodge initiated the following gentlemen as honorary members, who, from their rank and position in the town, will add strength and honour to its ranks; G. L. Underhill, Esq. (Mayor), Charles Clark, jun., Esq., Mr. Edward Bagley, G. H. Chambley, Esq., solicitor, Captain Seagrave, Mr. B. Hoult, and others. The initiation ceremony was read by the Rev. J. H. Iles, rector of St. Peter's, who is also an honorary member of the Order. After the interesting ceremony was completed, several toasts were given and received with much enthusiasm, amongst others the health of the Mayor, and were suitably acknowledged. About eight o'clock the Mayor entered the Exchange, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, amongst whom were C. Clark, Esq., ex-Mayor, Mr. C. Hardwick, Messrs. Gatis, Stokes, H. Vaughan, Dolman, Dunn (surgeon), E. J. Hayes (Town Clerk), Hyatt, Captain Segrave, Hoult, Collins, M. L. Feibusch, Jones (Corresponding Secretary of the District), Willcock, Dr. Fraser, &c. Mr. Hardwick having delivered a most able Lecture, resumed his seat amidst loud applause. The large and beautiful flag was then unfurled, the whole audience joining in a tremendous cheer as it was held up to view. It is a large blue silk banner, measuring nine feet by six feet, fringed with yellow edgings and tassels. On the front side is beautifully painted in various hues the arms of the Order, and the Mayor's crest, and also the words—" Presented by Charles Clark, Esq., Mayor, July 10, 1861." On the reverse are the royal arms, the arms of the borough, and the following motto :—" Obey the laws, cultivate the arts, remain the friends of peace, order, and progress." Charles Clark, Esq., came forward, and said he had much pleasure in presenting the banner to the Wolverhampton District of Odd-Fellows. When he presided at their demonstration in July, he was much struck with the good feeling that prevailed among them, and was exceedingly glad to find some of his own workmen amongst the Order, and he so much appreciated the objects of the Society that he at once became an honorary member, and though he had become an honorary member of that Order, he wished it to be understood that it was not because he deprecated other societies, as he was also a member of the Catholic Friendly Society. (Cheers.) He was so impressed with the value of those institutions that he could recommend them to every young man. It was very heart-rending to see a woman left with a large family, with not a penny to face the world. He hoped, therefore, that every young man, whether married or single, would join some Friendly Society. And if by his endeavours he could forward the general interests of the Order, by inducing men to enrol themselves as members, he should consider he had been a benefit to society.

# Obituary.

## DEATH OF JAMES ROE, P.G.M.

At a time when a whole nation mourns with sincerest sorrow the death of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, we also have, in our own sphere, to add yet another cause for unfeigned sorrow and lasting regret. It may be truly said, that the removal by the hand of death of James Roe, leaves a void in the Manchester Unity, which will not easily be filled.

For upwards of twenty years the deceased held a most conspicuous position in the order—during that long period, he may be said as Prov. C.S., to have conducted the affairs of the North London District—the largest in the Unity—with the most complete success—whilst his attention to his duties as a Director of the Order—and the ability with which he represented his district at twenty-one consecutive A.M.C.'s, deservedly won for the deceased an affectionate regard amongst a wide circle of friends in all parts of the kingdom. Of the deceased it may, with great truth be said, that he "died in harness." In the course of the month of October he was seized with an alarming and dangerous malady, which almost proved fatal to his feeble frame—but from this attack he slowly recovered, sufficiently so, in the opinion of his medical advisers, to justify his attendance at the November meeting of the Board of Directors; during the week he paid his usual strict attention to the business of the meeting, affording his sound and clear judgment upon the various matters submitted to the consideration of the Board—but his brother Directors could not fail to mark the deep traces of the severe affliction from which he had just emerged. The tale of sorrow may now be briefly told. With kind words and good wishes to all, he bade adieu to his colleagues on the 15th November, never more to meet again on earth. After a brief illness—his enfeebled frame unable to bear up under a second attack—all that was mortal of James Roe ceased to exist; he died on Sunday night, November 24th, in the presence of his family and the Grand Master of the North London District. His last words were of the order he had served so faithfully and so well. Throughout the Unity there can be but one feeling, that of sorrow and regret for the loss his family and the order have sustained.

It may not be out of place here to convey to our readers some idea of the services James Roe has rendered to, and the estimation in which he has been held by, the order.

In April, 1847, his portrait appeared in the magazine. We extract from the memoir then published the following account of his career as an Odd-Fellow:—

"James Roe is a native of Fazeley, in Staffordshire, where he was born, October 18th, 1805. He had the advantage of receiving two years' instruction in Sir Robert Peel's Free School—and was one of six scholars selected by Sir Robert for admission to a preparatory academy with a view to college training—which distinction indicates early attention and merit on the part of our young pupil. Unfortunately, Sir Robert was diverted from his praiseworthy intentions, by the prejudice then existing against the education of the "lower orders," and young James was obliged to be content with such instruction as the slender means of his parents could afford and his own exertions procure. At a proper age he was apprenticed to an uncle, a fancy brush maker, at Birmingham. That his habits were characterised by aptitude, industry, and enterprise, is evidenced by the fact, that coming to London, in 1832, with his master, he soon after commenced business on his own account, and though his capital consisted only in the knowledge of his trade, and a small stock of tools provided by his father—he, aided by the better fortune still of an independent spirit and determination to succeed, overcame all difficulties, and established a respectable connection in trade.

"His next connection (excepting the pleasant one of marrying) was with the Manchester Unity. Early in 1839, he was attracted by the grotesque wood-cut which adorned Mr. Hetherington's periodical, entitled the "Odd-Fellow." He purchased a copy, which happened to contain a lucid article on Odd-Fellowship, by P.G.M. Peiser, of Manchester. This induced him to inquire further, and in July, 1839, he joined the Good Samaritan Lodge, of the North London District, which at that time contained only 28 members, and the whole District but 370. His attention to Lodge business was such as became a young member—it was earnest and perfect, and he passed through every office as fast as the General Laws allowed.

"In December of the same year, 1840, he was without any solicitation or expectancy on his part, appointed to the important and responsible office of C.S. of the North London District, which he still holds, with credit to himself and the unanimous satisfaction of the Lodges. His first step was consistent. He reduced his own financial precepts to practice, and with such success, that though for many quarters the Auditors appointed were persons theoretically opposed to him, and consequently lynx-eyed for the detection of mistake, the accounts have in every instance been pronounced without error. A wide-spread confidence in the affairs of the District sprung up. On C.S. Roe's appointment, the District numbered but 10 Lodges and 500 Members—since which time 100 new Lodges have been added, and now the District boasts of 7,000 Members. Of course others have taken part in producing this flattering augmentation, but how honourable a share C.S. Roe had in it, the District itself testified in 1843, by presenting him with a valuable gold watch, as a mark of appreciation of his services. And it is not easy to estimate too high the value of the arithmetical reform which he instituted. Money is not more the sinew of war than is accuracy in accounts the sinew of confidence, wherever pounds shillings and pence are concerned. A safe Actuary is the soul of a Provident and Benevolent Society.

"These qualities achieved for Mr. Roe distinction in a wider sphere. He has been elected to represent the North London District at the A. M. C's. held at the Isle of Man, Wigan, Bradford, Newcastle, Glasgow, and Bristol, and is now appointed to attend the ensuing one at Oxford. Three A. M. C's. have appointed him a Director of the Order, and during three successive years he has been one of the Trustees of the Unity. These duties have ever been discharged with honour to himself. His practical good sense secures him the respect of his Fellow Directors and the attention of the Annual Meetings.

"No man has juster notions than James Roe of the vast powers of combination, whether for good or evil, possessed by the Manchester Unity, and no one is more honestly resolved to direct them wisely. He is one of the acknowledged opponents of ignoble content with partial good and evident imperfection, and ranks with the foremost friends of temperate and judicious progression, and he has creditably identified himself with the great measures of equalized representation and sound financial reform.

"That useful principle enunciated in one of the Ethical "Lectures" recently adopted by the Order—that moral worth lies in the continuity of a man's proper duties well fulfilled—is strikingly illustrated in the character of James Roe. No man knows better what it is expected that as an officer he should know. With the laws and usages of the Order he is well acquainted. Such is his familiarity with them that by some of his friends he is pleasantly styled the "Follett of the District"—the late Sir William Follett seeming not to be more at home in the jurisprudence of the British Empire, than C. S. Roe in the Manchester Unity. He is frequently made an umpire in disputed cases, and the confidence placed in his decisions reflects credit on his judgment and intellectual habits. It is known that he will thoroughly examine *both* sides of the question. From his verdict there has seldom if ever been an appeal; and in declaring his opinion he so happily combines the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* that justice and fraternity are both maintained.

"An attractive characteristic of James Roe in his evident honesty. You feel at once that there is no reserve about him. His friendly offices are all frank. He never stoops to *finesse*. When he rises to speak, you perceive that he is going to speak what he thinks. He may be in the wrong, but he has no double meanings. He never means but one thing, and that the right one. And if an error in his conceptions is pointed out to him, he has the courage and manliness to own and correct it at once. With him "Friendship, Love, and Truth" are not so many words learned by rote to be given with "quick fire"—or to round periods with at annual dinners—but words of sincere import, breathing their influence over thought and conduct. These are the men who give freshness to society, and we turn from the din of "cheers" and blaze of eulogy, too often won by clap-trap and hollow profession, as from an unhealthy excitement, and seek the wholesome company and converse of the less glittering, but the more estimable—the unassuming, the frank, and the true."

To complete this biography we may add, that the steady course of James Roe in the order continued to the close of his useful life. At the subsequent A.M.C.'s held at Oxford, Southampton, Blackburn, Halifax, and Dublin, he was continued in the office of Director. At Carlisle, in 1852, he was elected D.G.M. of the order, and the following year at Preston, succeeded to the proudest position that can be attained by an Odd-Fellow—he became *Grand Muster* of the Manchester Unity.

In 1854, he remained a Member of the Executive as Past Grand Master. At the A.M.C. held at Durham in the following year, he was again elected a Member of the Board of Directors; and, at the banquet, as some acknowledgment of his great services to the Unity, as one of the principal movers in obtaining the passing of the act which has enabled the order to become a legalized Institution of the country, he was presented with a purse containing one hundred guineas. He continued a Director to the close of his life, not unfrequently being elected at the head of the poll. The deceased for many years also held the honourable position of Trustee to the order, which office becomes vacant by his death. We believe there is but one other instance of a member of the Board of Directors, whilst in office, having been removed by the hand of death—the late Mr. Edward Powell, of the Potteries and the Newcastle District, having died on the 31st May, 1848, whilst holding the office D.G.M. of the order. It would be unjust to the memory of the deceased to pass over the services rendered by James Roe, as Parliamentary Agent to the order; for years he watched the course of Parliament in reference to Friendly Societies. Ever watchful that no absurd or mischievous Bill should become law—his constant attendance at the House when any measure for regulating these societies was under discussion, the information he afforded to many members of both Houses of Parliament with regard to the probable effects of the proposed measure, we feel persuaded, prevented the passing of obnoxious clauses, which would have proved most vexatious to Friendly Societies. It remains for us to say that the mortal remains of James Roe were interred on Sunday, December 1st, in the Great Northern Cemetery, Colney Hatch. Upwards of 2,000 members being present with the sorrowing relatives of the deceased.

James Roe has left a widow and two Children, a son and daughter to mourn their irreparable loss. We are not sufficiently informed to speak with certainty; but it may be that the Unity may have an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of the worth of the departed. The last moments of James Roe were, perhaps, cheered with the consciousness that his widow and fatherless children, if in need, would not be forgotten by that Unity he had served so well. The writer of this humble but sincere tribute to his memory can testify how the deceased, with warm heart and open hand, was ever ready to relieve and cheer the sorrowing ones who had claims upon the sympathy of the members of our great Unity.

A brother and kind friend is lost to us for ever. May the memory of his useful and blameless life be cherished throughout the order, and serve as an incentive to those who may succeed him to walk in the path which he trod with unswerving truth and unbending integrity and honour.

W MORTON. Sc. MANCHR.

Yours truly
William B. Smith.

# THE
# ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1862.

## Mr. Wm. B. Smith, P.G.M.

Mr. William B. Smith was born September, 1821, at Kingswood, near Birmingham, in which town he was educated, and served an apprenticeship in a factor's warehouse, in the iron and hardware trade. But the sympathies of the young man were more attracted by the stormy events of public life than by the routine pursuits of the counting-house. When scarcely twenty years of age, Mr. Smith became a member of the True Briton's Lodge, Birmingham District, was elected Secretary on the night of his initiation, and very quickly passed through the various offices. His capacity for business was soon recognised. In the year 1841 he was appointed a Deputy to the Quarterly Committee, and in the same year District Auditor, also undertaking the Superintendence of the Odd-Fellows' Sunday Adult School. Continuing his career of usefulness, and anxious for the promotion of the mental culture of his Brother Odd-Fellows, he earnestly desired that a building should be erected in which, not only the business of the District might be transacted, but that such Lodges as chose might hold their meetings therein. He also sought to provide accommodation for all who might desire to increase their store of knowledge, by attending the school he so ably conducted. In accordance with these views, in 1843, he submitted a proposition for building an Odd-Fellows' Hall, which was adopted and speedily carried into effect. This building was not destined to have a lengthened existence. The requirements of the Birmingham and Bristol Railway Company enabled the District to effect a most advantageous sale of the property to that company, the proceeds of which were applied in building the present spacious Hall, in Temple Street, one of the best sites in the town. At the close of this year he was elected D.G.M., and at the next Annual Meeting, Grand Master of the Birmingham District, then containing upwards of 6,000 members. In 1846 he was appointed Prov. C.S. During these years he was not less assiduous in promoting the general welfare of the Unity, which had spread itself with extraordinary rapidity, having extended its operation to every county in England and many parts of Scotland and Wales. Branches were also established in our most distant colonies. Mr. Smith, in 1844, first took a part in the general affairs of the Order, having been appointed a Deputy from his District to the Newcastle A.M.C. Up to this period Lodges shared in an equal degree with Districts the right of appointing Deputies to the Annual Meeting. Mr. Smith, although so young a man, saw at once the absurdity of this arrangement, and brought powerful arguments to bear upon the question with singular clearness. He established the fact, that in any case the meeting could be literally inundated with representatives from Lodges situated in the locality in which the meeting was held. He urged also that, owing to the extension of railway accommodation throughout the country, the facilities afforded might lead to the Annual Meeting becoming an unmanageable crowd, owing to excess of numbers. In fact, he saw that the time had arrived for giving a new constitution to the Order. Upon his motion, Lodge representation was abolished, and to him is therefore mainly due the credit of having established the present system of District representation, which has worked so well and remained unaltered for eighteen years. At this meeting, Mr. Smith was appointed a Member of the Sub-Committee and a Director of the Order: a success rarely achieved by so young a member upon his first appearance.

At the Glasgow Meeting, in 1845, Mr. Smith submitted the celebrated resolutions destined to initiate a revolution in the financial arrangements of the Unity. The storm that arose in that meeting amongst those who clung to the existing order of things will not readily be forgotten; but Mr. Smith, with admirable temper, determination, and ability, defended his propositions both by his voice and pen. The success then obtained, led to a rebellion by a large section of Members in Manchester aad its neighbourhood. In three Districts—Manchester, Salford, and Liverpool—no less than 135 Lodges, containing upwards of 15,000 Members, withdrew from the Unity rather than submit to the new financial arrangements, the adoption of which, alone, could give them the smallest chance of escaping impending ruin. These Members, then called "Seceders," subsequently adopted the title of "Nationals," under which name they still exist as a separate Unity. The more enlightened of them at the present day regret the step then so rashly taken, and deplore the condition to which they have been reduced. It should be mentioned that so strongly did the secessionist party feel assured of defeating Mr. Smith's financial scheme, that they determined to send a Deputation to Birmingham to beard the young reformer on his own ground. The challenge was accepted, and a full discussion ensued. Again, with singular ability and earnest eloquence, Mr. Smith defended his scheme. Resolutions expressive of confidence in the executive were passed almost unanimously; and the talent of the originator excited the admiration of all who took an interest in the future well-being of the Order. At the Glasgow Meeting Mr. Smith was re-elected a Member of the Board of Directors.

At the Bristol A.M.C., in 1846, Mr. Smith moved a resolution abolishing the law which gave to the Manchester District the exclusive privilege of providing the Unity Officers. The time and the man had arrived. The Manchester Unity, now no longer a locally governed society, rapidly became a really national institution, and took the foremost place amongst the provident societies of the empire. Mr. Smith was rewarded by being selected as the first Officer of the Order, not a Member of the Manchester District.

At the Oxford Annual Committee, in 1847, the Birmingham Deputies introduced a petition in favour of the legalization of the Order, which had been sanctioned by that District. Mr. Smith himself had previously brought forward the question at the Bristol A.M.C., and now being D.G.M. of the Order, advocated the adoption of the petition in a speech of great length, replete with cogent reasoning. The result was, the meeting adopted the petition with few alterations, and thus was laid the foundation of that agitation which resulted in the enrolment of the laws of the Order by resolutions passed at the Dublin A.M.C. in 1851.

There can be little doubt that out of these proceedings arose the serious misunderstanding between the Officers of the Order, the Directors, and the late Secretary, at the end of 1847 and the early part of 1848, which culminated at the extraordinary meeting in the Corn Exchange, in February, 1848. The proceedings were fully reported at the time, and will be well remembered by all who then took an interest in the prosperity of the Unity. Mr. Smith's vindication of himself and refutation of the charges brought against him, was able and eloquent, completely destroying the case of his opponent. A provisional government was established, which claims the honour of having preserved the Manchester Unity in the hour of its greatest peril; the names of P.G.M. Smith, P.G.M. Daynes, P. Prov. G.M. Simeon, and others, will long be remembered in connection with these memorable proceedings.

A visit paid by Mr. Smith to Ireland, in his capacity of Grand Master of the Order (to which high office he had been appointed by the Oxford A.M.C.), in the autumn of 1847, in consequence of the difference arising in connection with the Relief Fund, is believed to have done much good to the cause of Odd-Fellowship. His reception by the various municipal authorities was of the most flattering and gratifying kind.

The Birmingham District at this time marked its sense of the past services the Grand Master had rendered to the Order, and the credit he had reflected upon his District, by presenting him with a valuable gold watch, guard chain, pencil case, and a set of mathematical instruments.

In 1848 Mr. Smith gave valuable evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to report on a Bill which had been introduced into Parliament for the purpose of enabling Odd-Fellows' Lodges to become legalized societies. After an examination, extending over three hours, he was highly complimented by the late Lord Beaumont for the able manner in which he had communicated much valuable information to their lordships.

During 1847-8, the annual returns of sickness and mortality were placed in Mr. Smith's hands for compilation and analysis; but the turmoil in which he was then engaged in Manchester rendered it impossible for him to bring his labours to a close, and, at the request of the Directors, he handed over all the books and data to the present Secretary, by whom the work was completed. At the Southampton A.M.C., in 1848, Mr. Smith presided as Grand Master of the Order. At this meeting he was honourably acquitted of all the imputations which had been cast upon him.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Smith may be said to have ceased his active labours as an Odd-Fellow, his connexion with the Board, at which he attended as Past Grand Master, terminating at the May meeting in 1849. Mr. Smith, we feel assured, gratefully remembers the aid he received in his early struggles to improve the Order, from the late James Roe, of London, Mr. Daynes, and Mr. Charles Ashdown, of Stepney. Upon retiring from active exertion in the cause of Odd-Fellowship, Mr. Smith established the *Birmingham Mercury,* a newspaper which was amalgamated with another journal advocating similar views in 1858.

Mr. Smith has actively and ably exerted himself on many important questions of a political or social character. Some years ago, in conjunction with his friend Mr. James Taylor, he successfully established Land and Building Societies, which have since attained great magnitude and importance in Birmingham. A man of decidedly liberal opinions in politics, Mr. Smith has consistently and earnestly sought to forward the views of his party.

With regard to Mr. Smith's domestic life, in which our readers, of the fair sex at least, take some interest, we may say that he is blessed with a wife and two children; and all his old friends who may have lost sight of him for years, will rejoice to learn that in his domestic matters as well as pecuniary means, little remains to be desired.

We may close this notice by expressing our earnest conviction, that never was the honour of having a portrait placed in the Magazine more fairly won or more richly deserved than by the able and eloquent Past Grand Master, William Benjamin Smith, a name that will ever be honourably associated with the most important measures that have conduced to the preservation of the Manchester Unity as a great Provident Society.

## To the Readers of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.

The directors of the Manchester Unity having confided to me the editorship of the Magazine, a few words, on assuming its responsibilities, will, perhaps, not be considered out of place. And yet, I have but little to say. Although I have expended many words in my life-time in advocating the cause of Odd-Fellowship, and in promoting the intellectual, moral, and social advancement of our industrial population, I entertain infinitely greater regard for active deeds than for verbal protestations, however eloquent in expression, or truthful in sentiment. Fortunately for me, I am pretty well known to a large and influential section of the members of our great unity. To them, I think, I may, without undue egotism, confidently refer to my past career, as the best guarantee for my future effort. The editorship of an organ, established for the purpose of diffusing the great principles of Odd-Fellowship, or, in other words, for inculcating the practice of beneficence and kindness, of fraternal sympathy and manly self-reliance, will be to me not simply a professional duty, but a "labour of love," in its most exalted sense. Signal failure in such a cause is scarcely to be feared when the emotions of the heart vibrate in harmony with the intellectual conviction. It is this sentiment, which, while it does not blind me to the difficulties and responsibilities of my task, inspires me with a degree of rational confidence. I feel assured I shall have the hearty co-operation of many valued friends—friends whose kindly sympathy and good-will I have gained while fighting with them, shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of that potent though peaceful army, which seeks to uproot, or, at the least, to considerably mitigate, the evils attendant upon improvidence, pauperism, and crime; and to elevate the physical, moral, and social condition of the labouring masses. It will be my constant care, while catering with a willing mind for the healthy recreation or intellectual amusement of my readers, so to direct the general tone of the Magazine, that its great educational purpose shall become strengthened and expanded, rather than impaired. The organ of the most extensive self-governed provident institution of the people in the world, in this age of popular progression, has no ignoble mission confided to it. If it be true to the self-relying instincts which called it into being, it cannot fail to do some good service in the great cause of civilization, and in the extension of its blessings to every section of our common humanity. The readers of the Magazine, generally, as members of the Manchester Unity, are directly interested in its well-being. May I not, therefore, confidently hope, that each will cheerfully aid me, in however limited a degree, while I earnestly strive to promote its objects, and extend its influence? An increased circulation, is, after all, the great distinguishing feature of literary success. Towards its achievement my humblest friends can, with but little effort, render most valuable service. From past experience, I feel some confidence it will not be withheld.

CHARLES HARDWICK.

100, City-road, Manchester,
February, 1862.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

"Faint not, oh spirit! in dejected mood,
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;
Revolt not, heart, though still misunderstood;
For-gratitude of all things 'neath the sun,
Is easiest lost, and insecurest won.
Doubt not, clear mind, that worketh out the right
For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,
And Patience weave it, ere that sign of might,
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light."

*Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Child of the Islands."*

# Insolvent Friendly Societies.

It is a trite saying that a man, or even a community of men, may become so accustomed to the action of any particular evil, social, political, or moral, that it ceases to a large extent to exhibit its normal qualities to either their mental or physical vision. All know the influence of habit in determining the amount of soap and water, and the frequency of its application to the human skin, necessary to ensure conventional personal cleanliness. Men, women, and children, pass their lives with at least some show of contentment, in localities, whose filthy squalor is an abomination to the sight, and the reeking odour from which, in Trinculo's phraseology, excites "indignation in the nostrils" of those who think that Cleanliness ranks next to Godliness in the scale of Christian virtues. Year by year, medical men report that the condition of such and such localities furnishes the malaria that poisons the deadly typhoid arrow, and renders it the most destructive of Disease's many fatal weapons; yet, it is nevertheless true that those who suffer to the greatest extent and in the most direct manner from the terrible scourge, often appear practically to ignore the fact, that they are yearly sacrificing hetacombs of their relations and friends at the shrine of the demon Dirt, and his satellites—Insufficient Drainage and Imperfect Ventilation. Such is the force of habit that, in some instances, not only does the action of the intellect become partially paralysed, but the nostril loses its cunning. Time after time has the burning lava leaped from the furnace bosom of Vesuvius and entombed in its fiery embrace fertile pastures, thriving villages, elegant villas, and populous cities. Yet, after a little while, brave but imprudent men erect new homesteads and temples, plant new vineyards and pleasure gardens, on the stiffened crust of the lava cement that sepulchres the remains of a past age, happy in the hope that the slumbers of the subterranean fire will not be disturbed in their day and generation. Truly, with a large portion of mankind, the apostolic axiom, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is accepted in its literal rather than in its more extensive signification.

Many well meaning provident men have latterly become so accustomed to the wail of lugubrious prophecy respecting the future of a large number of existing Friendly Societies, that they have ceased to regard the vaticination as anything more than one of the many weapons fashioned by slanderous malice, and covertly aimed by pretended friends or open enemies, at the very existence of their cherished institutions. This feeling of indifference is increased by the circumstance, that the demise of a Friendly Society is not exactly an every day affair, in any given limited locality, although the seeds of destruction may be as certainly germinating in their life blood as the fire is smouldering in the entrails of the slumbering volcano. When such an event does occur, it is more than probable that the true cause or causes of the special collapse is but partially, if at all, understood by those most interested. I was told but very recently by some of the members of a friendly society, situated in one of the densest centres of our manufacturing industry, that they found a difficulty in prevailing upon eligible individuals amongst their comrades or fellow-workmen to join their club, because other societies in the neighbourhood *promise* similar benefits for a less annual subscription. I recommended the propriety of their impressing upon the minds of such applicants, that there really existed a large amount of truth in the adage which asserted that *promises* and *pie-crusts* were equally destined to fracture, and the promises of many Friendly Societies had proved no exception to the rule. To my surprise, I found that my friends, who were members of a lodge of the Manchester Unity using the improved scales, fancied they had been defeated on this very point, because, when asked, they were unable to point out an instance, within their own knowledge where a society, paying the lower rates and promising high benefits had failed to fulfil its engagements. If the true history of all the societies in existence twenty years ago within the distance af three miles from the house in which our conversation took place, had been available for reference, not only one but many instances of insolvency and ultimate dissolution might easily have been adduced. But such a record has not been compiled. If it had we should, doubtless, find in many cases, anything but the real cause of the failure recorded.

In a paper published in the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, in January, 1861, I referred to a paragraph in Mr. J. Tidd Pratt's previous report, in which he stated that " Notices of dissolution had been received from fifty-two societies during the year ending the 31st December, 1859 ; of which number forty-eight were in England and Wales ; the causes of dissolution generally arising from the claims made on the funds by pensioners, the number of members being small, and no increase of young members." In that article I stated that it was desirable that Mr. Pratt should in future publish the name, locality, constitution, and special cause, as far as known, why each of the collapsed or bankrupt clubs had failed to fulfil the *promises* originally made to the members on their introduction. I assigned as a reason why I thought the cause of financial reform would profit by the adoption of this course—that " such authentic information would prove of great value both in arousing the attention of the members of societies with similar laws and constitutions, and directing their energies in the right direction towards timely adjustment * * * * It would likewise indicate to the more intelligent members of the rising generation, what class of society it is their interest to join, and what class to avoid." In his last report, Mr. Pratt appears to have acted upon this suggestion. He gives a list of the societies in England and Wales, which have been dissolved since the publication of his previous report, from which it appears that no fewer than eighty-four of these institutions have ceased to exist, and their dissolutions have been duly advertised in the *London Gazette*, pursuant to 23 and 24 Vic. c. 58, s. 3. The mortality of these provident institutions seems to be confined to no particular section of the kingdom, though the death-rate is, in some counties, relatively much higher than in others, as will be seen from the following analysis :—Berkshire, 3 ; Buckinghamshire, 2 ; Cheshire, 3 ; Cornwall, 4 ; Derby, 1 ; Dorset, 1 ; Durham, 1 ; Essex, 4 ; Gloucester, 1; Hampshire, 4 ; Hungtingdon. 1 ; Kent, 2 : Lancashire, 9 , Middlesex, 11 ; Monmouth, 4 ; Norfolk, 4 ; Northampton, 1 ; Oxford, 1 ; Somerset, 1 ; Stafford, 6 ; Suffolk, 1 ; Surrey, 6 ; Warwick, 3 : Worcester, 1 ; Yorkshire, 4 ; Brecknock, 3 ; Carmarthen, 1 ; Montgomery, 2.

The simple fact that during the past year a large number of Friendly Societies have been dissolved in England and Wales, is in itself sufficient to seriously arrest the attention of every well wisher to the progress of provident habits amongst our industrial population. But there is another feature even more significant and more alarming in connection with this most important and truly national question, and that is, the annual death-rate is evidently on the increase. In the previous year the number of clubs which ceased to exist was fifty-two; in the present eighty-four have succumbed, being an increase of thirty-two, or about sixty per cent. ! ! Should this rate of progressively-increasing mortality continue for many years, the majority of existing Friendly Societies will have followed in the wake of their unfortunate predecessors, to be replaced, let us hope, by others, founded upon principles learned from past experience, which will secure as far as human knowledge and human forethought can secure, their future reliability.

I am well aware that a large number of Friendly Societies are, at present, suffering from chronic financial ailment, to such an extent, that to *them*, recovery is hopeless. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Pratt's return includes only the enrolled Friendly Societies, dissolved according to law, and advertized in the Gazette. Amongst the mass of unenrolled clubs, doubtless the seeds of dissolution are even more thickly strewn. The best course these insolvent bodies can take is to terminate their own existence as early as possible, and thus lessen and more equally distribute the pecuniary loss amongst the whole of their members. Suicide, in their corporate capacity, under the circumstances, will violate no law either religious, political, or moral. It is infinitely better that a tradesman should compound with his creditors at once, if he be hopelessly insolvent, than that he should continue year after year to add to his liabilities without more than a corresponding increase in the amount of his assets. The case of an insolvent Friendly Society is precisely similar. Some well-meaning philanthropists, with more zeal than discretion, or even practical knowledge, sometimes gladly seize upon a text of this kind, and rate the working classes soundly, *en masse,* for presumed incapacity and even dishonesty. Such never has been my practice, nor is it my present intention. For a long time to come, in the very nature of things, we shall have to contemplate a certain annual per-centage of mortality amongst Friendly as amongst other Societies. We shall rapidly be approaching the era of the millennium, when the London Gazette ceases, for lack of matter, to publish its periodical list of bankrupt tradesmen. The reports of the Registrar-General, must, of necessity, ever show a certain number of deaths per thousand, per annum, notwithstanding the progress of sanatory knowledge and its practical application. But, if we cannot arrive at a state of utopian beatitude in any given direction, we may, at least, direct our energies in such a way as to materially lessen the amount of evil, suffering, and sorrow, to which our frail terrestrial humanity is every day exposed. It is a most unmanly as well as a most illogical resolve, which prefers lethargic indifference or impotent denunciation, to active exertion, simply because the march of progress in any given path is necessarily toilsome and slow. It may seem at first sight a relatively unimportant result, when the Registrar-General informs us that in a certain populous city, the rate of mortality has decreased from twenty-seven to twenty-five per thousand, per annum, and especially so, if we enter into details of the cost of street and house drainage, the construction of water-works and other material aids to healthy physical and moral existence. But when thoroughly understood, what does the statistical fact proclaim? That in this large city of five hundred thousand inhabitants, one thousand, *at least,* as proved by the experiment, have been heretofore annually slaughtered by agencies which were removable! In other words, the duration of the life of every resident has been more or less unnecessarily curtailed. I fancy, if rate-payers, whether rich or poor, looked directly at the question of sanatory improvement as a simple money purchase of so much health and longevity, there would be much less murmuring at the cost than obtains even at the present day. Sickly men pay heavily in a pecuniary sense, for their loss of health, and dying ones would, as a rule, cheerfully fee a physician most liberally for a small increase in the duration of their lease of life.

The excessive mortality amongst Friendly Societies can unquestionably be prevented, if those most interested in their healthy existence, manfully resolve to set about its achievement in a thoroughly practical spirit. No amount of good intention will, alone, serve the purpose. The prayers and good wishes of kind friends are valuable things in their way, but they will not safely amputate a limb, or stop the progress of disease. The practised skill of the surgeon or physician is still imperative to success, So it is with Friendly Societies' financial maladies. If we wish to get at the roots of their disorders, we must retain the services of men skilled in financial anatomy and the ramifications of vital statistical science, and subject some of, the carcases of the defunct to a kind of postmortem examination. When the *causes* of decline and death have been fully and satisfactorily ascertained, the application of the proper remedies to the relatively more healthy constitutions of existing societies will present but few difficulties which earnest purpose cannot easily overcome. The distribution of accurate information on this subject amongst the masses of reflective provident men is of infinitely greater national importance than may at first sight appear. The pecuniary interest involved in the success of these self-governed economic institutions is enormous; but this, great as it is, sinks into comparative insignificance, when contrasted with the extent and character of their social and moral influence. No nobler field for the exercise of philanthropic impulse exists. No class of secular education is calculated to develope a larger amount of immediate as well as permanent benefit to the great body of the nation than that which shall render intelligible to the manly self-reliant spirit of the provident operative, those scientific truths,the due recognition of which is essential for the ultimate prosperity of their cherished provident institutions. If it be true that " Heaven helps those who help themselves," surely it is not intimating too much to the educated social reformer, that some portion of his zealous efforts might be judiciously and profitably expended in this direction. But the great labour, after all, to be effectual, must be done by the members themselves. Self-reliance implies self-help and self-sacrifice. All permanent moral or social improvement must mainly emanate from within. It is therefore highly gratifying to find, that, during the past few years, the spirit of inquiry on this subject has been gradually extending itself amongst those most immediately interested. Since the publication of the experience of the Manchester Unity, in 1851, a proper valuation of the assets and liabilities of individual lodges, with a view, if found necessary, to a revision of the financial arrangements, has been sought, and obtained, at a trifling cost, by many of its branches. The gradual increase in the number of such applications is one of the healthiest, and, therefore, one of the most encouraging signs of progress at the present day, and augurs well for the future stability, and increased usefulness of our extensive Unity. In this respect, other branches of the Order and other Friendly Societies, of every class, cannot do better than follow the example. The discovery that any given branch is in a healthy financial condition, must prove a source of great satisfaction to its members; while the early acquisition of the knowledge that incipient disease has manifested itself will enable others to apply the proper remedies before increased virulence shall have rendered such application useless. The forthcoming publication by the Grand Master and Directors of the Manchester Unity, of the experience of its members, during the quinquennial period 1856—60, compiled by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, will doubtless further stimulate this commendable spirit of inquiry. By a thorough digestion of the experience of the past alone, are we enabled to shape our conduct in matters of Friendly Societies' finance, so as to rationally prognosticate successful results to future operations.

With the view to aid in the diffusion of practical knowledge on this important question, I propose, in a future article, to analyse, as far as practicable, the cause of the failure of some of the societies which have recently announced their dissolution in the columns of the London Gazette.

C. H.

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# THE PALACE AND THE COLLIERY.

When within the silken-curtained room,
The dear Husband of our State lay dying,
All the land was shrouded with that gloom,
Every household echoed to that crying.

"Think of all those children," said the parents,
" One in Prussia, one across the sea;
One far south, and five within the Palace;
Little Beatrice on her mother's knee,

Just as in the portraits we see daily."
Ah! what fellow-feeling touched the land,
What a mist of tears went up to Windsor,
For a grief that all could understand.

In the churches on that Sunday morning,
Trembling congregations heard the prayer
With his name omitted, for the first time
Since we placed the youthful bridegroom there.

All that week, upon the roads and markets
Gathered groups of listening heads were seen—
And we heard "the women in the railways"
Talk in tearful whispers of "the Queen."

Ere a month has passed, a royal message
Flies electric through the anxious crowd,
But this time it is the Queen's commissions—
Words of fellow-feeling deep—not loud.

"Is there any hope that we can save them?"
Asked the Widow to those death-struck wives.
"Any hope!" But hark! the throbbing answer:
"No! the Lord hath taken all their lives."

All those "canny fellows," all the husbands,
Sweethearts, striplings, children even, slept
A not unpeaceful slumber, seated patient
While the deadly vapour on them crept.

Twice within a month the Lord hath smitten
England with a very heavy hand;
Twice has roused all hearts with tender mourning
For a grief that all can understand.

But if love possesses any healing,
It has sprung to life amidst these woes—
Taught the nation what a fellow-feeling
Through the pulses of a people flows.

And although the price has been most bitter,
England gains a truth in making known
To her millions what a common nature
Tends the cottage hearth, and fills the throne.

—*The Englishwoman's Journal.* Bessie Parks.

# A Paper on Pets.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There appears to be a natural tendency in the human race, or, at least, the better portion of it, to pet and cherish something belonging to the lower orders of creation. We occasionally come across an individual who repudiates the notion of extending a degree of patronage to anything beneath "a child," with utter contempt. In some women this assumes a hard and almost repulsive feature of character. They shrink from touching the sleek back of a household tabby, or the honest head of a sportsman's retriever, with a sort of sneering shudder, which does not arise from any constitutional antipathy or dread, but entirely from a desire to be thought incapable of entertaining the slightest sympathy with any nature inferior to that which is incorporated in God's own image. They imagine that such an exhibition of indifference, if not aversion, to the subordinates of creation, indicates an exalted state of feminine feeling which claims peculiar respect and appreciation from the world at large. A great mistake is made in psychological estimate and human deduction by these hyper-womanly women; and it may be a strong doubt whether one of them has ever elicited an opinion from those around, which placed them in a superior moral; or mental position to those "foolish, simple" beings who condescend to talk a little "dog Latin" to a rough Newfoundland, or touzle a kitten in kindly play. We do not advocate the adoption of a Blenheim spaniel, ring-tailed monkey, or grey parrot, to the position of a chief member of the domestic circle. We do not think it right that a cover should be laid for an idolized poodle, nor that the taste of a tortoiseshell darling should be consulted as to its preference for the breast or leg of a chicken. We have no sympathy with the tenderness which trembles lest Fido should take cold from wading through a duck-pond; and have no respect for the olfactory delicacy of those who insist on keeping white mice within nasal recognition. We entirely abjure the absurd extremes of dotage and fondling which frequently mark a tendency to nurture dumb things; but we must confess we have a great regard for the disposition which inclines to pet some dependent, living thing, apart from the paramount and exalted demands which "children" make on our care and affections. There is nothing especially derogatory in the social combination, nor unpicturesque in the artistic grouping, of a "toddling wee thing" and a slightly over-fed "bow-wow," both rolling about together on the hearth-rug; the biped hugging and lugging the quadruped with undue intimacy of confidence, and the quadruped enduring the punch and the pull with Spartanic endurance, until, when the treatment is too bad for even canine temper to put up with, a low, significant growl calls back the young tyrant to a notion that even dear, old Bounce may be taken *too* many liberties with; and a little administration of coaxing and stroking is found to be necessary before dear, old Bounce condescends to lie in elegant, full length again beside his companion. What a pretty picture is afforded by the wicker cage, holding a pair of doves, suspended amid the curling tendrils and glossy leaves on a vine-covered wall; or, perhaps, hung beneath the old, cottage porch, where honeysuckle and jasmine sprawl under and over in delicious luxuriance. Of course, there must be a merry girl or two, with flying hair, attending, with busy devotion, to the sustenance and comfort of the cooing couple. One of the waiting-maids may be obliged to stand on tiptoe, while making a ruby dish of her mouth for the lady-dove to take a tempting morsel of peach from; and another is balancing a crystal-filled vase, with trembling anxiety lest the water should damp the floor of the rustic residence. The youngest of the tribe has probably secured the advantage of a ricketty garden chair, and is sedulously endeavouring to persuade doveys that it would be pleasant to have their polls scratched, or tails pulled—no great matter which, as regards the satisfaction to the manipulator—speculating in earnest volubility meantime, as to whether a bit of apple tart or fragment of currant cake would not add to the felicity of their "*menage.*" A charming picture, we say, is formed from these simple constituents, and we stand, looking on, warmly admiring the combinations of household "pets." Few can resist smiling, and enjoying the scene, when a spoilt squirrel, having upset the sugar basin, or thrust his nose in the toast-plate, escapes the hand that threatens a reproving tap, scampers up the curtain, taking his seat on the pole, and chatters at those below with defiant impudence. The mischief of the little animal is unlimited, and his trespasses on decorum most flagrant; but "Brush" is a "pet," and it would be a serious offence, indeed, that induced greater punishment than a slight pinch of the ear, and an apoplectic number of nuts to compensate for the same.

There is a natural tendency, we again declare, in all truly kind and generous natures to "pet" something; and every-day-life affords plenty of evidence that our opinion is not to be easily invalidated. We go into Mrs. Thompson's residence, where a large family and small means are wonderfully made to balance every Christmas; and though we are perfectly aware that every quartern loaf is a matter of consequence, and pocket-money a thing unknown by the juveniles, yet we find a scarlet bullfinch and amber canary lighting up the window looking into the narrow forecourt, and inhabiting a pagoda style of domiciles which must have involved the disbursement of an important amount of capital, considering Mr. Thompson's compressed state of weekly salary. Mrs. Thompson and the little Thompsons are so fond of "Bully" and "Bijou," that a rich uncle has been kept waiting in the back parlour, while the necessities of the feathered darlings have received the finishing attentions in the front one; and so impressed are the "olive branches" with the value and importance of the birds, that thei affection and admiration are scrupulously exempt from the usual juvenile admixture of insult and injury. The Thompsons' house is certainly small, but we question if they would not deem it much smaller if it did not hold that couple of dear little "pet birdies."

Let us call on the wealthy family of the Stockmans, in Park Lane. There we see all that alloyed gold and refined taste can procure to shelter us from the east winds of Existence, and cherish the exotics of Peace and Plenty all the year round. Carpets so rich and glowing, that we might fancy a slice of an American prairie in full bloom had been laid down. Couches and ottomans so bright and soft, that any "detective" fay or fairy would be justified in claiming them as stolen property from the realms of Queen Mab; and there we see stretched on the very choicest of the silken rugs, a dingy-hided Skye terrier, with tangible proofs on his person of having been recently out in a heavy shower, without overcoat or goloshes, and, moreover, of having entirely forgotten to rub his feet on the hall mat when he returned. There we see a precocious kitten, exercising the most wondrous acrobatic power in the refulgent card-basket in the centre of the dazzling ormolu table; flinging "Lady Stiffasstarche" up on the highest lustre of the chandelier, and tossing the Honourable Adolphus Milkisoppe to be drowned in the elegant ink bath. The Stockmans are charming people, there is no doubt about *that.* The elders carrying their full "years of discretion" with a degree of genial youth which at once inspires respect and cordiality; and the juniors possessing the spirit, intelligence, and feeling, which must ever find a response in all loving and well-bred natures. No being of sympathetic tendency or delicate perception would think of being on pleasant terms with the Stockmans if they did not take dear old "Charlie" (the terrier) and all the sedate cats and "fast" kittens thereabouts, into good fellowship as well. We plead guilty to a strong prejudice in favour of the Stockmans, and are apt to think that no small amount of our esteem and affectionate sympathy has been elicited by their open avowal of a love for dumb things, and their adoption of "pets."

We are slightly acquainted with the tiresome, obstreperous young Binkles, in Tooley Street, and certain affinities of disposition led to the discovery a short time since that they had surreptitiously established a rabbit hutch in the lower department of the household, and were in great perturbation lest the fact should become cognizant to "pater" and "mater." However, we have gladly ascertained that within the last week "pater" was seen peering into the secret chamber, and giving instruction and advice that the doe had better have a larger hutch, now she had young ones; and concluded his visit with a remark that she was a beautiful creature, and had very fine lop ears; while Mrs. Binkle was seen on the top of the stairs, and heard to inquire in the true maternal tone, breathing something of the cradle hymn and caudle cup, "How many has she?"

Yes, true it is, that "pets" are in very general existence. Monkeys are tolerated in some domestic establishments (we are simply alluding to the original of that animal genus). We *have* heard of pet "pigs" (and again we would intimate that we imply only the quadruped order). Silkworms are patronised by many, though, as regards the latter, we fully concur in the opinion of a neighbour touching their recluse and unsocial habits, that he could "see no fun in keeping them."

Fashion has a control over this domestic institution, as it has over every other. Long-eared, short-nosed, bullet-headed spaniels were in the ascendant when King Charles never walked in the Mall without one under each of his arms. Monkeys were the rage a century since. Then poodles became prominent on the face of English society. More lately, Argyle terriers, and dwarfed, unnatural-looking, toy, tanned terriers, have asserted their supremacy; and the last epoch of petting fancies (according to *fashion*) was marked by the adoption of the strange and "unfamiliar creatures of the vasty deep." We now have our "Aquariums," where we may gaze on the star fish without a telescope. We may boast our growth of anemones, but dare not gather them. We revel in "sea cucumber," without thinking of the "cruets" in conjunction. We have skeletons of coral bones, and cannot help thinking, while gazing on them, that *our* remains are not nearly as beautiful. We perceive "weeds" which we never think of hoeing up. We cherish marine spiders which the most sensitive and timid Lady Amarynthia can look at without screaming. We have prawns which we prefer unboiled. We wet our fingers in waiting on the "miller's thumb," and train a stud of scaly coursers to go "round and round" in pursuit of nothing: the "great globe itself" representing a fluid "Batty's circle." For our own part, we find little interest in *this* phase of "petting," and infinitely prefer less cold-blooded associations. At this moment we are being victimised by a respectable elderly cat and her impertinent child. The parent is content with "proving her talons" on our last, new Russia-leather pocket-book, and occasionally thrusting her head against our nose; but her offspring has entirely disarranged the window curtain, nibbled the points of our three favourite quills, turned over the waste-paper basket, and is at this moment on our shoulder, handling our curls in anything but "Trufitt" style, and appearing most anxious to ascertain whether we wear our own hair or a wig. Really the intrusion is growing too presuming, and we must give up our place at the writing-table, lest a whispered anathema should be heard to mingle a somewhat discordant note in the musical score of our "Paper on Pets."

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# Never, or for Ever.

## *(An hour with Alessandro Cagliostro.)*

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

"You thought it strange, my dear children," said Madame de Vilbelle, addressing a family party of grown-up grandchildren to whom she was in the habit, like the generality of superannuated belles, of recounting the gay and glittering and triumphant scenes of her fondly-remembered youth, which she had fluttered away in the magnificent Court of Louis the XV.—"You thought it strange, if not something less pardonable, when I smiled yesterday evening at the ghost-stories of our visitors; but that smile was provoked by the conviction that I had the power to make you shudder and turn pale by the recital of a true and genuine ghost-story repeated from my own personal experience. You must know that I have actually seen and spoken to, and supped with the disembodied spirit of my great-great-grandmother! The adventure was one for which I was indebted to my aunt and namesake, Madame de Vilbelle, who was, as you know, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the court of Maria de Medici, consort of Louis XIII., and I need not remind you that that Princess was not only the munificent patroness of all who professed to hold intercourse with the unseen world, but herself a necromancer of considerable skill. It was the time, my dear children, when the celebrated and mysterious Count Cagliostro was the great Lion, or rather the great Sphinx of the brilliant and intellectual City of Paris, and when all civilized Europe was deeply and, in fact, tremulously interested in the miraculous pretensions of the mystic fraternity of the *Rosy Cross.*

"It happened one day—I remember it most distinctly—in the month of January 1681, that my Aunt, of whom I have spoken, informed us by a message—my sister Valentine de Solmene and myself—that she was confined by a slight illness to her own apartments; and that, if we found it agreeable to spend an hour or two with her, she would be happy to receive us there. We accordingly transferred ourselves and our work-baskets to the museum—for, such it really was—which she inhabited. In that old room were fantastically mingled together family pictures and portraits of saints; breviaries, missals, and volumes of romance; pieces of gobelin tapestry, legendary and historic; the old lady herself—nearly as old as I am now—pillowed up in her deep arm-chair with her gold snuff-box in her hand; and—what seemed to us the strangest curiosity in the whole collection, a short, ill-favoured, red-faced, corpulent man, to whom she was listening with all the interest and reverence due to an oracle.

"'My dears,' said the Countess, as the stranger arose at our approach—'allow me to present to you a gentleman whose name must be already familiar to you. Though nearly related to Lucifer, he is a sufficiently good-natured devil when not provoked, and injures those only who treat him unkindly. You behold the Count Cagliostro!' On hearing that name pronounced, my sister turned as pale as if all the powers of darkness were suddenly let loose before her. I was indeed, myself, scarcely less disconcerted, but contrived to stammer one or two commonplace phrases of courtesy, and placed myself beside Valentine, who had taken a seat as far away from the magician as the dimensions of the apartment would permit. The Countess, however, resumed the conversation which our arrival had interrupted, and asked him if he had yet found any neophytes in Paris; to which he replied that every day brought him in numerous applications from candidates for initiation—from ladies especially.

"'Just what I should expect,' said the Countess, 'In my young days, it was precisely the same when the sorceries of the Princess and the Prince Regent were in fashion. Women alone had the courage to believe them.'

"'Do you call it courage, Aunt?' I said, trembling at my own audacity, 'it seems to me rather the servility of superstition.'

"'You are mistaken, my dear,' she answered, 'It requires some strength of nerve, I assure you to believe in the devil; and at the same time to act as if there was no such personage; but, my dear,' she continued, 'you look at the Count as if you expected to see hoofs and horns!—Do you believe in his power?'

"'I must plead guilty, I fear,' I said timidly, 'to being very incredulous.'

"'Can you not vindicate your science, Count Cagliostro?' said my Aunt.

"'I am here to be commanded,' he answered, 'any proof the lady may require, she shall have.'

"'That is very tempting,' I replied, 'I take you at your word.'

"'Command me, Madame—you shall be obeyed.'

"'It is said,' I continued, 'that you can conduct persons into the presence of their dead ancestors; well then, give my sister and me an interview at supper with our great-grandmother, the Marchioness de Vilbelle, whose portrait you see there, and whose beauty was celebrated in 1600, I have a question to ask her;' and while I spoke Valentine pulled me by the sleeve.

"The portrait to which I pointed, represented our great grandmother, one of the suite of Anne of Austria, and a celebrated personage in the days of the *Fronde:* we had always traced a resemblance between it and my Aunt, and it interested us also very much because of an illegible inscription on a book which the Marchioness held in her hand. Cagliostro surveyed it attentively for some time, and then said, turning toward me,

"'On next Wednesday night, at twelve o'clock, you shall see her face to face. At eight o'clock a carriage will come for you. You may choose one of your servants—and but one—and you will ask no questions; will that arrangement suit you?'

"I assented, though at the moment I felt a chilly shudder from head to foot: for the magician spoke and looked so calmly and confidently, that pride alone held me back from retracting. Valentine feared to displease him by refusing; but feared also that she should not be able to persevere. It may be easily believed that the interval preceding the awful meeting was passed in the most nervous uncertainty, and that we sometimes wished that our Aunt would forbid our keeping the appointment: but, at length we decided upon seeing the adventure to the end; and Valentine, when once she resolved to be courageous, was more so than I. Wednesday evening arrived at last; we sat waiting for the carriage: every knock at the door startled and set me trembling; and Valentine used to smile and remind me quietly that it was not yet eight o'clock. That hour, however, had no sooner struck, than we heard the noise of wheels below; and our servant Beauville, whom we had chosen to take with us, came up to announce that all was ready.

"'Valentine,' said I, 'there is still time to change our minds—have you any wish to remain?'

"'Certainly not, my dear—I have made up my mind—we will see it out.'

"'Because,' I continued, 'we are going alone and unprotected, among perfect strangers—we know not what accidents may happen; and we shall be laughed at if we are mystified.'

"'I do not suspect any mystification,' she answered, 'and as for danger, Beauveille is armed with pistols. Come, let us be polite to the old lady, and not keep her waiting.'

"The carriage that awaited us was drawn by two black horses; the coachman, dressed in black, remained like a statue on his box, and the whole equipage, in short, very closely resembled a hearse.

"Beauvielle took his place beside the coachman; we went in, and all moved off in unbroken silence. I mentioned above that it was January; it was abominably cold: the trees were powdered with frost; the snow was beginning to come down thickly, and the wind was sighing so mournfully through the bare branches, that it seemed as if all external things were conspiring to damp our courage. The windows of the carriage, too, were so darkened by blinds, which we could not move, that we could see nothing of the road we travelled; we knew only that we were leaving the city.

"In silent suspense we rolled on for some time, until Valentine sounded her watch, and told me that it was half-past ten, as calmly as if she were seated by the fire in the Rue St. Dominique.

"Still we went on, and my suspense was beginning to fret itself into impatience, when the coachman pulled up, and we heard the clanking of a bell echoing loudly in the silence of the night, and the desolate emptiness of a large court-yard. Presently, a heavy gate rolled back on its grating hinges, and we found ourselves in front of a spacious building, silent and dark as a tomb. There were towers on the four angles; one of larger size in the centre, and a vast number of windows not one of which was lighted. A man in a mask and a grotesque costume, with a torch in his hand, received us at the foot of the staircase, and said in a very solemn but respectful tone,

"'These ladies are requested to refrain from speaking until they are in presence of the master; one word uttered before they have seen him may be dangerous. If they will kindly take the trouble to follow me, I will guide them.'

"We then began to ascend a narrow, winding staircase, where a rope attached to the wall at intervals by rings, served as a balustrade. It was a strange and wild looking procession. The man in the mask led the way apathetically, as if accustomed to such scenes. Next to him the graceful and slender figure of Madame de Solmene, with a little black hat and crimson feathers, drawing her violet velvet robe close round her to save it from contact with the rough wall. I followed her, dressed in a cherry-coloured hat and robe of grey damask silk, looking very fearless but dreadfully frightened. The rear was brought up by our faithful Beauville, with his loaded pistols in his hands, and looking the picture of most unmitigated amazement. Having ascended the stairs, we found ourselves in a long gallery, at the further end of which was another staircase, which we began to descend, so far that it seemed to lead us deep into the earth. A small door at length stayed our progress. Our guide knocked three times, and, when the door opened of itself, led us into a room which I scarcely venture to describe. It was about twenty feet square, with a ceiling so high that in the partial and dusky light of the torch it was invisible. Down through the centre hung a massive iron chain, to the end of which were attached two arm-chairs, where our guide requested us to be seated. We looked at each other, and hesitated, until my companion, suddenly and with an air of the most careless gaity, took possession of one. Our guide bound us firmly in our seats, and sounded a silver whistle, and we were strongly and steadily drawn up. Seeing that Beauvielle was left below, apparently forgotten, I was going to speak, when Valentine placed her hand upon my lips, and showed me the pistols which she had placed behind her in the chair. We were then some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, and the noise of wheels and pulleys was so frightful that you may well imagine the satisfaction of landing in safety, and being transferred to a second guide much more courteous than the first. With him we passed through several doors, at each of which my sister exchanged with him a most ceremonious salutation. When I asked her afterwards why she exhibited such courtesy, she said it was because one does not know in the infernal regions whom one may meet. A few minutes more and we stood in front of a door sealed with three large medallions of black wax, which flew open and admitted us into a large apartment divided across by a black curtain. One half was in deep darkness, but we could perceive that the other was brilliantly lighted; and here we were left by ourselves, attended only by Beauville, who had been brought up after us. The doors were closed, and one might have heard the beatings of our hearts almost, when suddenly a voice which we recognised as Cagliostro's, pronounced these words, to all appearance close beside us, though no speaker was visible:

"'When the first stroke of midnight sounds you will be in presence of the lady whom you wished to see. Until the last stroke has sounded you are not permitted to address her with any question. Then she shall be at your service for one hour. Be careful not to overstep the circle drawn round you on the floor, else I cannot answer for the consequences.' There was silence again; amid the stillness, and darkness, and all the dreadful preliminaries, I was painfully agitated. At the first stroke of the clock the curtain rose, and we found ourselves separated by a low partition from the upper part of the capacious chamber. Right in front, on an oak pannel, stood the portrait of our grandmother, not only illumined itself, but casting a brilliant light across the room, in which there were no lamps or candles of any sort. The portrait was certainly hers. There was the marchioness herself in her robe of black velvet, her guimp gorget, her close-banded hair, her book in her hand, and that pensive and austere expression of eye with which we were so familiar. At the second stroke of the clock the figure stood erect; and, to our intense astonishment, came forth from the frame and glided forward, moving neither foot nor eye, to the partition. I confess I fancied myself in a dream, and my heart beat quick, until, at the twelfth stroke, Cagliostro's voice informed us that we might speak. I was unable to utter a word; but Valentine, pale as a ghost, raised a scent-bottle to her nose, and said in a low, tremulous voice:

"'Will you condescend to pardon us, madame, in consideration of our motives; you, who know all things now, know the innocence of our thoughts?'

"'Yes, my child,' said the spectre, in a voice unlike any sound of earth. 'I know what you are, but I know not yet why you summons me hither.'

"'My sister will state our wishes,' answered Valentine. It is her choice that has selected you from all our house.'

"'My request,' said I, as she fixed her eyes on mine, 'is to decipher the inscription on your book.'

"This was the only answer I could invent in the agitation of the moment, and I accompanied it with a genuflexion down to the very floor. I must, indeed, have looked singularly ridiculous just then; for Valentine, as she confessed to me afterwards, could scarcely refrain, in spite of her terror, from laughing in my face. The spectre, however, turned the book toward me, and I could read distinctly on an otherwise blank page, the English words, "*never, or for ever;*" but, this only aggravated our curiosity. Valentine ventured to ask for the history, of which the words appeared to be the mysterious memento.

"I am compelled to obey you, were it even against my will, my dear children,' replied the portrait. 'For an hour you can command me. The spells of the powerful sorcerer who has led you hither, leave me no choice to refuse you. There is nothing in my history to call up a blush, even if the emotion could still evoke it; and, as to remorse, recollections are all that belong to the dead. Here, then, is the history for which you ask me. You wish to hear of the passions, and sorrows, and joys of a heart that ceased to beat a century ago. It is quite possible that you may not understand me, so far are we from each other; for my youth was not passed like yours, in a brilliant and well-ordered court. I never knew the tranquil and softly-fleeting days that glide away over your enjoyments. I lived among men of iron, among women whom the accident of sex alone prevented from bearing corslet and sword. In short, I lived in the days of the

*Fronde.* I was married when very young, and we had not been long united when my husband fell in a duel by the hand of a notorious fire-eater, and I was left a widow with an infant son, who transmitted the name which you bear. He was my only consolation, and I lived in retirement from all the rivalries of society devoting all my cares to him, and looking forward to the day when he should avenge his father. About that time my illustrious mistress, Anne of Austrta, near whom I did not then occupy the position which I afterwards held, condescended to admit me to confidential intimacy, which provoked the jealousy, and, consequently, the hatred of many around me; of two, especially, who never forgave the offence of being so distinguished. These were, the cardinal—because I loved the Queen too sincerely; and Madame Chevreuse—because her Majesty returned my affection. These two persons exerted all their ingenuity to estrange us; but she knew my devotion, and they were unheeded.

"During this position of affairs, there came an embassy from England, to negotiate the marriage of Henrietta, daughter of the late King Henry, with the unfortunate Charles I. You may be aware that the Duke of Buckingham was the principal agent, and that the Queen was accused—most unjustly—of having been captivated by him to some extent; and, after all, unhappy as she was, pursued by calumnies, victimized by the hatred of the cardinal, and looking round her in vain for one warm and sympathising heart, it would not have been strange or unreasonable if she had found some pleasure in his society. Of the famous interview in the garden, at Amiens, I was a witness. I saw only that she shed tears, and may Heaven spare you the sight of a queen weeping.

"Among the gentlemen who accompanied George Villiers, was one whose manners and appearance attracted universal admiration. This was Lord Charles Monteith, who was Buckingham's especial favourite, and enjoyed his confidence so unreservedly that he was entrusted with his sacred messages to the Queen and the Princess Henrietta. One day, while the Court was at St. Germain, and was making an excursion on horseback in the forest, dressed in that imposing equestrian costume, which was just then introduced by the English, and universally adopted, the heat of the morning obliged us to take shelter under a bower, where a collation awaited us. The Queen having requested me to cut an orange, I unfortunately drew the knife across my finger, letting the blood flow upon the orange and upon my dress. The company immediately pressed around me, and the Queen herself kindly bound up the wound with her own handkerchief; but, when I raised my eyes, I was startled to see Lord Monteith standing beside me with an expression of the most intense anxiety, and that fixed and haunting look which revealed to me at the same time his feelings and my own. When we resumed our saddles I found him still near me, where he remained all that day, devoting to me all those attentions which are dictated by an appeal so unmistakeably to the heart, though we spoke but little to each other during the time. In the evening there was some dancing, in which I took no part—for I had not danced since I became a widow, but sat apart listening to my own thoughts, and following with my eyes one whom I already loved as I had never loved any till then. At lenth I arose and approached a window, where the cool, perfume-loaded breeze, the moon mirrored in the Seine, and the soft strains of distant music—all spoke to the imagination. As I leaned forward on the balustrade I could not repress my tears, and yet I was happy at that moment—happy in the emotion awakened by the first consciousness of a first love—that feeling, fresh from heaven, which haunts all the after life like a dream, and comes but once, and for ever. I knew that he was near me then, though I could not look round—I felt that he was there.

"'Madame,' said he, while I trembled and started at the words, 'I have a favour to ask—will you permit me to keep the fruit which caused me so much alarm this morning? The blood which consecrates it makes it more precious to me than the apples of the Hesperides.'

"I made no answer—I could not speak.

"'You are silent,' he continued; 'have I offended you? Forgive me! The fault is mine. Why are you so beautiful and so dangerous?'

"'I scarcely understand you, my lord,' I said. 'I feel no resentment toward you. Our paths lie different ways. You are soon to return to the English Court, whose beauty is the theme of poets. You must soon forget St. Germain, and it signifies little how you may be remembered there.'

"'I perceive, madam,' he answered, 'that I have displeased you, for you doubt my sincerity. I leave you until you condescend to recall me.'

"Lovers in these days are less timid and respectful. They say nothing of golden apples, or the dangerous power of beauty; but then, they are also less faithful and tender than ours were. In that fashion we passed about a month, which was spent in festivals and amusements of all sorts. We exchanged some words, some looks, and that was all. One morning, the Queen, at whose toilette I happened to be in attendance, asked me maliciously, why it was that Lord Monteith had given up dancing, and wore an orange doublet trimmed with blood-colour, so contrary to his usual good taste?

"I blushed very deeply, I believe, as I answered that I knew nothing about it.

"'But I know,' she replied. 'It is because he means to take a Lady Monteith with him to the Court of London; and because my sister Henrietta will be glad to have a travelling companion. What do you think of it, Claire?'

"'Your majesty,' I answered, 'is very gracious to ask my opinion—I have no other than the Queen's.'

"'I am most happy,' she said, 'and I hope the king will approve it as I do.'

"From that day forth I thought only of my marriage, which I looked upon as certain; since the Queen wished it, Lord Monteith longed for it impatiently, and I made no objection to it. Alas! how soon clouds darken the sunshine! The Queen continued to speak to me of the expected event during a week, and after that became cold and constrained, and seemed to have altogether forgotten the negotiation she had undertaken. What amazed me still more was the change in Lord Monteith. Instead of seeking my society as at first, and exerting himself to please me, he appeared to wish to avoid me. In company, and on promenades, I found myself alone, and, of course, forsaken by all, as I had lost favour with Royalty. One person alone remained faithful to me, the Count de Tauny, the Equerry of Prince Gaston, the king's brother. His manner was unchanged. Still more, he besieged me with the most flattering attentions. Previously, indeed, I used to receive him rather coldly, but his generosity and courage on this occasion conciliated me, and I permitted him to speak without seeming offended. Lord Monteith now flashed furious glances of indignation upon me, and vindicated his taste by abandoning the orange doublet. It was only when I first saw him dressed in blue, that I felt how miserable it was in his power to make me. I could conjecture no plausible reason for his inconstancy. My conscience was clear, and I would have died rather than ask an explanation.

"One Sunday, after the mass, when the gentlemen were lounging on the terrace, and we were sitting with the Queen, inside the open windows, we suddenly heard voices raised as if in anger, and the tumult soon grew so loud that the guards stood to their arms.

"'What is that?' said her majesty, turning to Madame de Chevreuse.

"'Nothing very serious, madame,' was the reply; 'only Lord Monteith does not approve of the Count de Tauny's choice of colours.'

"'Nothing to justify such an uproar, I should think,' said the Queen. 'These gentlemen seem to forget where they are.'

"The peculiar expression with which Madame de Chevreuse fixed her eyes upon me during that dialogue, made me nervously anxious to learn more of the quarrel; and my astonishment was bewildering when I saw the Count shortly after wearing an orange scarf, with fringes of blood-colour. The Queen and the Duchess exchanged a look which explained all. I knew then what I was accused of, and saw that a diabolical snare had been laid for me. The contemptuous indifference of Lord Monteith, and the ostentation with which he wore his sea-green scarf, were all explained. He was led to believe me inconstant, and had ceased to love me. The Duchess saw and enjoyed my ill-suppressed agitation, and proceeded mercilessly to compliment him on the taste of his selection of ribands and other decorations, asking me at last if I understood the motto of his coat of arms.

"I answered with a careless negative, disguising the wound she had inflicted.

"'Well then,' she continued, 'it signifies '*never, or, for ever*,' and I believe it is the watch-word of his heart also.'

"His heart!—mine was full almost to suffocation; and yet, I must appear calm and indifferent. You know what torture that is! It was only when I was alone that tears came to my relief. I could neither forgive him for having judged me so lightly, nor myself for loving him still. All that night I spent in bitter tears; and on the following evening a book was brought to me, bound in black morocco, and bearing on the cover the inscription, '*never, or, for ever*.' When I opened it, a letter fell from between the leaves, containing these words—'I loved you, madame, and trusted in your affection. That illusion you have yourself dissipated, and compelled me to renounce the happiness it seemed to promise. I could not, however, permit an insolent rival to wear in my presence the colours which I was once so proud of assuming. I have defied him to single combat, and, be the result what it may, you shall never see me more. I shall release you from the inconvenience of my presence either by my death or my departure. Farewell, madame! I regret my wasted love, and trust in God and my own pride to heal my wounded heart.' After reading that letter I could control myself no longer. I hastened to the Queen, and threw myself at her feet, entreating her to prevent the duel, and to give me back my lover. Raising me affectionately, she requested me to confess all that I knew of the affair, and agreeably astonished to find that I was innocent, confessed that I had been calumniated, and that she too, persuaded by my inconstancy, had helped to deceive Lord Monteith. 'I will have him summoned immediately,' she continued; 'fear nothing—I will set all right. My assurances will satisfy him, and your tears are sufficient proof that you love the truant.' She immediately sent a captain of the guards to look for Lord Monteith, but he was nowhere to be found. Since an early hour in the morning he had not been seen. The duel had taken place at a distance of some ten leagues. The Count de Tauny was dangerously wounded, and Lord Monteith went on to London in such haste that a messenger failed to overtake him before he embarked. Unfortunately, the Queen was just then the object of so much suspicion respecting the English, that she feared to take any further steps that might compromise herself, or even to offer any explanation to the Duke of Buckingham. It was only in their last formal interview that she had an opportunity of telling him how I had been wronged by my enemies, and he then promised to send me back Lord Monteith, submissive and penitent. The ambassador was too late; for Lord Monteith, in his impatience to place a gulf between us for ever, had, in the meantime, married one of his cousins. Hearing this intelligence, I made a vow never to listen to another lover, and to be faithful to the memory of my only love. He, too, driven to despair by the discovery of his mistake, entreated me to see him once again. My refusal cost me much suffering, but heaven gave me strength to bear it.'"

"Just then the clock struck one; we felt ourselves forcibly driven back. The light was suddenly extinguished, and we saw only the circle within which we stood glimmering with a line of dull fire through the darkness. We were really frightened; my companion pressed close to me; we dared not even speak to each other; nor, in any case, had we time, for at that moment the voice of the invisible Cagliostro fell upon our ears, and said, 'The hour is past! Now you may go and sup with your great-grandmother, according to your request; but, once again, do not overstep the limits I have marked for you, or you are lost.'

"Then there was a minute of horrible suspense, during which we neither saw nor heard anything; and, suddenly, just where we had seen the portrait in front of us—as if the wall had parted asunder of itself—we perceived a doorway opening into a large apartment blazing with tapers, gilding, flowers, and jewels, and containing the materials of the most piquant supper you can imagine. Around the table were standing twelve persons in masks. The spectre's face alone was visible, and she sat at the upper end between two vacant chairs. As she arose and came towards us, the partition opened without any visible agency; but we were spell-bound by terror to the spot, until the magician said, in a low, deep voice, 'Go on—you are free!'

"We advanced into the supper-room, unable to conjecture in what company we were, and I scarcely ventured to raise my eyes lest they should encounter some horrible forms, until I reached Valentine, laughing irrepressibly, and the general peal of merriment that followed hers.

"'It is exquisite,' she exclaimed. 'I shall never forget this during my life; your acting is perfect, my dear Aunt, in these old portraits.'

"I then looked toward the venerable apparition, and through the most artistic disguises of costume and paint, recognised Madame de Vilbelle. The rest of the company then removed their masks, and we found ourselves surrounded by friendly and familiar faces, who had all been delighted witnesses of our mystification. I felt somewhat ashamed, and a little sulky, too, for having contributed to their amusement. Cagliostro himself seemed still more humiliated, fearing that his supernatural power might be questioned, in case the adventure should become public.

"'How did you contrive, my dear Aunt,' said Valentine, 'to assume so perfectly the air, and tone, and appearance of our great-grandmother?'

"'For that, my dear,' she replied, 'I am indebted to the instructions of the worthy sorcerer, who intended to bring you really and actually into your grandmother's presence; and consented, at my earnest request, to limit himself to the resources of the living world. We had several rehearsals. The Count de Mans lent us this old mansion, which M. Cagliostro transformed as he pleased; and then painted and dressed me in character, reminding me that in personating a portrait I must look only straightforward.'

"'Madame de Vilbelle has told you the truth,' said the magician; 'but for her I would have really introduced you to your great-grandmother; and, if you still desire it, I shall be happy at any time to receive your commands.'

"'Thanks,' I replied. 'I am satisfied without further proof; but, as to the narrative and the motto?'

"'They are both true,' he answered, seriously. 'Though you have not spoken to the original of the portrait, I have been more fortunate. I have heard from her all that the Countess repeated to you.'

"A long conversation—as you may well suppose—ensued on subjects relating to the supernatural. Some were credulous; some sceptical; and Cagliostro, with his customary air of grave solemnity, seemed confidently indifferent to the opinions of others respecting his pretensions. At length serious emotions gave place gradually to those of a gayer cast, and we returned to Paris as day began to dawn."

# THE MOORLAND FLOWER.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Beneath a crag, whose forehead rude
O'erfrowns the mountain side,—
Stern monarch of the solitude,
Dark-heaving, wild and wide,—
A floweret of the moorland hill
Peeped out unto the sky,
In a mossy nook, where a limped rill
Came tinkling blithely by.

Like a star-seed, from the night-skies flung,
Upon the mountain lone,
Into a gleaming floweret sprung,—
Amid the wild it shone;
And bush and briar, and rock and rill,
And every wandering wind,
In interchange of sweet good-will
And mutual love did bind.

In the glowing grey, at the close of day,
Beneath the deepening blue,
It lifted up its little cup
To catch the evening dew.
The rippling fall, the moorfowl's call,
The wandering night-wind's moan;
It heard, it felt, it loved them all,
That floweret sweet and lone.

The green fern wove a screening grove
From noontide's fervid ray;
The pearly mist of the brooklet kist
Its leaves with cooling spray;
And, when dark tempests swept the waste,
And north winds whistled wild,
The brave old rock kept off the shock,
As a mother shields her child.

And when it died the south wind sighed,
The drooping fern looked dim;
The old crag moaned, the lone ash groaned,
The wild heath sung a hymn;
The leaves crept near, though fallen and sere,
Like old friends mustering round,
And the dew-drop fell from the heather-bell
Upon its burial ground.

For it had bloomed content to bless
Each thing that round it grew;
And on its native wilderness
Its store of sweetness strew;
Fair link in Nature's chain of love,
To noisy fame unknown—
There is a register above,
E'en when a flower is gone.

So lovingly embrace thy lot,
Though lowly it may be,
And beautify the little spot
Where God hath planted thee:
To win the World's approving eyes
Make thou no foolish haste,—
Heaven loves the heart that lives and dies
To bless its neighbouring waste.

## The Oxford Sausage: a Tale of a Coincidence.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

[The compiler of the subjoined narrative deems it a duty on his part to the public to premise that Fiction enters *not* into its composition—the Facts, without embellishment or exaggeration, are given precisely as they occurred. The CAMBRIDGE TART was published as a companion to the OXFORD SAUSAGE. The first edition numbered (if I be correct in my recollection) five hundred copies. It went off rapidly; and a second, of one thousand, immediately planned by the sanguine and delighted aspirant. But, as will be seen, a notice of it in an organ, always very influential in the field of criticism, followed close: it was unfavourable, and the speculation was abandoned.]

I FRET at coincidences, and hold them as perfectly unaccountable things—remarkable psychological facts, indeed. I never could understand or account for them in any way, and have invariably failed in building up any theory or even hypothesis that might afford a faint chance for their elucidation. I feel nettled at their occurrence; they impertinently happen when least expected, when no preparation has been made for their mental reception: they seem to set forethought at defiance—to confound ideas of time, place, and circumstances—to convey a censure upon our wisest plans, and altogether to laugh us to scorn. There appears something mysterious connected with them, bordering on the superstitious. *Not* being able to account for them, I feel somehow lessened in my own estimation, and impatient when they take place—as a sort of reproach upon my understanding. All this may seem very puerile, but so it is. Astronomers calculate the advent of eclipses with the greatest nicety, and have made some respectable "hits" and shrewd "guesses" touching comets; but for coincidences—good lack! poor mortals that we are—sagacity is here at fault, and we must, and do, succumb.

Coincidences are often spoken of by the terms, "singular," "remarkable;" but, I fancy, are more commonly alliteratively described as *curious*. The writers of the "unreal" are partial to the word "fortunate," as applied to them. Be these things as they may, they are my aversion; but perhaps I should be somewhat puzzled to say *why* I so much dislike them, or suffer my philosophic temperament to be in the slightest degree disturbed on this point, seeing that I really cannot call to mind a single instance in which a coincidence has ever interfered with my worldly prosperity, or in any shape interrupted my happiness. Possibly, in *my* case, the feeling may arise from (for I profess myself a candid, very candid man) nervousness, or a weakish mind, and though one is not over ready to admit of the latter solution, the reader will be kind enough to observe that I use the word *possibly*. It must be my inability to account for them, that inflicts (here I justify my claim to the appellation "candid") a wound upon my pride of intellect. Yet, though I have met with several in the course of my life, none of them at all important, or calculated to shake any of my stern resolves, or turn me from the path of duty,—yet (here candour again steps in, and eventuates in the humiliating admission), that they frequently used to give me a dreadful fit of the fidgets, sometimes terminating in undignified gloom and distressing dyspepsia, is a great fact.

Byron never enacted a sounder remark than that regarding "truth and fiction." Now, I disclaim fiction, it would be too much trouble. In such an attempt I should quickly mystify my readers, and next myself. Coincidences are not necessarily disagreeable. One instance was productive indeed to me of unalloyed pleasure. As the circumstance has always tenaciously held its place as a reminiscence; and, having disclaimed fiction, I at once proceed, in the language of unadorned truth, to deliver the tale.

It will be found to be no very mighty affair; but the incident may be fairly considered as a *curious* one, to say the least of it. It is now some thirty-nine years since, that I was domiciled in the "Wen," as Cobbett savagely designated it, and had, like most other men, friends and acquaintances of similar age and standing. Amongst the former, was one who had come to London to try conclusions with his pen. He was at the time a student of St. John's College, Cambridge; of rather humble but respectable extraction, very poor, inexperienced in the mart and uncertain pursuits of literature, but very sanguine and persevering.

Having then, as now, that common disease the *cacoethes scribendi* pretty, strong upon me, I naturally sympathised with him; and being tolerably well-to-do in worldly goods, felt quite inclined (may I never lose the inclination to succour my fellow-man) to aid and assist him to the utmost. We turned over many plans, rejected almost as soon as formed. What aerial castles did we not erect? How many anxious consultations we held; what hopes and fears were present by turns; yet in spite of repeated disappointments, we bore bravely up, and quailed not. That we might the better advance our projects, I took him to reside with me as my guest; and, as he possessed several, in *his* eyes, valuable manuscripts, he from day to day tried their force upon this or that book publisher. But no,—constantly dismissed with the customary regret at not being able to entertain his proposals, or adventure with him—they were full —there was little demand for works of such description—nevertheless wished him every success, &c., &c.

I fear there was something of the "sardonic" in the smile with which I used to listen to his grievances; and, as we are all of us but too apt to believe what we wish, I might have been hopeful to an extent, I admit; but my friend was *immensely* credulous, and the simplicity with which, after all his unsuccessful exertions, he would describe to me the *certainty* of ultimate profit and renown, was marvellous. But I lent an attentive ear, notwithstanding, for I could not, for the life of me, say or do anything that might tend to crush his hopes, or cast a damper on his expectations. So, on he would go, narrating, most unsuspectingly, the courtesy of the "head" of one great establishment in Paternoster-row, or the bland inquiries of a magnate in Burlington-street or elsewhere, as to his prospects, his possession of any already-made reputation, or what influence he had in aristocratic circles.

The man seemed not to have the most distant idea that these gentle refusals might have their origin in the circumstance, fatal in most instances to the investing their capital in such speculations, that, as an author, he was untried, and, more fatal still, *unknown* to general fame. He evidently had something of poor "Goldy" in his composition; for, one day, after a longer absence than common, he rushed into our pleasant apartment, clearly under some excitement of a pleasing kind, and began his outpourings to the effect that he, in some tavern-parlour, had luckily stumbled upon an old magazine; that he had at last discovered a method of raising the wind effectually, and kept on joyously exclaiming, "Yes, 'twill *do*, it *must* do, 'twill *take*. I'm sure of it, it *must* take, &c." I stared; but patiently awaited an explanation, which he proceeded to give in the following shape: that in the said ancient magazine he had seen an announcement of the publication, reputation, and extensive patronage accorded to a little work with the very quaint and singular appellation of the *Oxford Sausage*.* "Well, and what then, my boy?" I replied. His rejoinder was, "Why, my good fellow, you must be blind; don't you see?" Having confessed to a certain amount of obtuseness on the point, I quietly requested to be enlightened—to be informed by what chain of reasoning and what process of ratiocination, he anticipated such vast benefits, or any, arising from such a source. "Sir," he exclaimed, "cause and effect—OXFORD is OXFORD, but (here he reined up) CAMBRIDGE also is CAMBRIDGE! Who has the presumption to award the palm? though *I* have *my* opinion. Now," (a favourite word with him) he went on, getting grandiloquent, "Oxford has its SAUSAGE, and why not Cambridge its TART? Sir, I will immortalize *my* ALMA MATER, for Cambridge shall have its TART, prepared even though by *my* hands!" The chap infected me to a certain degree with his enthusiasm, and we forthwith took long, sage, and sweet counsel together. I suggested the propriety, and indeed downright necessity, of procuring a copy of this said *Oxford Sausage*, with a view to discover from its style, arrangement, and the subject matter altogether, the nature of the work. This he cordially agreed to, and then burst out with, taking me firmly by the hand "My dear and best friend, fancy the *Cambridge Tart* by the side of the *Oxford Sausage! Deliciæ Ambæ!* myself at the pinnacle of literary——" Here I stopped him, and, begging him to cease his raptures, exhorted him to action. Where to procure the book was the next question, and, fortified by an extra glass to our success, we started that very afternoon, and carefully scrutinized the contents of a certain number of book-stalls, without avail. Nothing daunted, we resumed our investigations on the following morning, going forth early, and to the same literary founts. Not the humblest stall of the modern "Lackingtons" throughout the vast city did we omit diligently to explore. We tried very many of the second-hand booksellers in vain. Fortune had taken the field against us for the present, and our patience and our boots were fast wearing away. Our peregrinations had now consumed a week, and on a Saturday evening we were sitting at home in a lugubrious state of spirits; my companion's visage long, dismal, and portentous to an alarming extent, when I shortened it considerably by the sudden announcement that I had *not* lost all hope of succeeding in our search—that there was *one* mine unexplored—a large, very old-established, likely, second-hand bookshop at the west end of the town, that I was of old, acquainted with a son of the proprietor—that the article would be found *there*, if anywhere; and I actually felt a kind of presentiment that (psha! presentiments? I refuse to enter upon them, for *that* way a fit of fidgets *also* lies) we should *there* at length clutch the prize. I further announced that I was always made most welcome at their table, and my intention of dining there the next day, and of fully exploring every shelf, nook, and cranny of the house, for the wished-for copy. All of which ideas my listener much approved; and accordingly I made my appearance at the hospitable abode, abutting upon Wigmore-street, an hour before the prandial meal, paying my first "respects" to the tall, bony, stalwart senior. Methinks I now see him sitting in the capacious apartment (the shop, indeed,) below; his speech curt, abrupt, and authoritative in manner, and his venerable head ensconced in a black velvet cap. Fool! fool that I was! not to have logged his anecdotes (he was rather partial to, and chatty with me); for when "assistant," then called "journeyman," to Dodsley, the celebrated bookseller of that period, he had frequently in bodily person beheld the redoubtable Dr.

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* I am by no means certain, but imagine it to have been published some time in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century.

Samuel Johnson! Ah! had I but taken notes. Eheu! regrets are as vain as poignant.

I soon took an opportunity of mentioning the book I was so anxious to obtain, and my heart palpitated with pleasure as he informed me that he remembered perfectly well such a work being in existence, and that it was greatly within the bounds of possibility that it might be found in his lumber room. Seeing my anxiety, he kindly excused me, and I quickly foregathered with the son, told my tale, and who (although Sunday, dinner being not yet ready) good naturedly consented to gratify me by an instantaneous investigation of the contents of the aforesaid room, which was of some extent, and various bygone books, and mildewed pamphlets, covered with dust and cobwebs in quantity, lay upon the unpainted shelves. We soon disturbed them, and plunged into the fray. Industrious and energetic was I in the extreme, my efforts were Herculean; it must be conceded that I covered myself with glory, and my smart, blue, five-pound, dress-coat with dust. Toiling on, at length, on taking up a small drab-coloured, modest, paper-covered, pamphlet-looking production, I saw on the outside, letters which formed, or seemed to form (for my usual Lynx-like vision underwent a strange but temporary sensation) the words, "THE OXFORD SAUSAGE." My sight clearing—I leaped up frantically, and shouted "Eureka!" I felt that I had not lived in vain; the remembrance even now affects me. My worthy workfellow smiled his satisfaction, and with a feeling of intense gratification unfelt by, because unknown to cooler and more equable temperaments, attended at the dinner table, expressing warm thanks to my host for his happy suggestion. I was full of anticipatory felicity, but ate my dinner mechanically—my thoughts were away—and I shortly made some ungrateful attempts to depart; they were wretchedly shallow attempts, and I was cordially pressed to tea and spend the evening, "for," urged the dear old hostess, "I expect my son from Oxford this afternoon, and I should like you to see him," &c.

What could I do? The son so expected duly put in an appearance; he was a jeweller and pawnbroker, residing at that classic seat, and a well bred man withal. In due season tea was despatched, succeded by interesting chit-chat, and lastly, supper was announced. Amongst the viands was a certain dish of savoury-smelling balls, on which I fixed my carnal affections; very appetizing were the aforesaid balls, composed of sausage meat, and to which I was doing ample justice, when the host suddenly requested my opinion as to their quality, and whether I thought them equal to —— (mentioning my native county) sausages? the hostess proceeding to inform me that her dutiful Oxford son had brought them up with him. Profoundly was I taken aback, *here* was a coincidence! I was disturbed in my imagination, though not unbearably so; my long-formed ideas recurred in tremendous force, but digestion went on, and I conscientiously bestowed upon them the meed of praise, for they well deserved it. The time of departure at length arrived, and on finding myself at liberty, I suffered not the grass to grow under my feet, so intensely anxious was I to communicate the result of my expedition to my expectant friend. Quickly I traversed the intervening space, more than ever marvelling at the strange nature of *coincidences*—there was I, bearing on the *outward* man, carefully pressed and invested in my breast pocket, a *paper* OXFORD SAUSAGE, and *within*, my stomach agreeably, tranquilly, and fully lined with veritable OXFORD SAUSAGE MEAT! It *was* a *very* and *curious* coincidence.

Arrived, the latch key soon did its office; I bolted in upon my guest, sitting listlessly by firelight alone, sprung upon him, grasping both his hands with a vice-like grip, and instantly exploded at the top of my voice, "Hurrah, hurrah for presentiments! give ye joy, my prince of the pen." His first gesture was instinctively to release his digitals from my powerful squeeze, as with open mouth and staring eyes he burst forth—"Eh? what! can it be true! got it?" 'Yes, yes, I've got it safe enough." "The *book?*" he broke in upon me, "you're not joking, good God, if it *should* be." "See *here*, my pippin," displaying it aloft before him, as I rattled on, "trust *me* for generalship; hurrah! bravo!" "But le-le-let me look;" his hand shook as he seized it, and we proceeded critically to examine its contents. Ah! opposite the title-page was a half-length rude woodcut engraving of one DOROTHY SPREADBURY, of most stolid and old-fashioned features, which rejoiced in an expanse of peak of bonnet that would go nigh to send our modern belles into convulsions—of laughter. It seemed that Oxford had been happy in the birth, and presence 'till death, of this dame, who had achieved a splendid and lasting reputation as a compounder of sausages, thereby adding greatly to the other glories of that seminary of learning and most orthodox port.

Underneath this grim and notable personage was her epitaph, which I beg to append:—

"Here, deep in the dust, the mouldy old crust
Of Doll Spreadbury lately was shoven;
She was skilled in the arts of pies, puddings, and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she'd lived long enough, she made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much *praised;*
Now here she doth lie, and makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust will be raised."

How eagerly did our optics dwell upon the work, which proved to be a compilation, and consisted of morceaux of poetry, jeu d'esprits, bon mots, witty rhymes, &c., the alleged productions at different epochs of Oxford University men; and thus collected, were ushered forth to the world as *mentally* emulating and eminently resembling the flavour, racy spiciness, and piquant qualities of Doll Spreadbury's composition—thence their title. The way in which the treasure came into my possession I have narrated, and I contend, will go to death upon't, that it was a very *curious* and anomalous incident. So far for a "Tale of a Coincidence."

I trust to be permitted further to state, that for some months my *protegé* fagged at the preparation of his *Cambridge Tart*, largely consulting the poets' corner in a Cambridge newspaper, and drawing suitable articles (the offspring of Cantabs only) from a variety of sources. The vignette was beautiful and appropriate in the extreme, and how distinctly does memory recall the morning of publication, as, in company with its anxious author, I entered the publisher's establishment in the Strand; how, while there, we were electrified with the vision of a carriage and four, which suddenly stopped at the door—when entered a smart liveried official, with a request for *four* copies of the "Cambridge Tart," for his Grace the Duke of Northumberland! We stood six feet higher. The flavour of the tart, however, pleased not EBONY; a critic in that quarter, laid an unkind hand upon it, and soon it was heard of again no more. My friend bore up under the affliction with much fortitude, but for several years he has slept with his fathers—tranquil rest his spirit! Like the rest of mortals, he experienced many and severe disappointments; but are they not written in that book of fate, in which are alike inscribed our hopes and fears, our joys and our sorrows, and the aspirations of us all after happiness? Yea, verily.

Lastly, a certain individual, (whose name nothing but invincible modesty withholds) wishing to have at least one finger in the pie, somehow the accompanying epigram mysteriously found its way under the crust—closing the volume. The audacious one hopes to be forgiven:—

### EPIGRAM.

"Grant that kind fate, whene'er I dine,
An Oxford sausage may be mine;
Nor let me want as a dessert,
A sizing* of the Cambridge Tart.
Possessing both, I then should be
So blest, the gods might envy me.

## APRIL.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

(*Original.*)

SIGHING, storming, singing, smiling,
With her many moods beguiling,
April walks the wakening earth;
Wheresoe'er she looks and lingers,
Wheresoe'er she lays her fingers,
Some new charm starts into birth.

Fitful clouds about her sweeping,
Coming, going, frowning, weeping—
Melt in fertile blessings round;
Frequent rainbows that embrace her,
And with gorgeous girdles grace her,
Drop in flowers upon the ground.

Gay and green the fields beneath her,
Blue the broad, unfathomed ether,
Bending o'er her bright domain;
Full the buds her hands are wreathing,
Fresh the breezes round her breathing,
Fair her footprints on the plain.

Daisies sprinkle mead and mountain,
Violets by the mossy fountain
Ope their velvet vesture wide;
Cowslips bloom in open splendour,
But the primrose, fair and tender,
In lone places doth abide.

Nature now hath many voices,
Every living thing rejoices
In the spirit of the time;
Winds with leaves in whispers dally,
Streams run singing down the valley,
In the gladness of the prime.

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* *Sizings*, a term well understood by Cantabs; *extra* collegiate fare, such as tartlets, marrow puddings, &c. Poetic license must be pleaded for singularizing the word sizings.

Larks have long been up and chanting,
And the woodland is not wanting
In the sounds we love to hear,
For the thrush calls long and loudly,
And quaint echo answers proudly
From romantic hollows near.

Now the cuckoo, "blithe new comer,"
Faithful seeker of the summer,
Wheresoe'er its footsteps be,
Sits in places calm and lonely,
And in measured cadence only
Sends wild music o'er the lea.

Who doth not delight to hear her?
Children's careless eyes grow clearer,
As they look and listen long;
Manhood pauses on his travel,
Age endeavours to unravel
Old thoughts waking at her song.

Unbeliever, wan and wasted,
If the cup which thou hast tasted
Turns to poison as it flows,
Come, while gentler spirits call thee,
Let their summons disenthral thee
Of thy weakness and thy woes.

With the world if thou art weary—
If with doubt thy soul be dreary;
Crushed thy harassed heart with care—
There is hope, and there is healing,
Purer fancy, nobler feeling,
In this free, untainted air.

Mark this floweret, sweetly peeping
From the sod, where safe and sleeping
It hath lain the winter through—
How it opens with soft seeming
To the breeze and to the beaming
Of the sun shower and the dew.

God hath made it, fed it, trained it
Into beauty and maintained it
For thy use and solace, man;
Can such Guardian be forgetful
Of the selfish, sinful, fretful,
Human portion of His plan?

All is gladness, all is beauty,
Nature with instinctive duty
Lifts her joyous homage high;—
Why shouldst thou, with gloom ungrateful,
Turn on goodly things a hateful,
Thankless heart, a scornful eye.

Wayward, wilful, though thou seemest,
Dark and doubtful though thou deemest
The Eternal's glory, power, and name,—
Nature, true to her designing,
Goeth on without repining,
Ever changing, yet the same.

All thy thoughts are full of error,
Disappointment, strife, and terror,
Make thy journey sad and rough ;
Nature *never can* deceive thee,
But of half thy cares relieve thee,
If thou have but faith enough.

Faith to feel that all her wonders,
Stars, flowers, seasons, calms, and thunders,
Seas that rave, and streams that roll,
Are God's every day revealings,
Mute and many-toned appealings
To thy apathetic soul.

Come and woo her—she will bless thee—
Let her fresh free winds caress thee,
Let her smiles thy love repay ;
Come while she is proudly wearing
Bridal garments, and preparing
For the festival of May.

## "Christmas at Home."

BY AN ODD-FELLOW.

It is an old saying, and no less true, "Christmas only comes once a year.' It is a season of the year when home is revisited, when friends and relations meet together, and the absent child receives the fond caress of a parent.

> "As a long parted mother with her child
> Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting,
> So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my home."

We cluster round the fire, for it is anything but warm ; the Christmas log burns brightly, and a smile plays upon the countenance of all. We cast an anxious eye on all sides ; the old house was still the same, and everything it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied some years ago; there was no change, saving that they appeared to look older, somehow more venerable. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days; it seemed to have lost that sharp, clear clicking with which it greeted mine ears when a child; I looked upon the brass figures which ornamented the old clock face ; I looked on those ancient fingers, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out my hours of pleasure.

Over the mantel-piece hung the emblem of the "Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows." The gilt frame was tarnished, and upon all things age had left its impress.

From the ceiling hung the holly bush, in the centre of which was suspended the "mistletoe bough ;" on one side is the motto, "A merry Christmas, and a happy new year." "Welcome." What a feeling of pleasure steals over our senses. The commonest objects become endeared to us by absence; things which we before scarcely deigned to notice are then found to possess strange charms, bringing to the memory many a forgotten incident, and many an old emotion, to which they had been dormant for years.

"Home, sweet home!" how familiarly it greets our ears; it has its joys and its sorrows, but at the time I am now writing, it is Christmas, when all appears sunshine.

"Fun and frolic is the order of the day."

And the cares of this life are lost to memory. The dark clouds in the distance, which are steadily approaching, are unseen and unheeded. The scenes of home command our attention, and our sole object is to make it "A Merry Christmas."

It is "Christmas eve." The railway station at N——, is the scene of hurry and bustle. The parcel office is alive with presents, which in a short time will be scattered over the country. The gruff voices of the porters; the pompous tone of the station master; the whirl of carriages, carts, and wheelbarrows; the ringing of the railway bell; the whistle of the engines as they pass to and fro; together with the excited conversation of an eager and anxious public, causes us to put our fingers to our ears. The raging element just depicted has somewhat subdued, and we feel more at ease. It only requires a glance at the great mass of people assembled together upon the platform to guess their errand. There are fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers. A shrill whistle is heard in the distance; it rings in our ears long and loud, and then comes the heavy tread of the engine, slowly and majestically. Then comes a general rush, it is the C—— train. Every individual as he alights from the train, whether he be man, woman, or child, is closely scrutinized. Now and then a well-known voice greets the ears of some of the bystanders; a beam of pleasure lights up the countenance of both, and then follows the usual congratulations; a host of questions are asked in almost a breath. There are at least a dozen willing hands ready to carry the luggage, and off they go, home to the scenes of childhood.

The station is at length cleared of its living freight, and we stroll through our usually quiet streets. It is getting late, gaiety reigns supreme on every side. Music is now heard in the distance. Oh, how beautifully it sounds wafted upon the silent breeze that fans our cheeks, and tints them with a rosy hue. For a time we are lost in wonder; they are the "waits."

"Music's sweet strains steal through our lonely heart,
Smiting its fountains with their plaintive tones,
Until our every thought is drowned in tears."

It was only when the last strain had re-echoed in the distance that we became conscious of the place whereon we stood. Like all others we have had some party to attend. It is the hour of midnight; we are on our return from a meeting held in connection with our lodge. We find many little things to talk about, and on our way, for we are "homeward bound," we pause. A little band of talented singers are at work; their voices are bent upwards; they are singing "Christmas Asleep;" fain would we linger, but our watchword is "Onward." We naturally think of home, and those with whom we are daily associated. Even at this late hour, when we cross the threshold of our home, we are greeted with a smile of welcome. All is good humour; the family circle is almost complete, and a bright fire adds to the comfort of the little party seated in the back parlour. We are all smiles, for it is one of the happiest days of our existence; our voices mingle together, and we think at times that we are in fairyland.

At length morning dawns, and we think more seriously of Christmas. "Many remembered scenes and familiar faces pass through the mind, while it is in such a state of contemplation. Riches are not always attended with happiness, nor has poverty misery alone for a companion."

An intellectual mind is the surest wealth; contemplative man can create his own happiness.

Home is revisited, and we think of the past.

There is the old churchyard, which has so often echoed with our merry laugh; it has undergone a great change. The broken down fences are lost to view; the old gravestones, over which we used to leap are gone; we wander about in search of the resting place of a parent, a brother, a sister, or some kind old friend. The object of our affection is hidden for ever from our weeping eyes, and there remains naught to mark his resting place, save the green sward,

"Those grassy mounds cause many a sigh to be heaved."

The churchyard, which was once the picture of desolation, is now palisaded all round; here and there are planted shrubs, giving the whole a pretty effect. There is the old belfry—how many times have we when schoolboys baffled the vigilance of the old sexton, and tripped up the long pile of stone steps with our tiny feet; what mirth and glee we have witnessed there; what tricks we used to play the ringers. Things look as before, but few changes have taken place; and now we wander to the Church.

What a holy solemnity steals over the soul while we are in that sacred edifice. How many generations have been in succession seated in this church, listening to the words of holy writ. How many ministers have succeeded each other in that pulpit. So generation after generation passes away; and we, too, shall go, when our time arrives, and the place that knows us now, shall know us no more for ever. Others will take our places and sit in the same seats, and listen to the same words, but from another pastor's lips; even the lord of the manor, who is seated in his crimsoned-velvet-cushioned pew, he, with all his hereditary titles, must follow his forefathers. Not all the splendour that surrounds him; not all the wealth that he possesses, will bribe stern Death, who makes no distinction between the peer and the peasant—both must yield to his impartial sway. Those time-worn tablets record their glorious deeds, and form conspicuous ornaments to the church. They fling, as it were, a mantle of antiquity over the walls, robing them with magnificence. There, at the foot of the altar, how many have been united by that holy bond which death alone can sunder. The noble lady and the poor cottage girl—the aristocrat and the peasant—have there alike vowed to love and cherish those who knelt by their side. And so time rolls on. The seat that we once occupied on the Sabbath, when a Sunday-school scholar, is nowhere to be seen. The huge galleries, the noble staircases, the whitewashed walls have all disappeared. The principal seats in the church, which were formerly occupied by those who wished to sit aloof from the rest of the congregation in some conspicuous place, are lost to our gaze; a better state of things exists there; there is no respect of persons, and all is beautiful.

On the selfsame spot stands the old school, we call it old, while others would pronounce it as the contrary. Many changes have taken place in it since the day when we last occupied a seat in it. There are fresh rules and fresh faces. Our old school-fellows are now engaged in the business of this busy world. Our school-days remind us of scenes gone by; of companions who are dead, and others who are far away; of happy hours that can never return. They came full of foolish regrets, and

"Silly truths,
That dally with the innocence of love,
Like the olden age."

For the present our task is ended.

A. J. M.

# Poem for Recitation.

## CHARITY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

THEY who, bearing heavy burdens over Life's most hilly road,
Strive to cheer a weaker brother, bowed beneath another load;
Who, with young ones round about them, where full Plenty never smiled,
Yet can stretch their heart and table to let in an orphan child;
They who, half-fed, feed the breadless, in the travail of distress;
They who, taking from a little, give to those who have still less;
They, who needy, yet can pity when they look on greater need;
These are Charity's disciples—these are Mercy's sons indeed.

They who will not join the onslaught made upon a noble name,
When sharp words, like coward's arrows, may be launched with covert aim;
They who will not crush a jewel that perchance may bear a speck;
They who will not help to fasten stones about a drowning neck;
They who, having breathed in anger, scarcely let the breath exhale,
Ere returning kindness stirreth like a rosebud in a gale;
They whose piety condemns not Brahmin fasts nor Jewish feasts;
These are spirits, blest and blessing—these are Charity's High Priests!

They who firmly raise their voices, they who warmly give their thought!
In the cause of fellow-beings, lowly, friendless, and untaught;
They who boldly pour out Knowledge as the only ray to light
Creatures from their maze of darkness into open paths of Right;
They who seek to build up presses, and destroy the gibbet-rope;
These are God's own, earnest servants, spreading Charity and Hope!

They whose lips, with gentle instinct, ever watchfully restrain
Random jest or keen allusion that may give another pain;
They who yield their own fond wishes, even for a stranger's sake,
Well content, by self resigning, others' happiness to make;
They whose conscience bids them scruple o'er some deed they fain would do,
Asking if the work of Pleasure be a work of Duty too;
They who in broad, honest dealing do as they would be done by;
These are Charity's soft ring-doves, soaring nearest to the sky!

They who bravely scorn to torture ought that has not power to turn;
They who look upon the mute things—seeing much to love and learn;
They who think that holy Mercy is for ALL that live and feel;
These shall grace the angel's record, stamped with the Almighty seal!

Charity! first-born of Heaven! let thy truest worth be told—
Worth that is not shown in atoms flung from mountain-piles of gold.
Pomp and Riches will not miss it, though they give a tithe away;
They will have enough to-morrow, though they feed a host to-day.
'Tis the poor man's mite—unnoted; 'tis small heart-coins, ne'er summed up;
'Tis the constant balm that kindness sheds into the social cup;
'Tis the lip that will not utter bitter words to blight and sear;
'Tis the eye that loses lustre when it sees another's tear;
'Tis the hand of Need that giveth when it findeth greater need;
These are Charity's *great* workings—blest and bountiful indeed!

# Genius and its Eccentricities.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

A WEALTHY connoisseur of my acquaintance, one Herbert Fitztwaddle, who prided himself much on the countenance he bestowed upon art and artists, was, occasionally, in the habit of boring his friends with grandiloquent dissertations upon the characteristics of the "brilliant genius" possessed by (to my mind) two or three ordinary students, for whose future reputation he had condescendingly undertaken the office of sponsor. I remember once rather abruptly terminating a profoundly mysterious rhetorical flourish, by quietly asking the simple question—"What is genius?"

"Genius! genius! ge-ni-us! is—ha—genius is—*genius*, of course; a divine gift! I am surprised that a man of your pretensions should ask so commonplace a question!" "Indeed," said I coolly; "genius is a divine gift, is it? I fear, however, I am but very little nearer the solution of the query yet; for I have all along been vulgar enough to imagine numberless other things, both on the earth and in the heavens, to be 'divine gifts,' such as the glorious sunlight, a fertilising shower, or the nose on one's face, for instance!"

Fitz was chagrined. He felt himself in a maze, and destitute of the clue necessary to his extrication. He therefore, very wisely, retired upon his dignity, and with a haughty frown, worthy of the most superficial of pedagogues, instead of further enlightening my ignorance, *looked* me into silence.

I am well aware of the difficulty and danger of attempting to give a definition of anything, no matter what, whether it pertains to physics or metaphysics, and especially when trespassing upon the domain of the immaterial: neither is such exactly my intention. Yet I cannot avoid fancying it just possible that this particular celestial bonus may be reduced somewhat nearer the level of mortal comprehension than my erudite friend Fitztwaddle conceived to be either possible or even desirable. I will, therefore, though with diffidence, have my humble say upon the subject, for the edification or otherwise, as the case may be, of the inquiring student, and the numerous Fitztwaddles who stumble upon the threshold of the inquiry, and take refuge in total obscurity.

The exhibition of strikingly original genius must, of necessity, be the exception and not the rule, in any school of art, or in any class of people, however deeply learned the mass may be in the antecedents of success, or however highly polished their natural capabilities by judicious culture. It is not necessarily so with regard to talent, at least not to the same extent. Although the terms genius and talent are often popularly confounded, yet there exists a wide and important distinction between them, as I shall endeavour to show in a succeeding paper.

It may perhaps appear to some a daring assertion, yet I honestly declare my conviction, that all persons in the possession of the ordinary human faculties, possess to some extent, however, limited, both talent and genius! I conceive the individual aberrations to involve a question of degree and not of *kind*, except, of course, in cases of monstrosity or mal-organization. God has given ten talents to some and but one to others; but he has left no responsible human being absolutely without. It will be readily granted that all who are not totally blind *can see*, although the greatest diversity is exhibited by individuals in both strength and quality of vision. It would be evidently very absurd to insist that the few alone were in possession of the faculty of seeing whose optical sense combined great power with marvellous delicacy; and yet we often speak of genius and talent as of things entirely and exclusively possessed by certain individuals, like territorial titles or the elective franchise. Nay, I will go so far as to assert that some amount of genius or talent is absolutely necessary to the just and full appreciation of the products of either the one or the other; and that judicious culture will develope, strengthen, and refine both, as well as any other mental faculty or muscular function appertaining to humanity. Emerson truly says—"The fame of Shakspere or of Voltaire, of Thomas à Kempis, or of Bonaparte, characterizes those who give it." The "man of genius," even in the conventional sense, is, after all, but a man in the possession of above the *average* capacity in one or more directions which demand or imply the existence of this mysterious power. The medium degree, or average development, is slightingly termed "mediocrity," while the very existence of anything below it is utterly ignored. This ignoration lies at the root of much popular error.

If the view I have so far expressed be correct, it must cease to be a matter of surprise that the advent of an extraordinary genius in any of the arts must be a rare occurrence, as its frequent obtrusion would destroy its singularity and strip it of all pretensions to the marvellous. Extraordinary men, as the term implies, present an extra development or power in some direction beyond ordinary humanity; and consequently a man, whose mental superiority, although *not very* remarkable in competition with one generation or class, might be capable of achieving the highest distinction in another of inferior character. It is not asserted that all men of acknowledged genius or talent, or both combined, possess these qualities in an equal degree, The lesser lights constantly pale before the more dazzling effulgence of the greater.

Let us see how this theory or dogma will stand the test of practical application. Was the reader ever introduced to a man or woman of "acknowledged genius?" to one whose published works had truly created within him the reverence usually accorded to high intellectual superiority? If so, the chances are great he was miserably disappointed; unless, indeed, the genius happened to be of a social turn, and endowed with brilliant conversational power, which sometimes is the case. But these qualities may be met with in parties who are not "acknowledged geniuses," and sometimes in a very high degree; while the "immortal light" is often found located on earth in a very humble lantern! Neither does its flame present one continual uninterrupted brilliancy. It is fitful and irregular, and sometimes smoulders into semi-gloom. Genius may become obscured from time to time by accompanying weakness and imperfections more potent than itself, for it is subjected like the rest of mankind, and sometimes in a more intense degree, owing to its more delicate nervous organization, to the darkening influence of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." The true cause of the disappointment will often be found not to rest with the "genius," but with his entranced but indiscriminating admirer. The latter ought never to have expected that the man who had earned a world-wide reputation, which could not have been achieved but by the devotion of a large portion of his life to patient thought and solitary diligence, whose very greatness may have resulted from the intensification and exercise of certain, in him, predominant mental qualities, would shine equally resplendent in the "particular line" of a *bon vivant*, a man of business, or a well-bred gentleman of fashion, the greater part of whose brains and time is consumed in the acquisition and exhibition of the peculiar "perfections" by which they are distinguished! The mind and temper capable of creating a majestic pictorial representation of the "Last Judgment," or the earthly Paradise, or in the sister art, of a "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," may, rationally enough, be supposed to exist without the conjunction of the brilliant "talk" of a Theodore Hook or a Coleridge, simply because the possession of the one no more depends upon that of the other than a fine ear necessitates the co-existence of powerful vision or highly sensitive touch. Nay, experience teaches us that the total or even partial extinction of the function of one sense is generally productive of increased power and sensibility in others. Whether this results from the additional exercise or education forced by the circumstances, or whether it may be attributed to increased concentration of the nervous energy in other directions, or to a combination of both, the fact is indisputable; and by analogical inference, may perhaps serve to illustrate or throw some light upon the nature of genius, its occasional eccentricities, and apparent anomalies and contradictions. I have ever held that a greater, and not, as is frequently the case, a less amount of lenity ought, in many cases at least, to be accorded to the imperfections and shortcomings of men of strongly developed individual character and peculiar mental power.

Respectable mediocrity finds it a much easier and more genial task to walk in the footprints of conventional etiquette, than daring, self-reliant, creative genius. The latter feels it was born to lead and not to follow the mass. Hence the many unseemly collisions which occasionally take place, and always to the worldly damage of the "heaven-gifted." All men, from the proudest to the humblest, are subject more or less to the weaknesses incident to our common humanity, and little minds are but too prone to exult over the imperfections which form a connecting chain between them and the "children of fame." One of our most truthful modern poets has finely said:—

> "I've marked the frailties of some gifted one
>   Blazon'd with prudent doubt and virtuous sigh;
> But through the whining cant of saintly tone
>   Heard Joy give Pity the exulting lie;
> As if it were a pleasant thing to find
> The racer stumbling and the gaze-hound blind."

Truly, poets, painters, and all other artists, being responsible beings, must of necessity be accountable to society for the performance of their social duties. The error consists in the expectation of higher general virtues from the man intensely or delicately organized in some one direction, than from the mass. It is no reflection upon the ability of shoemaker Brown that he cannot fashion a pair of pantaloons without exciting the ridicule of tailor Jones; neither is there anything very remarkable or culpable in the fact that Robert Burns, though a first-class poet, was but a second-rate gauger, and no "great shakes" of a farmer either. If we were to speak of Robert's weaknesses as the shortcomings of farmer Burns or the jolly gauger, the world would not waste its time in listening to the story, the said world being sufficiently pestered with the daily repetition of similar delinquencies. The very excellencies of the man are thus responsible for the publication of his errors. Nay, many men of genius in some directions have been notoriously weaker than the average of men in everything outside their speciality. Partial genius of this class, indeed, results from the excessive preponderance of some mental powers over the remainder. And this species of genius is the most common. None are universally gifted. God alone is omnipotent. It would require many lesser "great lights" to make one Shakspere, and even he was not perfection in all things.

The common world cannot associate the man of genius with anything but that by which he is publicly distinguished. It supposes him always the "great man," always exhibiting himself. It seems to forget that his genius does not quite divest him of his humanity, that the deeds of great men are the result of active labour, and that the mental as well as the physical toiler requires repose and relaxation, and is generally as desirous as any trader to "keep out of the shop" when the hours of business have passed away. The folly rested with the *individual* who was "*surprised*," at finding Sir William Wallace playing at "hobby-horse" with his children, and *not* with the hero, who was a father as well as a warrior. His "worshipper" doubtless expected to find him flourishing his broad sword at an imaginary enemy! I have heard of a fellow who expressed himself very much disappointed with a poet whose productions he admired, on finding that, in the society of his friends, instead of occasionally, at least, speaking in rhythm (like dramatic heroes on the stage), he conversed in very ordinary prose, and stammered a little into the bargain! The story is rather "too good to be true," perhaps; but many absurdities almost as preposterous, are regularly perpetrated relative to men and women distinguished *in some respects* above their compeers. Bayle St. John, in his life of Montaigne, the essayist, relates an anecdote, illustrative of this erroneous impression, and, in itself, equally ridiculous. He says, "Why do we hear people so often say that they find such and such a great man very different—meaning inferior—to what they had expected? His domestic habits and tribulations produce impressions on them quite different from those of his public or imaginary career. I have heard that a great poet of these times utterly fell in the opinion of a good judge, because he was seen toying in an unnecessary manner with his nose."

* * *

## "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

[ORIGINAL.]

She hath done what she could,
She hath not lived in vain—
The seed in weakness sown
Hath brought forth stores of grain—
The *little* that 'twas hers to do
Was wrought with willing heart and true.

She did not scorn to use
Her single talent, small—
She did not spare to give
The mite that was her all.
She hath done what she *could*—no more
Was ask'd for, so her toil is o'er.

Her deeds do live for aye,
Though she hath gained her rest;
She sowed that other hearts
Might reap and call her blest.
And so her rich reward is won—
*All* that she could do she hath done.

What if she did not bear
The burthens of the day?
What tho', in life's high noon,
Her soul was call'd away?
The task assigned her was complete—
Was it not time her Lord to meet?

She hath done what she could!—
Oh! ye who seek for fame,
Be this your purpose strong,
Be this your highest aim—
To *do whate'er* your hand shall find
For love of God and humankind.—Y. S. N.

# The Last Leaf

## FROM THE DIARY OF A RELIEVING OFFICER.

It is the essence of the social state that, for the benefit of all, there should be mutual dependence and mutual aid; and this object in England is, to a large extent, secured by law. No laws, however, can be so comprehensive as to provide for every case of individual distress; but such distress is not the less to be relieved. It is an evil at variance with the great purposes of the social system, and as such it ought, upon a mere abstract principle, to be diminished.

The reflection is not pleasant that most of our physical triumphs are effected at the certain cost, to many a one but poorly sharing in the rewards of our success, of certain physical suffering and mental degradation. And such is the complicated system under which we live, that the hardest workers are far from usually blessed by the most substantial rewards.

There can be no doubt that we each hold within us the power to do more or less towards the alleviation of physical distress amongst those deserving persons with whom our lot is more immediately cast; and although we, as public officers, are wisely debarred by law from administering to the wants of others in manner and form dictated by our individual feelings or prejudices, and have each a strict line of duty marked down for us rigidly to follow; yet, as individuals, we are able, in some degree, to modify, by gentleness of manner, the sterner requirements of the law.

It must be a serious and bitter reflection for any one situated as I am, that he has at any time, by any means whatever, added one sting, however slight, to the terrible scourge of poverty. And it behoves us all to guard against even the smallest error in judgment or indulgence of temper, lest by omission of a kind word administered in season, or by the substitution of a harsh expression, the cold atmosphere of want should be intensified.

Our official routine is by no means calculated to foster that commendable feeling of the heart which prompts the willing hand to give for the luxury of giving merely. We *give* daily as a business matter; but we are ever conscious *as* we give that we are bestowing not of our own substance, but of a tax which is sternly wrung from a toiling community, many members of which are but one remove from the position of paupers. This official caution, the exercise of which requires at first a great effort, becomes at length a habit of the mind; and, as a consequence, we give as coldly as we calculate. I am far from thinking, however, that the state of mind which this system induces is a particularly desirable one for the individual man, to find himself arrived at; but I am convinced that it is *invaluable* for the officer *as such.* I hold the opinion that it is better to give, even if you give unwisely, than for you not to give at all; but still I think that the wise giver is the better giver, his gift being the more valuable from the amount of wisdom that goes with it. Yet, would I not withhold the luxury of giving from those whose gentle eyes any tale of woe serves to moisten with the tear of pity, and whose responsive hearts glow with instinctive charity. No; while the voice of distress continues to be heard, I should be sorry indeed to overpower by sour economics those sweet tones discoursed by the finer attuned heart-strings, which so soften the stern psalm of life, and temper its harmony by their native beauty and purity.

Believe me, there is plenty of room in this world for the voluntary giver of his substance, after the law's almoner has fully done his duty; and that he is but a churl who closes his purse entirely to the distress of his brothers, merely because he has duly satisfied the rate collector. It is well that it should be known that the Poor Laws were never intended to serve as a substitute for that benevolence which is prompted by the Divine sentiment of charity in the human heart. The law-compelled dole is intended to prevent those who are ready to starve from starving outright, not to put a limit to philanthropy, or serve as an excuse for the withholding eleemosynary aid. How many wants the poor man feels which no mere official can relieve, those only who visit the poor at their homes and enquire into their distress can say; and the number of those who take the trouble to do so is sadly too small. Glad am I, however, to say, that in the particular district in which my life is spent their number is not inconsiderable, and that it is in my opinion increasing. I speak not now of ministers of religon, whose duty it is, as clearly as it is mine, to visit the poor; for they are no true ministers who neglect this duty; but of those whose only call is that of philanthropy to the self-imposed sacrifice. These come like angels among the earthly gloom; their countenances shed light, and their hands leave blessings wherever their footsteps tread. We know not fully the heavenly glow which warms their hearts as the poor man blesses their benefactor. We know not either how far the poor man's prayer may affect their earthly lot; but we are fully assured that "they shall have their reward."

There is a wide difference in the action of the Clergy of different denominations in this respect. Some of them, I fear, think of the poor (however they may speak in the pulpit) as a sort of abstract idea; or as an environing evil which is to be endured; as something too far off to be touched; or as something too near to be interesting. I sometimes think that the complexions of the English and Irish poor are not naturally of sufficiently dark hue (albeit some are dark enough with English and Irish dirt) for *connoisseurs* in benevolence. Now I wish to say nothing against the missions to foreign heathen, but I must confess that my stronger sympathy is with those who labor among the native heathen about our back doors. In this mission every man and woman may be an active laborer if he or she choose, and they will reap many advantages in being their own almoners, beyond that of making their money flow farther and in more fertilizing streams than it may do when filtered through the fingers of Committees and plump Secretaries.

As for us, we see so much of imposition and mendacity, amongst that worst class of poor persons with which we have mostly to deal; and have our wits so much at work to prevent imposition, that we are apt at times to take a too harsh view of human nature. Our business view of the human virtues resembles too much the sight of a landscape through the wrong end of a telescope, by which its beauties are made to appear a very long way off. I wish it were otherwise, and would gladly reverse the tube, but find myself powerless to do so.

It is not only amongst the very poor that the evil side of humanity is exposed to our scrutiny; for our official position gives us frequent opportunities of observing amongst the comparatively wealthy and well-to-do, disgraceful and unnatural blemishes. I have known a highly *respectable* go-to-church tradesman try by all means in his power to invalidate the marriage of his darling mad-cap son, who had joined himself in holy matrimony to a sweet, confiding girl in America — who had deserted her in America, and who, when she, his wife, having crossed the Atlantic to claim her husband, the father of her unborn child, spurned her and smote her at the threshold of his father's house. I have brought this paternally-defended rascal to the dock as a vagrant for wife-desertion, and under imminent peril of the tread-mill I have forced respectability to perform the obligations of society in a tolerably respectable manner. I have also after the respectable father had shipped his respectable son away again from his responsibilities forced this "middle-class" man by power of law to support his innocent little grand-child, who strange to say was born in a garret under the very shadow of the fine old church, out of which and on the very day its Aunt (eldest daughter of a *respectable* tradesman) stepped a blushing bride, with many bridesmaids attendant, with favors, and carriages, and ringing of bells. Poor little sinner in the garret, climbing about its toiling, deserted mother's knee and smiling in her careworn face! I wonder how many respectable cousins it will play with as it grows up, and if its respectable grandfather will ever forgive it for daring to come into his way. Goodness knows! Yet I have some satisfaction in thinking that I was the unworthy instrument used for its protection, long before it knew its need. Some may say that there are not many shopkeepers in this nation of traders who would act as my *respectable* friend did under similar circumstances. Heaven forbid that they should be anything but a small minority who would endeavour to starve a woman, merely because she had the misfortune to have become a son's wife, and thus seriously disarrange certain plans of life. Heaven forbid! again say I, that there should be very many men who would endeavour to drive or tempt his wife into a life of dishonour—as I am pretty certain this fellow did, from undoubted evidence gathered by me at the time—yet there are such men amongst this class of our fellow-citizens, and we as officers come in contact with them. Thus we see the worse end of all classes. I have before strongly urged that I do not by any means look upon the pauper class as a fair sample of the working men; as well might I take the population of our gaols as such. Neither do I take the instances of wickedness and blackguardism which have come before me in the tradesman class as a fair sample of their order. I am, however, by no means particularly favorable to the claims of a stricter morality, commercial or political, on the part of the trading class, to the disparaging of the class immediately below them — the handicraftsmen. I have lived all my life amongst the two classes indicated, and I may say have not been an idle observer; and I think I would now as soon trust a street of mechanics in any matter involving a point of conscience, as any street of shopkeepers that I know of.

It becomes our duty frequently by way of protecting the public purse to compel men to support their aged parents; and here again we find the sinful neglect of duty by no means confined to one particular class. In many cases the old and feeble parents are made to suffer from the fraternal quarrelling of their offspring: for when brothers quarrel their quarrel is earnest and their wrath is very blind. *This* one will not contribute any longer to the support of their parent because *that* one does not share; Jack will withhold his mite because Tom, whose means are certainly equal to his own, does not equally share in the burthen. Or Bill, who has to support a large family by his earnings, objects to the arrangements, because Joe, who has no family, only takes an equal share of the cost. And really Bill would have some shew of justice on his side if we did not know that his income was three times as large as Joe's. With all these fine elements of a family fight, the poor old man or woman has nothing to do, and perhaps any one of the sons could have taken his father or mother into his house and not sensibly have felt the increase of cost the act of filial duty entailed. Yet from such causes comes the heart-rending effect of poor and feeble parents appealing to the cold aid of the public funds. Then do we find the poor old peoples' faults raked up and blazoned forth — faults which the snow of age should have covered and excused years and years since. Then follows the disgraceful scene of exasperated brethren in the Magistrates' court, compelled to perform by law that which should be one of the most delightful and satisfactory of duties.

In relation to this subject a case comes to my mind, the circumstances of which moved my sympathy to a considerable extent for the suffering individual. An aged man applied to me one day with reverent aspect, and the rime of winter on his thin locks, showing by his mode of address and conversation that he had enjoyed the advantages of educatisn, and had at one time been accustomed to the society of those in good condition. He had waited patiently until the last of the other applicants had left my office ere he ventured to lay his case before me; and I immediately became convinced, by his mode of proceeding, that he came on an unfamiliar errand: for there are certain signs by which we easily discover the practised applicant, and the unwilling and unaccustomed pauper. His clothes, though old and far worn, were whole, and his person was scrupulously clean, whilst there was an expression of pain and want in his face which could not easily be mistaken. From the statement he made to me, and from documents which he produced, I soon found that I had before me a man with whose name I had been familiar for many years as the inventor and patentee of a certain process in the manufacture of iron, and its application to purposes of commerce, which still bears his name. Or, to speak more correctly, his invention led to the production of an article in iron new to the world, and which, from its extensive use, stamps him as a benefactor to his race. For a considerable period he had carried on successfully the manufacture of this article, and from its sale and the emolument arising from the disposal of the royalty attached to the patent he had amassed a considerable fortune.

Retiring from active business he left the prosecution of the manufacture unreservedly to his three sons, merely retaining to himself the right of selling the royalty to such persons as desired to produce the article on their own account. Thus things had gone on for some time (I knew not how long), but in an evil hour he had been tempted to invest his all in some South American mines, the working of which was to have produced results most magnificent. Being of hale and active habit, mental and physical, and being moreover thoroughly embued with that spirit of speculation and adventure, which so many of our original thinkers in engineering possess, he even left his native land at an advanced period of life, and took up his abode in South America, near the scene of active operations. The rest of the story is soon told—after years of toil and anxiety he returned to England a ruined man. Not quite broken in spirit, he commenced soon after to employ his very slender remaining means in the endeavour to recover his rights from certain persons who had poached upon his manor during his absence. He instituted law proceedings against several firms who were working his patent, and in some few instances he succeeded in procuring pecuniary satisfaction; but in most cases was beaten by the want of funds to bear the expensive law costs. He had come down to this place endeavouring to procure a sum of money which had been awarded to him by law, and had thought his personal presence might have efficacy in enforcing restitution. But now he made the crushing discovery that his opponent (in his devilish scheme of robbery) had, by possession of superior means, removed the dispute to a superior court, where he knew his righteous pursuer could not follow him. I know the old man's statement to be true, for I had documentary evidence at the time of his veracity, and know also that at this time the wrong-doer is "respectably" manufacturing the article, and "respectably" living on the proceeds. And here was the poor, broken old man, absolutely craving the parish dole! Great Goodness; and where were his sons all this while? is the question which naturally arises. And the answer is simple, but startling. They were in London, carrying on a most successful trade, each on his own account, and hating each as brothers only can hate. Did they assist the old man? Ah no! He had displeased them by his South American escapade. A family feud had arisen out of the circumstances, and now they absolutely refused to answer their old father's letters. How could I help feeling deeply for the poor old man, as I saw his spare old fingers tremble, and his wrinkled face quiver, and (as he came to the climax of his story) the scalding tears force themselves from his eyes? I will say no more. He was starving, and he merely asked now that he might be taken into the workhouse, and be removed legally to his parish in London. For his heart was breaking, he said, and he wanted to see his wife's grave, and those of the little ones who died in their innocence. His request was granted. The poor, broken old man, was sent to that sad refuge, the workhouse; and, whether some of my brethren have compelled or shamed his "respectable" sons to support him I know not. But this I know, I should not like to have their hearts under my waistcoat, or their consciences to sleep with. Their father has lived too long for them: may his sleep be sweet, and may it come quickly.

"Drop, drop into the grave, old leaf; drop, drop into the grave;
Thine acorns grown,
Thine acorns sown,
Drop, drop into the grave."

* * * * * *

And now having arrived at the last leaf of the book, which I call my diary (many veritable extracts from which have been produced in the pages of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE), I desire to say a very few words by way of farewell to the numerous subscribers. I have not the vanity to suppose that all I have written is of great value; but I have always endeavoured to select such portions for these pages as I considered might have a tendency not only to interest but to cause my readers to think on the serious problem which meets our view whenever we attempt to grapple with the great question involved in the efficient relief of the distress which we carry along with us in our social state, however prosperous our individual or national career may be. My subject is by no means exhausted. Indeed, I may truly say that in these extracts I have scarcely entered upon more than the extreme outer verge of the matter. I trust, however, that I may be privileged, at no late date, in an altered form of publication, to urge my views and experience of English society (and particularly that of the suffering poor) upon the attention of the Odd-Fellows of this great Unity. I am writing these brief valedictory remarks at a time when the cry of suffering arises indeed amongst the honest workers of the land, and when my office (at no time a sinecure) is one of very peculiar difficulty. In after days, it will be a proud thing for some fitting historian to say how nobly the poor suffered the many ills which have come upon them at this time. And in bearing my poor testimony to the many passive virtues of the poor, I take (for the present) a farewell of my readers —all of whom are, at least, showing how much may be done by those who desire to help themselves and their fellows in the name and under the bond of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

I pray that it may not be said I have abused my position as a public writer by using one term too harsh in speaking of even the most degraded of our kind. I know that we all fall far short of that which is right, and that of consequence we have little call to cast stones at those who are a little "less right" than ourselves. Our object should ever be to try to elevate those who are obviously below us to a mental and physical position; whilst we each of us at the same time strive earnestly to achieve some higher step on the steep road of moral excellence than that of which we at present find ourselves the masters.

Give me leave, now, after long companionship, to say farewell.

# A DREAM OF LIFE.

BY JAMES S. BORLASE.

[ORIGINAL.]

On the lone sea-shore,
Where ever, evermore,
The curling, foaming, glittering waves their melody outpour—
'Mid the murmur of the waters, and the voices of the night,
The rustle soft of countless leaves, and the low of distant herds—
'Mid visions of the dreamy past, and thoughts of whispered words,
I stood alone and pondered.

Then, as the feathered spray
Broke on the granite grey,
And setting sun shone brightly down upon the azure bay,
I leant against a wave-worn rock, and thought of days long past—
Of youthful hopes, of love's bright dream, too joyous long to last;
For sorrow's moments pass so slow, and happy hours so fast,
In this sad world of care.

I thought of childhood's day,
And the happy hours of play
I'd spent in mirth and thoughtless sport beside that very bay—
Of a bright-eyed little maiden, with a voice so sweet and clear
That it fell like angel-music upon the longing ear—
My own, my pretty Constance, my gentle playmate dear,
Where art thou now?

Oh! many, many years
Of mingled hopes and fears
Have fled since last beside that rock, in silence and in tears,
I clasped her to my throbbing heart, then waved a last adieu,
As the gallant ship, which long had slept upon the wavelets blue,
With flashing sails in triumph set, o'er the darkening waters flew,
Bearing her to a far-off land.

Then soon dark sorrows fall,
Like the shadows of a pall—
The cherished dreams of early youth melted and vanished all;
For within a gorgeous palace, that foreign shore beside,
Tearless, but with a breaking heart, there stood a new-made bride—
A fair, devoted sacrifice to titled wealth and pride.
That bride was Constance!

And thus my hopes had set;
My soul seemed crushed; but yet
I strove, amid the glittering throng, dark sorrow to forget.
Deep, deep I drained oblivion's bowl, and whispered words of love,
Beneath the light of coloured lamps, that softly waved above;
Forgetful that the goss-hawk mates not with the startled dove.
But fate decreed it.

Still, 'neath those lamps so bright,
In the orgies of the night,
'Mid the bustle of the city, in the mazy dances' light—
In spite of laugh, of jest, of song—with pale, but saint-like shine,
Beamed a face of angel-beauty, with her dark eyes fixed on mine
In pity and in warning. Constance, that face was thine,
Draped in thy bridal veil.

And now at length once more,
Beside our native shore,
I gaze upon the foaming waves, and hear their ceaseless roar;
But mem'ry lingers on the past, when, by that moonlit tide,
We whispered first the vows of love, and wandered side by side,
Forgetful, in our bright day-dreams, what sorrows might betide
The hopes of youth.

Alas! 'tis all in vain!
We shall never meet again.
There sweeps towards me from the sea a leaden cloud of rain;
Then soon from out that darkened shroud the hissing torrents pour;
And wildly on the granite rocks the heaving waters roar;
While wind and waves in concord seem to shriek the word "No more,"
In tones prophetic.

# A Peep at some Cottage Homes.

BY Y. S. N.

"At what time are we going to Wilmingham, cousin Harriet?"

The speaker, already shawled and bonnetted, stood with a sketch-book in her hand, apparently ready to start at a moment's notice.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, dear," said Mrs. Roberts, "but my husband has just been called off to a parishioner at some distance, who is ill, and he will not be able to drive us over, so the expedition must be put off. You see I am busy filling my basket. I think of devoting this morning to the cottages; are you inclined to accompany me?"

The idea was not quite so pleasant as that of an excursion to Wilmingham, where there was a fine old church to visit, a picturesquely-situated rectory, ivy-grown and gabled, the *beau ideal* of a country parsonage, very different to the small, new cottage, with its freshly laid out garden, to which her cousin had lately removed, upon Mr. Roberts's appointment to the suburban curacy of B——.

Miss Thornton had been wont to make liberal donations to the poor in her own neighbourhood at Christmas time, but was personally unacquainted with them, and an utter stranger to their homes. In fact, was disposed, in her own mind, to question the propriety of some of the steps already taken by the young clergyman and his wife for the improvement of their district—a district which, for the health of the community at large, sadly needed improvement in many respects.

It was with some amusement that Miss Thornton watched the filling of the capacious basket—little parcels of grocery and clothing, a small pudding, some jelly, fresh hot-house grapes, a few books and pamphlets, were all carefully arranged, and over the top was a small bouquet of flowers, just cut from the conservatory.

"Do you really think you do much good, Harriet, by your visiting? I should be so afraid of the people making impertinent remarks upon one's intrusiveness. Do you escape these always, when you go in and preach to the poor about their discontent, their untidiness, and the rest of their shortcomings?"

"I leave all the 'preaching' to my husband, dear, and make a point of timing my visits when they are least likely to be deemed intrusive. We have no right to open a cottage door at any hour of the day, and walk in, expecting a welcome from the inmates, whilst we are interfering with their comfort, at a meal, perhaps, or preventing their preparation of it by our presence. Then, as to the 'much good' done, I think we can none of us judge of the amount really effected. Our business is to do our utmost, as far as we can see our way clearly, and leave the results in other hands. I have not yet met with any flagrant instances of ingratitude; but we have not been here long enough to accomplish much; however, there is already some improvement in the very worst quarters, and a promise of better things."

"Well, I will go with you a part of the way, for once, and see what it is like," rejoined her companion.

"Had you not better change your dress, Susie; that is more suitable for lunching in at Framlingham Hall, than for wearing where we are going."

"Oh, no, it's too much trouble to change it now; besides, I shall not go inside the dirtiest cottages. I don't like dirt."

"Neither do I; and that is why I wage war against it, and endeavour to hunt it out on every possible occasion."

Mrs. Roberts was soon ready; her dress, always quiet and unostentatious, was studiously so, when she made her round of cottage-visiting. Innate kind consideration for the feelings of others would have made her, at any time, avoid entering the abodes of squalor and want in rich and costly attire; moreover, her visits were often to the sick and suffering, and she knew, by painful experience, that a noisy, rustling silk, is often distressingly irritating to the sensitive nerves of an invalid. "You see those cottages along the hill side, Susie? Those are our latest improvements; they are well built, well drained, and can be kept thoroughly well aired, too, a great advantage, as there is both a back and front entrance, and the doors and windows in the rooms are opposite each other. They have good stoves and ovens, too. How glad I shall be when all the poor in our neighbourhood can become Mr. Stuart's tenants. I hope he will succeed in buying up those miserable hovels below there, which are literally crumbling over the heads of their inmates."

"The poor get used to that sort of thing, I suppose," said Susie Thornton, who had never given much thought to the vast difference existing between the "the palace and the cottage homes" of England.

"Used to it, my dear; then, it is time that we should set about remedying that usage. Poverty must be borne, but there are evils besides those of poverty which the very poor have to submit to from their superiors in position and means, of which burthens bound upon them it may be but too truly said, that we lift not so much as a little finger to remove them." They were just then overtaken by a very neatly-dressed woman. "Oh, Mrs. Somers, you are walking very quickly this warm morning; have you some very urgent business on hand?"

Mrs. Somers, who had just come out of one of the "hillside cottages," dropped a respectful curtsey, and explained that she was going to choose paper and carpeting for one of the unoccupied rooms in her cottage, as she was expecting an invalid to board and lodge with her, and Somers had told her she might "tidy the room up a bit."

"That's right, Mrs. Somers; make the place look pretty and attractive to her; she will have a nice view without, on a clear day; but in dull weather there's a great deal of real comfort in a cheerful-looking room."

"I thought I might choose a paper from these," said Mrs. Somers, pausing outside a small shop, in the windows of which various patterns were displayed. One very brilliantly green attracted her attention. "Don't you think, ma'am, that would be nice?"

"It is rather a large pattern, and would make your room look small; but that's not the worst part about it. Cheap green papers, and, of course, this is a cheap one that you want, contain poison, arsenic, in the colouring, which I have been told by a medical man actually taints the air of rooms in which it is placed; so I would avoid papering the sleeping room of an invalid with it. You might have something green in the carpet if you've a fancy for that colour. There's a pretty, cheerful paper there now, with small flowers running over a light ground; luckily you've no smoke in your rooms, so that would last clean very well."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mrs. Somers, as she entered the shop, leaving the two ladies to continue their walk.

"How very strange, to take so much interest in a cottage bed-room," remarked Miss Thornton.

"And why not," remonstrated her cousin. "Mrs. Somers is one of the well-to-do people in this poor district, and prides herself upon the comfort of her home quite as much as I do upon the comfort of mine. She is about to furnish a bedroom expressly for an invalid lodger, therefore it did no harm to suggest that nothing actually injurious to health should be admitted into it. I have even heard of illness being caused by the presence of a case of stuffed birds, in a sitting-room, from the effects of a preparation of arsenic, used in stuffing them, or as a preservative of their colours, I am not sure which."

The first cottage they entered contained but one inmate, who seemed sadly in need of Mrs. Roberts's friendly sympathy and advice upon many points. She was full of complaints and lamentations, to all of which the clergyman's wife listened with a patience and good-nature which rather surprised her companion. "Poor thing," said Mrs. Roberts, when, after a little present rom her basket and a promise of calling in again soon, she was once more in the fresh air. "Poor thing, she married too early, she is but a child now, and has not a very clear idea of the duties of a wife and mother; she is in trouble about the little baby she has just lost, a pretty, healthy child, who, as one of her neighbours said, died for want of a little hot water."

"How so?"

*"The child was suddenly seized with strong convulsions, and the poor helpless body did not know what to do with it; a bucket of hot water was, in all probability, the only thing required till medical advice could be obtained. My wonder is, not that so many deaths occur amongst the children of the poor, but that such numbers are strong enough to live on in spite of neglect and mismanagement. I am trying to make the women about here understand something more of what they ought to do with the precious charges God has committed to their care. In this cottage is my ablest assistant, Grace Bonner; she has not long come amongst us, but is decidedly a blessing to the neighbourhood in the way of example."

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* Vide "How to Manage a Baby." Price 1d. Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.

The cottage looked clean and orderly, a baby just washed and dressed was in the good woman's arms, whilst she was busily preparing for the next meal.

"I saw your two eldest go past to school this morning, Grace, looking as fresh and as rosy as ever."

"Yes, Ma'am, they're brought up to take kindly to soap and water," she answered, smiling, "which is more than neighbour Last's Hal did this morning. He was going with his father into the country to get strong after the fever, so I thought I'd offer to give him a bit of a scrub first, to make him look clean and wholesome. Poor boy, he did'nt quite like it, he isn't used to it you see, not likely, when his father never washes but face and hands, and haven't done, this five and thirty years, he says. My good man likes cold water, I'm happy to say, and a tidied-up room to get his bit of dinner in."

"He's as punctual as clock-work in taking it also, Mrs. Bonner."

"Why, you see, Ma'am, there are the children to be sent off to school again, and he to his work, some way off, so I don't like them to be kept waiting, and then in a hurry at the last, if I can help it. My master at my last place was a medical man, you know, Mrs. Roberts, and he used to tell me a great many things which the people about here don't seem to have heard of. He always said hard work or strong exercise after a heavy meal was very bad, and as there's no need for it with Tom, if he has dinner to the time, I try to get it ready, that he shan't have to run off the moment its swallowed."

"Does he still keep to his bottle during the harvest work ?"

"His cold tea, you mean! Oh yes, Ma'am, he finds that does him more good than his beer, whilst he's so exposed to the sun."

*"That suet pudding boiling is for the children, I suppose ?"

"Yes, Ma'am, they like it, and they thrive upon it; I've some nice fresh vegetables, too, from the market garden; I never give them stale ones at this time of the year, or stale fruit either; the Doctor always told me they were so bad, particularly when Cholera was about, and we can get a fresh-cut cabbage here, so there's no need to run a risk with the stale. One of Mrs. Briggs's children has been quite bad again, I don't wonder at it, they've always got some nasty, rotten fruit at their mouths to keep them quiet."

"Well, I must go and look after her, and some others, as you don't need any scolding; I will leave a book for the children to read when they come home—there's Mrs. Last at her door, so I'll speak a word to her—

"I'm glad to hear, Mrs Last, that your boy has gone into the country for change of air, after his illness, it will strengthem him for work again."

"Yes Ma'am, his father made holiday to-day to take him to my sister's, and as my Jim is just home from sea, and will be here next week, there's Hal's room all ready for him."

"Will you let me just look into the room a minute ?"

"Surely, Ma'am, it isn't a big one, but it does for one."

Mrs. Roberts took a hasty survey of the small apartment.

"My good Mrs. Last, you don't want Jim to catch the fever, do you ?"

"La! no Ma'am, how should I ?"

"If he comes fresh from sea into this room, he's very likely to do so."

"But I have no other, Ma'am," said poor Mrs. Last, looking very dismayed.

"Take my advice, then, and have the walls and ceiling thoroughly whitewashed, it won't cost much, and if set about at once, will soon be done; give the floor a good scrubbing, and wash the things that are on the bed; let the room be quite clean and wholesome when Jim comes into it, a saucer of chloride of lime in the room is the best thing to keep off infection."

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* Vide "A Woman's Secret." Griffith & Farran, St. Paul's Church-yard.

"Thank you, Ma'am, kindly, I'll set about it at once, I should'nt like my Jim to fall ill after being away this three years."

"Well, Susie," said Mrs. Roberts, rejoining her cousin, who had declined entering the last cottage, "I hope I may have done some good by my suggestions to Mrs. Last; I am only going into one more cottage with you, as you seem to be getting tired, but this house is sure to be clean, so I will ask you to go in with me and rest downstairs, whilst I pay a visit to the poor invalid there above."

"Good morning, Mrs. Baines, how is Ann to-day?"

"But poorly, thank you, Mrs. Roberts; she is very fretty like and fanciful; there's only me to mind her to-day, too, for our Mary was obliged to go to her Missus's till evening, as one of the others is out for a holiday, and Mary manages her better than I can."

Mrs. Baines's voice was very gruff and harsh, and her movements amongst the chairs she placed for her visitors very energetic, as she delivered this speech.

"Hush, my good woman, don't talk quite so loudly; these walls are very thin, and perhaps a noise disturbs poor Ann; I'll go up and see her, if you'll let this lady sit here meanwhile; you can tell her of anything that you want, which I can send you; I have brought some grapes with me."

Very gently Mrs. Roberts ascended the creaking stairs, and opened the door softly. The invalid's eyes were closed, and her thin hand was pressed upon her forehead, her restless movements proved that she was not asleep.

"Your head is aching sadly, I fear, my poor girl," said Mrs. Roberts, advancing to the bedside. Her voice was pleasantly modulated, and its soothing tones fell gratefully upon the ear of the sufferer; the accents were certainly more cheering than those of her aged relative, who, with the best will in the world, was ill fitted for the duties of nursing.

"Yes, Ma'am, it is rather bad to-day; it can't be helped, I know, but it always is so when Mary is out. Aunt Baines means well, but when she comes to see me she stamps about the room so, and knocks things down, and talks so loudly, that altogether it quite shakes me."

Her eyes rested upon the nosegay Mrs. Roberts had taken from her basket—"Oh, what beautiful flowers!" she exclaimed; "are they really for me?"

"Yes, Ann, gathered on purpose, and they will do you no harm, they are all scentless; they are to make amends for my throwing away the jasmine and roses the other day, there is some use you see in flowers without scent."

"There is use in everything God made, I think, Ma'am, but we're often slow to find it out."

"Very true, Ann, and this bunch of grapes is for you; but I shall only leave a few of them in your room, the others will keep fresher downstairs. But before I go, I will just wash out this glass and spoon that have been used for your medicine; I wondered what it was made the room so unpleasant. Ask whoever gives you your dose to wash the things out at once; you do not care to be reminded of the scent and taste of the mixture, and a clean glass looks pleasanter than a dirty one.

"Oh yes, Ma'am, I know it does, Mary always keeps things nice, but then she's been used to wait upon the sick, and Aunt has not, indeed she's never been ill herself, and can't be supposed to know what little things trouble us sometimes."

"There, Ann, those flowers look prettier than the medicine phial, so I will hide it behind them, and the grapes are close to you when you want them. How soon ought you to take your mixture again?"

"I've been asleep, and don't exactly know, Ma'am, for it hasn't been given me very regularly to-day. You see Aunt Baines forgets, because she's not used to it," was again the apology for the faulty nursing, which, although only for a day, in the patient's precarious state, had evidently been attended with injurious consequences.

"Well, I shall look in and see you to-morrow, Ann, and hope to find you better with Mary's care; I see you are too weary for more talking."

"Thank you, Ma'am, your voice does not hurt me at all, but I can't say much myself, which Aunt Baines does not understand; it will be all right when my sister comes home. Thank you for your visit, it has done me good."

After a few instructions to the occupant of the lower room, Mrs. Roberts took her departure.

"You did me good service, Susie, by keeping that noisy woman out of the bed-room for awhile, it is quite a pity that people in health cannot enter a little more into the feelings of the sick. But I will not tax your patience any longer, my dear, so you had better go home before me; I have one more visit to pay, at Mrs. Briggs' cottage, where I will not ask you to accompany me, that dirt heap on the threshold will give you some idea of the discomfort to be expected within."

So Miss Thornton went on to the parsonage, leaving her cousin to make the best of her way through the mass of decaying vegetable and animal matter which barred the entrance to Mrs. Briggs' uncomfortable abode. Here we will leave her, surrounded by dirty, noisy children, to whom soap and water nay, even fresh air, were unknown luxuries. Mrs. Briggs was a woman who would not brook any interference in the conduct of her household, and ignored alike the advantages of schooling and cleanliness, but Mrs. Roberts was not easily daunted in the prosecution of her schemes for the amelioration of the physical and moral condition of the very poorest around her, and determined to do her best even where there seemed the least probability of success.

## Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, Etc.

MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODDFELLOWS.—The collected annual returns from the lodges having been analysed, shew that this order had at the beginning of the year the large number of 334,791 members, meeting in 3,426 lodges. Ample proof is afforded of the increasing habits of prudence and forethought amongst the working population, if we only look back nine years, when the society consisted of 224,441 members; so that (allowing for deaths and secessions) the net increase since that time of the members is 110,350, averaging 12,261 annually.

LIABILITY OF TREASURERS UNDER THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES ACT.—At the City Police Court, Manchester, February 25th, James Counsell, of Ratcliffe, was summoned under the Friendly Societies Act, for withholding £12 belonging to the Friendly Benevolent Burial Society, having its head-quarters in Manchester. Mr. W. P. Roberts appeared for the society, and stated that the defendant was the ex-treasurer, that the money which he had was £12 5s. 0½d. belonging to the society; that he did not deny having had the money, but that when asked to give it up he refused to do so, and alleged that his house had been robbed, and the money taken by the thieves; and when asked to make some arrangement for the payment of the money, he said he should decline to impoverish himself.—Mr. Bent, for the defendant, contended that his client was not unwilling to pay the money if he was responsible for it, but the fact was that the money was stolen from his house, at Ratcliffe, by burglars, on the morning of the 11th December, shortly after the defendant had left it to go to his work. A neighbour and a police-constable were called to prove that the house was broken into as alleged.—The magistrates, without doubting that the defendant's house had been broken into, said the defendant's conduct had not been satisfactory, inasmuch as he said he would not impoverish himself in paying it, whereas it was a case in which some sacrifice should be made. They would not adjudge any penalty, but merely order the money to be paid.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Important Friendly Society Case.—Caution.—The following case was heard at the Leicester County Court, on January 15, before Mr. Sergeant Miller, judge.—Jacob Waterfield *v.* T. Wood.—Claim, £2 13s., damage sustained by defendant neglecting to deliver 1s. given by him to pay as contribution to a sick club. Mr. Haxby appeared for plaintiff, and Mr. Luck for defendant. Plaintiff was a gamekeeper at Mountsorrel, and a member of the Groby Friendly Society. Sent his subscription once a month by Prior Richardson, the Mountsorrel carrier to Leicester, whence it was forwarded by T. Wood. Sent the money in August. In September became ill, and his payment was suspended in consequence of a shilling not having been paid. Should have had 8s. a week for six weeks and a half.—Prior Richardson stated on August 31st he received from plaintiff 1s. 2d., to be sent to Groby by defendant. Gave 1s. 1d. to Mrs. Fardell, the landlady with whom defendant put up the same day. —Mrs. Fardell, Richard III., Leicester, received 1s. 1d. for Wood on August 31st, put it into her till, and gave it to Wood the same day. It was not wrapped up nor directed.—Henry Hunt, clerk to the Groby Friendly Club, stated that plaintiff was a member, and in consequence of the August shilling not being paid, he received nothing in his last illness. Application was made to the club, and a committee called, and an explanation of the circumstances made, but they agreed plaintiff should not have any money. A member was allowed to remain in arrears three months, but then was suspended; and plaintiff was two months in arrears when that payment was not sent.—W. Clifford, steward of the society, stated that he received no money from plaintiff in September, and in consequence he was suspended for three months.—Mr. Luck asked his Honour whether he could charge defendant with all the consequence of the non-delivery, the shilling not having been wrapped up and directed, and plaintiff being two months in arrear, of which he might not be aware.—His Honour held that defendant was liable for all the consequences which flowed from his breach of duty, and gave a verdict for £2 13s., to be paid by 8s. a month.—*Leicester Paper.*

Defrauding a Friendly Society.—Before the county magistrates at Wigan, Robert Baxter was charged with withholding the sum of £7 19s., the moneys of the Douglas Vale District of the Ancient Order of Foresters, a society holding its meetings at Pemberton, near Wigan. It appeared that £24 3s. was placed in the hands of the prisoner on the 26th of January last, and out of this he had paid £16 4s. for funerals, leaving a balance of £7 19s. On Monday last a member of the society died, and application was made to the prisoner for the funeral money, when he stated it was in the bank at Wigan, but the following day he admitted he had made it away. This, however, was not all. The same order had a court in the district, the money of which was kept by the prisoner, who was told that if he had not the money in the district fund, he must get it from the court. In the chest, which ought to have contained the property of the court, instead of there being £13, which had been placed there, there was only 7d., and the prisoner also admitted having "made this away." Unfortunately the court was not registered, and for the misappropriation of this sum the prisoner could not be proceeded against; but for the withholding of the £7 19s., the lodge having certified rules, he was liable to a penalty not exceeding £20, with costs, and an order for the payment of the money so withheld. In default he could be imprisoned for three months. The prisoner pleaded guilty. The bench said they would not be doing their duty if they did not inflict the full penalty of £20 and 20s. costs, and order the immediate payment of the £7 19s. The prisoner, having no money, was sent to prison for three months with hard labour.—*From our correspondent.*—*Manchester Examiner.*

PREMATURE DEATHS.—It is a melancholy record that the 600 registrars of deaths have to send up to the General Register Office at the end of a quarter. In the return just issued, the registrar of Preston reports that of the 607 deaths in the summer quarter of this year 372 were of children under five years of age; the registrar of Bradford, east end sub district, reports 185 deaths, and 82 were of children under one year of age; the registrar of Sheffield, Brightside sub-district, 161 deaths, two-thirds under five years of age; the registrar of Yarmouth, southern sub-district, 104 deaths, 33 of children from diarrhœa. The registrar of the Deansgate district of Manchester has to report that two-thirds of the total mortality of the quarter took place in children under three years of age, and more than a third was of children under one year; a fourth of the entire mortality was from diarrhœa in children. This disease is, as he considers, evidently influenced by temperature; but science has not yet ascertained whether directly by excess of heat or by the fluctuations in its amount, or indirectly by the quantity of moisture with which the atmosphere may be charged, checking perspiration, or by the quantity of decomposing matter raised into vapour being much greater than the ozanised oxygen can convert into a harmless material. It may be the result of any one of these conditions, or of the whole of them. Looking at the frightful loss of life annually from the disease, all the circumstances connected with it are worthy of special investigation. This gentleman notices that the ordinary treatment for adults utterly fails in a vast majority of the cases of infantile diarrhœa, and there seems to be better success from the combined action of sudorifics and anodynes.—*Manchester Examiner.*

VITAL STATISTICS OF 1851.—In 1861 the births in Great Britain were 802,598, the deaths 497,624, so that the increase was 304,974. This is the largest number of births that ever occurred in any year in Great Britain, but happily not the largest number of deaths. Upon an average 2,200 children were born every day, 91 an hour; and 1,368 persons died daily, or almost one every minute. It is impossible to say how far the natural increase of the population was reduced by migration, bcause there is no record of the immigration; all that we know is that 91,770 emigrants left the shores of the United Kingdom last year, of whom about 39,000 were of English or Scottish origin. There is in Scotland a rather higher birth-rate and a lower death-rate than in England, and yet a much lower rate of increase in the population, showing that a much larger proportion of the people emigrate either beyond seas or to other parts of the United Kingdom. The influence of season in the proportion of the births was, as usual quite marked, in 1861. The greatest number of births always takes place in the first half of the year; last year the number was greatest of all in the spring quarter—April to June. The return of marriages is not yet complete for England; the largest number are always in the last quarter; in Scotland, June and December are the favourite months for matrimony. The returns show, as ever, how much the inhabitant of the town has to contend against agencies hurtful to life, from which his country neighbour is comparatively free; the difference is especially striking in Scotland, where in the town districts 24 persons in every 1,000 died in the year, and only 16 in the country districts—two in the country to three in the town. In Glasgow and Dundee very nearly half the deaths were of children under five; and the children in those towns were literally decimated in the year, for, as nearly as can be ascertained without the detailed census returns, out of all the children under five years of age about one in every ten died. At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean temperatuae of the year was 49·4 deg.; at the Ordnance Survey-office, Edinburgh, 49 deg. In Scotland the average of 55 stations of the Meteorological Society showed 1,674 hours of sunshine in the year, which would have given for four days in every week eleven hours of sunshine in the summer half of the year, and five in the other half. The highest temperature in England was 82·5 in August, in Scotland 85·5 in June; the lowest in England—1 deg., in Scotland—3·7, both in January. England rather suffered in many parts from want of rain, and the total amount collected at the Royal Observatory was only 20·8 inches; in Scotland generally the average was 45 07 inches, and in some parts the fall was very excessive; at Tyndrum, in Perthshire (with the returns for April deficient), it was of the enormous depth of 134 inches, more than 11 feet—a very deluge. 1861 had its faults, but with the births above the average, and the deaths below it, it ought not to be counted a bad year.—*Times.*

STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.—The total number of human beings on the earth is now computed in round numbers at one thousand millions. They speak 3,064 now known tongues, and in which upwards of 1,100 religions or creeds are preached. The average age of life is 33½ years. One-fourth of the born die before they reach the age of seven years, and the half before the 17th year. Out of 100 persons only six reach the age of 60 years and upwards, while only one in 1,000 reaches the age of 100 years. Out of 500 only one attains 80 years. Out of the thousand million living persons 330,000,000 die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, consequently one every second. The loss is, however, balanced by the gain in new births. Tall men are supposed to live longer than short ones. Woman are generally stronger than men until their 50th year, afterwards less so. Marriages are in proportion to single life (bachelors and spinsters) as 100 : 75. Both births and deaths are more frequent in the night than in the day. One fourth of men are capable of bearing arms, but not one out of 1,000 is by nature inclined for the profession. The more civilized a country is, the more full of vigonr, life, and health are the people. The notion that education enfeebles and degenerates the human frame is not borne out by fact.—*Once a Week.*

DISTRIBUTION OF PAUPERISM.—Taking the period of the recent census, and making an estimate for lunatic paupers in asylums and for vagrants, whose actual numbers at that date are not yet known, but who may be reckoned at 2·2 per cent. of the whole pauperism, the following was the proportion of paupers in receipt of relief to population in the eleven great divisions into which the country is partitioned:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In the metropolis | 1 | in every | 30 |
| In the three eastern counties | 1 | „ | 14 |
| In the south-eastern counties, including Berks and Hants | 1 | „ | 19 |
| In the south-western | 1 | „ | 18 |
| In the Welsh | 1 | „ | 16 |
| In the west midland, extending from Gloucester to Stafford | 1 | „ | 25 |
| In the south midland, extending from London to Northamptonshire | 1 | „ | 17 |
| In the north midland, from Leicester northwards | 1 | „ | 23 |
| In the north-western, Lancashire and Cheshire | 1 | „ | 36 |
| In Yorkshire | 1 | „ | 32 |
| In the northern counties | 1 | „ | 27 |

These figures are very remarkable. The date of the census is selected because of the actual numbers of the population being then ascertained. The numbers were slightly different at the latest returns, which reach to Michaelmas, that being a period of the year when there is less pressure upon the rates than in April; but the relative position of the districts remained substantially the same, although, as might be expected, the falling-off in the absolute number of paupers this year (1861) is but trifling in those divisions of the kingdom which include the manufacturing districts and the Potteries. But it was still the fact, at the end of September that pauperism was twice as rife in the eastern counties and in Wales as in the manufacturing districts and the metropolis; even with so depressed a trade, it was still true that where Lancashire had to support ten paupers, there were twenty in the south-western and south-midland counties.

[No doubt the difference in the amount of wages earned by agricultural labourers and skilled artizans, will account, to a great extent, for the disparity indicated by the above statictics. It is more than probable, however, that friendly societies, and other self-reliant provident institutions, are less patronised in the agricultural than in the manufacturing districts. This fact in itself doubtless exercises considerable influence on the relative percentage of paupers to the entire population exhibited by these returns, and points out, at least, one important direction in which healthy philanthropic effort might be expended with a certain prospect of satisfactory results.—EDITOR O. M.]

MINERS' FATALITIES.—The miners of England and Wales are computed at 300,000. As a class they are poor, yet they add by their labour thirty-one millions stirling annually to the wealth of the country. They are of an independent spirit, as may be inferred from the fact that 40,000 have expressed their intention to subscribe to the Provident Fund of the National Association. The average number of fatal accidents in coal mines in the last ten years has been 909 yearly, and 10,000 are every year permanently injured. The keeper of mining records at the Government School of Mines has estimated that the deaths in metalliferous mines are twice as numerous as in collieries. Sickness among colliers is 67 per cent. more than the general average; and the value of their lives 27·7 against 42·3 for agricultural labourers.—*S. Gurney, Chairman of the National Association for the Relief of British Miners.*

# Odd-Fellowship Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ACCRINGTON.—TOKEN OF RESPECT.—Upwards of one hundred of the members of the Independent Order of Oddfellows (M. U.), Accrington district, sat down to an excellent dinner at the house of Mr. John Bickerstaff, the Black Greyhound Inn, Church, in December last. P.P.G. M. J. Harrison was called to the chair, P.G.M. George Pearson occupied the vice-chair. The usual loyal toasts having been given from the chair, and received with enthusiasm, P.P.G.M. Carter, said he had been requested by the members of the Accrington district to present to C.S. Joseph Heys a valuable gold watch and appendages, as a small token of the members' appreciation of his (Mr. Hey's) services in the propagation of the principles of Odd-fellowship. (Cheers.) The value of the watch, &c. (£20), was not taken from the funds subscribed for the purpose of the day of sickness and the hour of death, but had been the free-will offering of the members of the district. For 21 years Mr. Hey had devoted his services to raise Oddfellowship in the district, not only in this district, but in neighbouring districts. When advice was sought, it was promptly given by him. The watch, &c., were only a small compliment for the services performed, but he had no doubt that it would be heartily received as a humble tribute of the respect in which the services of the C.S. had been received. (Cheers.) On the inner case of the watch was tastefully inscribed (by Messrs. Dudgale and Sons, of Blackburn,) the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Independent Order of Oddfellows (M.U.), of the Accrington district, to C.S. Joseph Heys, for his meritorious services during twenty-one years. 28th December, 1861."—Mr. Heys feelingly acknowledged the compliment. He said he had only done his duty as a man and an Oddfellow, but he was pleased to find that his labours amongst them had been duly appreciated. He should always treasure their kind gift, and his future services would be at their disposal in promoting the principles of Odd-fellowship amongst the working-class. He hoped that this handsome present would stimulate others to come forward and exert themselves in the cause. Other toasts followed. Mr. Thelfall stated that the district had been in existence more than thirty-one years; it numbered about 1,300 members, and possessed a reserved fund of upwards of £6,000.

Belper. — Recently, about twenty of the widows of Oddfellows in the Belper district, of the I. O. of Oddfellows M.U., have been visited by Mr. Edwin Noon, who has been for many years the president and treasurer of the Widows and Orphans' Society attached to the Belper district, and each of them presented with a ton of the best coals, delivered carriage free. The committee of management have thus aided the widows of their deceased members in a most seasonable manner, and coming entirely unexpected, the boon has given warmth to many a hearth which must otherwise have felt its want.

Birmingham.—The annual general meeting of the members and friends of the Birmingham district of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, Friendly Society, was held on the 24th February, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Upper Temple-street. The proceedings were commenced by a tea, supplied by Mr. Bryan, to which about 250 sat down. A meeting was afterwards held, at which Mr. H. Kirby took the chair. After a few words from the Chairman, Mr. Buck, District Secretary, read the report, which showed that the present number of members was 3,942—an increase in the year of 107. The number of days' sickness and the amounts paid had been 2,822 days at 2s. per day, and 27,244 days at 1s. 8d. per day; while on reduced pay there had been 689 days at 1s., 11,421 days at 10d., 312 days at 8d., 312 days at 7d., 625 days at 6d., and 312 days at 5d. The average of sickness had been 13 days 6 hours to each member. The amount paid for sickness was £3,121 4s., an increase on last year of £309 17s. 6d. The amount of sickness was the highest that had yet been experienced in this district, and clearly showed that the number of persons joining did not keep down the average of ages, and that only those societies which invested the whole of their surplus payments to meet future liabilities could long maintain a sound financial position. The number of deaths had been 61, and £591 had been paid to relations of 59 of them; and 32 members had received £164, as funeral donations for their deceased wives. After paying all demands there was a surplus of receipts over expenditure, to be added to the capital account, of £1,538 9s. 9d., making the reserved capital amount to £33,542 13s. 3d. Of this sum no less than £1,214 15s. 9d. was interest on invested capital. During the year the burden of sickness had not fallen equally on all the lodges of the district, and fourteen of them had had to pay for sickness, &c., not only the whole of their receipts, but a portion of their reserved capital. These were all small lodges, and it was recommended they should join in one large lodge, and thus reduce the management expenses. In the month of July last, the society had held a demonstration at Aston Hall, which was a perfect success, and realised £70. The committee congratulated the members on the present financial position of the society. On the 1st of January, 1851, they had 3,500 members, and a reserve capital of £15,799. Since then the members had been paid from their own savings £27,057 5s. 4d for relief in time of sickness, £5,337 for funeral expenses of members, and £1,776 to members for the burial of their deceased wives. There had also been paid from the management fund upwards of £5,500 for medical attendance to its members; they had subscribed £200 to the town's charities, to enable members to obtain additional medical aid; and £300 had been given to distressed members. In addition to this £1,800 had been added to the reserve capital, to meet future liabilities. In conclusion the committee stated that the thanks of the members were due to Mr. H. Buck, the District Secretary, for his services to the society, and congratulated that gentleman on having filled with credit, both to himself and the society, the high office of Grand Master to the Order. Other resolutions were passed, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings of the meeting. A ball followed, at which dancing was kept up till an early hour.—*Abridged from the Birmingham Daily Post.*

BOVEY TRACEY, DEVON.—On the 29th October, 1861, a lodge named "The Loyal St. John's," in connection with the Manchester Unity Independent Odd-Fellows, was opened at Host Joll s Dolphin Inn, by the Exeter District Officers, supported by many visiting brothers from Exeter and Newton Abbot, when seventeen (mostly *young* men) were initiated; after which a procession was formed through the principal streets, and an attendance given at a special service held in St. John s Church, where the Rev. the Hon. C. L. Courtenay preached an impressive sermon. A well catered dinner, with subsequent speeches and conviviality, concluded a most auspicious opening-day. The Rev. the Hon. C. L. Courtenay, the Rev. J. B. Anstice, and several of the landed gentry have given their warmest support, and some of them intend joining the Order. The Lodge has been one of the most prosperous in South Devon, and already (March) numbers between forty and fifty Members. P.G. Wotton (who was the founder) is the present N.G. They endeavoured, on the 10th December, to testify to him their grateful acknowledgments for his indefatigable zeal and unwearied exertions in founding and presiding over their Lodge by presenting him with a silver medal in the shape of a cross and emblematic of the Order, accompanied with a suitable form of address, through the medium of the Chairman (pro tem) P.P.G.M. John Pope. The brothers, with their visiting brethren, spent a most interesting and agreeable evening, diversified by speeches and songs.

BRADFORD.—On Saturday, Feb. 15th, a goodly number of the brethren of the Bradford District assembled in the Loyal Friendly Mechanics' Lodge Room, to witness the presentation of a very handsomely-framed certificate of merit to P.P.G.M. Isaac Hodgson, which had been unanimously awarded to him at the last district meeting, for his two years' services. The presentation was made by Prov. G. M. Jonas Hey, who delivered a most interesting address. P.P.G.M Hodgson replied in very feeling terms, and took occasion to express the pleasure he felt that the district intended to furnish every member with a balance-sheet, showing the income and expenditure of each lodge during the past year, &c., &c., which were now being tabulated by the C.S., and hoped that the perusal of them would induce the hitherto indifferent members to take a more active interest in its management and welfare. The evening was very agreeably spent.

BRIDGWATER.—PRESENTATION.—Last July a subscription was set on foot through the Brethren of the Loyal Fountain and Halswell Lodges of Odd-Fellows, for the purpose of presenting Brother Samuel Alfred Bailey with a testimonial, as a slight recognition of the appreciation of the Brethren for the services he has rendered to the above Lodges for the last nine years. As Bro. Bailey has been appointed to the office of Quarter Master Sergeant to the 5th Somerset Volunteer Rifle Corps, the Brethren thought the most appropriate presentation would be a handsome sword and belt. About fifty of the Brethren met at the Loyal Halswell Lodge Room, when Bro. George Knight presented the testimonial to Bro. Bailey, together with the following, written on vellum:—"Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Bridgwater District. This testimonial (accompanied with a sword and belt) was presented to Brother Samuel Alfred Bailey, Quarter Master Sergeant of the 5th Somerset Rifle Corps, for his kindness, courtesy, and great assistance to the Brethren of the above Lodges, and to the Order in general during the last nine years. Dated this 16th day of July, 1861." Brother S. A. Bailey thanked the Brethren very kindly for the honour they had done him, and said it had always been a great pleasure to him to render his assistance when needed, and he should be only too happy at any future time to give the Brethren his best advice, and devote his services whenever demanded. On the hilt of the sword was engraved, "Presented by the Bridgwater Lodges I.O.O.F.M.U., to Bro. Quarter Master Sergeant S. A. Bailey, July, 1861."

BRISTOL.—ANNIVERSARY AND PRESENTATION.—The twenty-second anniversary dinner of the Loyal Humanity Lodge was celebrated on Wednesday, January 22nd, at the Commercial Inn and Steam Packet Hotel, Hotwells, Bristol, when about fifty members sat down to a substantial repast. Dr. McDonald, the medical officer of the Lodge, presided. The loyal and patriotic toasts being given, the Chairman said he had to bring before their notice a matter of deep interest. A testimonial of their affectionate esteem was about to be presented to their Permanent Secretary, John Hobbs, P.G., for his integrity, perseverance, and perfect Odd-Fellowship. The presentation was made to the Permanent Secretary, John Hobbs, P.G., by the D.G.M. of the District, Thomas Lockstone, who said the Lodge numbered about 126 members, and possessed a capital of about £1,300. He thought the Lodge could boast of prosperity greater perhaps than many Lodges in the District. For the last eight years his friend, P.G. Hobbs, had filled the very important office of Permanent Secretary of the Lodge, and the members had felt that its prosperity was to be attributed, in a great degree, to the assiduous and zealous manner in which he had discharged the important duties of so responsible a situation. There had been the general feeling amongst the members that it was their duty to make some suitable acknowledgment for the services which they had received at his hands. They thought they could not procure an article more suitable and useful, as a testimonial of their regard, than the handsome silver goblet which he held in his hand. (Cheers.) It was then his very pleasing duty to present the cup, on the part of the members of the Loyal Humanity Lodge, as a small token of the respect and esteem in which he was held by them. He felt confident he expressed the sincere wishes of all present when he expressed a hope that Brother Hobbs would live long to enjoy that respect which he so well deserved. (Loud cheers.) The goblet, which was a very handsome one, was valued at ten guineas. It bore the following inscription: "Presented by the L.H.L. of the I.O.O.F. to Mr. John Hobbs, for his faithful services, January 22nd, 1862." Brother Hobbs replied, in a very suitable speech. Referring to the office which he held, he said he had accepted it with a full determination to do his duty honestly; and he assured them that he should remember and appreciate their kindness as long as he lived. (Loud cheers.) Other toasts followed. A very pleasant evening was spent—song and toast going merrily round.

CASTLEFORD.—On Saturday, the 4th January, a few of the Members and Officers of the Loyal Starkie Lodge sat down to a most excellent supper at the White Hart Inn, Carlton Street. After supper P.G. William Groves was called to the chair. The principal and most interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation of a silver medal and guard to P.P.G.M. Charles Walker, as a token of esteem for services rendered to the above Lodge. Mr. C. Walker returned thanks, and was highly gratified to think his services had been so appreciated. A variety of songs, &c., followed, and the evening was enjoyed by the company.

HULL DISTRICT.—On Thursday, Feb. 13, a number of the most active members of the various lodges in this district dined together at Host Sessions, Saracen's Head Hotel. After dinner, Prov. G. M. John B. Wood, was called to the chair. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the chairman in a neat and appropriate speech presented, on behalf of the District, a very handsome purple sash and apron (made expressly by P.P.G.M. Kilner, of Patricroft,) to P.P.G.M. John Howard, who, during the last two years, had served the district as D.G.M., treasurer, and Prov. Grand Master. The Chairman said, in concluding his remarks, that many other P.P.G.M.'s had received similar presents from the district, but this sash and apron were certainly the handsomest of all, though very inadequate in value as a recompense for the services P.P.C.M. Howard had rendered the district. He, however, begged its acceptance, as a slight token of their sincerity, and trusted he might long live to wear it in health, happiness, and prosperity. P.P.G.M. Howard replied in suitable terms, and the evening's enjoyment was considerably increased by a number of songs, recitations, and addresses, on the principles and practice of Odd-Fellowship.

Ireland, Belfast District of Odd-Fellows.—The annual soiree and ball of this branch of the Manchester Unity was held on Friday evening, the 21st February, in the Victoria Hall. The room was tastefully and artistically decorated for the occasion. There was a large and respectable assemblage, upwards of 350 of both sexes being present. The officers, stewards, &c., wore their sashes, medals, etc. After an excellent tea had been partaken of, J. W. Beck, M.D. (P.P.G.M), was moved to the chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and all duly honoured, the Chairman proposed, in an able and well-delivered speech, "The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows and Belfast District." Past Grand William Henry responded in a lengthened address. He gave a history of the Order during the last half-century in England, Ireland, and the Colonies. Alluding to Belfast, he said this District now embraces five Lodges, namely, the Ulster, the Marquis of Donegall, the Belfast, the Tyrone, and the city of Carrickfergus, brethren from which were present. During the twenty years this District has been in existence, upwards of £2,000 has been paid to sick members, and nearly £1,500 to representatives of deceased members and members' wives, giving a total of £3,500. At this moment the various Lodges have to their credit, for the purpose of meeting the claims of members, the handsome sum of £2,240. In conclusion, he said let us then be active; let us lay aside all petty and personal considerations; let us, in the might of our motto—"Friendship, Love, and Truth"—go on carrying the banner of "Excelsior!" from conquering to conquer again, until our noble Order shall embrace within its bosom every inch of this our own Green Isle—"First flower of the earth—first gem of the sea.' The Chairman next gave in succession, "The Carrickfergus Lodge," which was responded to by Mr. Robert Canavan; "The Town and Trade of Belfast," responded to by Mr. Samuel Teirney; "The Stewards," Mr. John Downing, and "The Ladies," Mr. William Rawlins.

Liverpool District.—Annual Dinner of the Board of Management.—On Wednesday, the 29th January, the annual dinner of the Officers constituting the Board of Management of the Liverpool District was held at Mr. Gerard Hofken's, the Vine Hotel, Pitt-street. There was a large attendance, the party numbering upwards of sixty. The chair was occupied by Prov. G.M. Bowman, supported by P.G.M. Thomas Luff, and P.P.G.M. Thomas Green, The vice-chair was filled by Prov. D.G.M. Clements, snpported by P.P.G.M. Kirkham and Dr. Fenton. After the usual loyal toasts, Mr. T. Luff, in responding to the "Manchester Unity," expressed his regret that the Grand Master was not present to respond to the toast. He read a letter from the Grand Master, Mr. Jno. Gale, stating that he was obliged from ill heath to forego the pleasure of being present at their anniversary. With regard to the executive, he could say that the men selected were men of intelligence, character, and standing, and when called upon to discharge any of those difficult and responsible duties which they had to undertake, they had, generally speaking, given satisfaction to the great body of the members, now numbering about 320,000. He was given to understand that there had been an increase during the year, allowing for deaths and those who had left, of something like 20,000. This increase was less than during the last six or seven years, but it might be traced to the dearth of work in the manufacturing districts. If the institution were not founded on a firm basis it would soon fall to decay, but their experience was constantly proclaiming the contrary. Since he had joined the order the members had nearly doubled. Some years ago they conducted the business of their annual meetings with closed doors, but by a judicious change the press had been admitted, and since then the order had become popular amongst all classes; and he would say that to the public press the Manchester Unity was mainly indebted for the success it had attained. (Applause.) Mr. A. Rourke, Prov. C.S., in responding to "The Liverpool District and its Officers," said it was an old one of fifty year's standing; and though its present position, comparatively speaking, was not advancing so rapidly as could be wished, being hemmed in as it were by other districts, the Liverpool district was worth, as nearly as may be, £20,000 capital. Its members were healthy, and they were saving money to such an extent that he was only afraid of some of the members becoming dissatisfied that they were saving so much. (Applause and laughter.) It was rather an anomalous position, but it was one which gave the district officers more concern than if they were not saving—(laughter)—for the members now began to look round and ask what they were saving the money for. He hoped the doctrine which had prevailed in some lodges would not reach there, that they were saving too much, and that it might induce them to reduce their subscriptions or launch into greater expenses than their means would justify. Mr. H. Kirkham, P.P.G.M., proposed "Prosperity to the Oddfellows' Hall." He felt a strong conviction of the benefit that would accrue to the Liverpool district from its erection. At the commencement they scarcely showed a creditable balance sheet, but they had now got over that difficulty, and for the last year or two they were in a flourishing state. The Oddfellows' Hall was a matter of fact—a paying fact. (Applause.) A sum of £4,000 was voted for the hall; £1,300 of that was advanced by the Liverpool District, and the remainder from various lodges in the District. All parties who had in the first instance opposed the scheme were now, with few exceptions, in favour of it. The £1300 advanced from the Liverpool District was at the time in the bank realising only 2½ per cent. interest; but now it was receiving from the management of the hall 4½ per cent.—an advance of £20 to £25 more than could be obtained from the bank, and with equally satisfactory security. It had been the means of raising the principles of Oddfellowship considerably in the estimation of the authorities of the town. No fewer than 20 to 25 of their lodges now met there, besides other lodges. The proceedings of the evening were diversified by some appropriate songs, contributed by amateur vocalists.—*Abridged from the Liverpool Mercury.*

LIVERPOOL.—PRESENTATION.—At a financial committee of the Loyal "Phœnix" Lodge held on Wednesday, the 1st of January, 1862, a beautifully illuminated testimonial, in a splendid gilded frame, was presented to P.G. William Edmundson, bearing the following inscription:—"This Testimonial was presented to P.G. William Edmundson, by the Members of the Loyal "Phœnix" Lodge, No. 2,068, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, Liverpool District, in token of the esteem in which he is held by them, and as an acknowledgement of the satisfactory manner in which he has filled the effices of N.G. and G.M. of the Lodge. As Witness, Frederick Errock, N.G.; William Smith, V.G., Elec. Sec.; Charles Fergie, Permt. Sec. P.G. Charles Feogie, the Permanent Secretary, in presenting the testimonial, said, he had known P.G. Edmundson many years, and the longer he had been acquainted with him the more he appreciated his worth. He had discharged the duties of the offices to which he has been elected with zeal and fidelity, and, by his courteous, affable, conciliatory, and gentlemanly bearing had won golden opinions from all. Amongst collective bodies of men, at times a diversity of opinion upon subjects of importance might naturally be expected, and it required a skilful hand to avert the danger of unfriendly collision with each other. Whenever such had been the case amongst them, and he was proud to say it had been but seldom, P.G. Edmundson always came forward as the mediator, and by his judicious advice and conciliatory manners happily succeeded in calming the rising storm, and restoring peace and harmony amongst them. After impressing upon the members the necessity of attending the lodge, as it was their individual interests to do so, and to endeavour to emulate the example that P.G. Edmundson had set before them. He presented the testimonial, observing that, he felt sure he would at all times look upon it with feelings of pleasure, and when he was no more, that it would descend to his children, who would point to it with pride, and, in their bereavement, would be consoled by the reflection that the testimonial proclaimed the estimation in which their beloved father was held by the Members of the Loyal "Phœnix" Lodge. P.G. Edmundson feelingly responded. He felt proud at receiving the testimonial, and sincerely thanked them. It would be an incentive to him for future exertions, and he assured them it would at all times afford him sincere pleasure to further the interests of the Lodge, and to do all that he could to promote its prosperity.

MIDDLESBRO-ON-TEES.—At the annual meeting of this district, held in December last, the Pro. Grand Master, Mr. William Blackstone, read a valuable and most interesting report, from which we learn that the previous March committee had resolved "that the lodges in the district should have their assets and liabilities valued." This has been done, and the result announced in the report referred to. The Grand Master says, "It is very gratifying to us to lay before you the very satisfactory valuation of our lodges, that we have just received from Brother Ratcliffe, the C.S. of the order, compiled from the experience of the Manchester Unity for the years 1856 to 1860 both inclusive. From those valuations we find that the total value of the assets of the lodges in the district is £14,932 15s. 8d., and the liabilities are £12,600 5s. 2d., leaving a balance of surplus in favour of the lodges of £2,332 10s. 6d. Such a result must be very pleasing to us all, especially when we have the satisfaction of knowing, on good financial grounds, that our present payments are quite sufficient to meet all our demands, and that every year we may expect a profit to the society resulting from what we pay. Mr. Ratcliffe shews, in some of these valuation sheets that for every member that joins, and continues a member, at the age of 21, we receive a profit of £4 19s. 7d. if unmarried, and £3 8s. 7d. if married, and even up to the age of 35 it appears that upon all unmarried members admitted at that age, taking into consideration the extra contribution he pays, there is a profit of £1 1s. 8d., and an apparent loss of 16s. 4d. if married, but when we take into account the initiation fee paid by such member, it appears that the society is no loser by admitting members at this age. Some lodges appear to have a larger balance of surplus than their present capital amounts to. This, Mr. Ratcliffe explains, is owing to the number of young members belonging to the lodge, and that should any of those members leave it would be a corresponding loss to the society. Upon the whole Mr. Ratcliffe assures us it is very pleasing to him to have to report so favourably with regard to all our lodges." The district numbered at the end of the previous year 556 members. During the past year the sum of £226 14s. 8d., has been paid on the sick account, and £91 for funeral donations.

PIMLICO.—THE LATE MR. JAMES ROE, P.G.M.—At the Quarterly Committee of the Pimlico District, M.U., held on the 31st of December, 1861, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That this meeting cannot pass to the business of the day without alluding to the great loss they (in common with the whole unity) have sustained through the lamented death of P.G.M Roe, who, for many years has, with great ability, fulfilled the office of a director of the Society, Assistant Secretary at the Annual Committee, and Provincial C. S. of the North London District." [We understand that many other districts have, in a similar manner, expressed their sense of the valuable services rendered to the Unity by our late respected Past Grand Master Roe, and their unfeigned regret for his premature demise.]

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—On Monday evening, March 3, a tea meeting and concert, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, took place in the Alfred Lodge Room, Fenton, when upwards of 200 members and friends sat down to tea. After tea, the large room was crowded, and R. T. Skerratt, Esq., Chief Bailiff of Fenton, was called upon to preside. In responding to' the toast of the Order, Mr. Bennett, Prov. D.G.M., made a lengthy speech, pointing out to those who were not members, the benefit resulting to their families and friends by becoming members, and stated the progress the order had made during the past few years, both to its members and funds. P. Bowers, Prov. C.S., spoke to the toast of "The District," and mentioned the vast amount of good that had been accomplished during the past 20 years. It had been the means of aiding the funds of the North Staffordshire Infirmary to the amount of £150, and had made a number of other gifts for charitable purposes. The chairman spoke in flattering terms of the usefulness of the Order, and hoped to be spared some years, so that he might be enabled to render them substantial help. Messrs. Martin and Jackson's Quadrille Band was in attendance, and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

READING.—ANNIVERSARY DINNER AND BALL.—The Members of the Berkshire Lodge, Reading, celebrated their anniversary on Wednesday, the 29th January last. Previously to the dinner, Sir Francis Goldsmid and Mr. Serjeant Pigott were initiated Honorary Members of the Order. The dinner took place in the Town Hall at four o'clock in the afternoon. The brethren were habited in the dress peculiar to the Order. The chair was occupied by Sir F. Goldsmid, M.P., and the vice-chair by Mr. W. W. Moxhay. There was also present Mr. Serjeant Pigott, M.P., Mr. Alderman Palmer, Mr. C. Easton, Mr. T. Rogers, &c. The Chairman, in proposing the "Manchester Unity and the District Officers," said that so far as he understood the principles of the society, he believed them to be founded on reason and good sense. (Applause.) Mr. Davis (corresponding secretary), returned thanks, and in a lengthened speech explained the objects of the Society, and the mode in which those objects were carried out. Mr. Palmer, in proposing the health of the "Borough Members," said they had persons present of all creeds and all politics, but that the Society expressly excluded controversial theology. (Hear, hear.) It was based upon the purely self-dependent element. (Hear, hear.) That feature of the Society particularly pleased him. They were told that to receive aid from the Society was no charity. (Hear.) He wished that every man and every woman would place themselves in the same position. (Applause.) Sir H. Goldsmid, and Serjeant Pigott addressed the company present. In the course of a lengthy speech, the latter observed, there had been no occasion on which he felt greater pleasure at being present. He had derived information as well as entertainment. He was not before aware of many of the facts connected with the Society which had been mentioned, they were very gratifying. Other toasts followed. After the dinner party had broken up, the tables were cleared, and the hall prepared for dancing. Nearly three hundred persons were present. The ball passed off in the most satisfactory manner.—*Abridged from the Berkshire Chronicle.*

SOUTH LONDON.—The officers have recently issued "an account of the sickness and mortality experienced in the South London District, and the amount paid from the sick and funeral funds, from 1856 to 1860, both inclusive, compiled from the annual and quin-quennial returns of lodges by V. R. Burgess, Correspending Secretary." The return shows the expectation of life or the number of years of risk at each age, the sickness experienced, the average sickness per member yearly, the average sickness in periods, the number of deaths, the rate of mortality per cent., the specific intensity, the number admitted by initiation at each age, and the number at each age erased for non-payment. Both the initiations and exclusions are most numerous at the earlier periods of life. During the five years 1,925 persons have been initiated, and 1,371 have been excluded. The number of deaths in the same period amounted to 233. The present number of members is not given; but, we find, that in Mr. Burgess's equally elaborate and valuable annual statement for 1860, that the district then included 4,256 members, owing less than twelve months' contribution. The following is an epitome of the experience during the quin-quennium, and the present financial position of the district.

*Average Sickness experienced during the Five Years,* 1856—60, *expressed in weeks, days and hours.*

| AGE. | WEEKS. | DAYS. | HOURS. | AGE. | WEEKS. | DAYS. | HOURS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 18 to 20 ... ... | 1 | 5 | 19 | 51 — 55 ... ... | 19 | 1 | 1 |
| 21 — 25 ... ... | 2 | 3 | 17 | 56 — 60 ... ... | 29 | 5 | 8 |
| 26 — 30 .. ... | 3 | 4 | 19 | 61 — 65 ... ... | 29 | 0 | 6 |
| 31 — 35 ... ... | 4 | 0 | 8 | 66 — 70 ... ... | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 36 — 40 ... ... | 5 | 2 | 13 | 71 — 75 ... ... | 213 | 0 | 21 |
| 41 — 45 .. ... | 7 | 6 | 12 | 76 — 80 ... ... | 130 | 0 | 0 |
| 46 — 50 ... ... | 10 | 6 | 2 | | | | |

| | | | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Total Amount paid for Sickness from 1856 to 1860, both inclusive ... ... ... ... ... | | | | 10,145 | 0 | 4 |
| Total Amount of Funeral Money paid for Members— | | | | | | |
| 230 at £10 each | 2,300 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| 3 half-free, £5 | 15 | 0 | 0 | 2,315 | 0 | 0 |
| Total Amount of Funeral Money paid for Members' wives— | | | | | | |
| 138 at £7 each | 966 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| 6 half-free, £3 10 | 21 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| 5 Widows, £5 | 25 | 0 | 0 | 1,012 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | £13,472 | 0 | 4 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Capital of Sick and Funeral Funds, January 1, 1856... ... | 22,234 | 3 | 11¾ |
| Capital ditto January, 1861 ... ... ... ... | 32,203 | 12 | 3½ |
| Increase ... ... ... ... ... ... | £9,969 | 8 | 3¾ |

*Total Amount of Capital Jan.* 1, 1861.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sick and Funeral Funds of Lodges and District ... ... | 32,203 | 12 | 3½ |
| Incidental Expenses Funds ditto ... ... ... | 1,150 | 13 | 6 |
| Distress Funds ditto ... ... ... | 501 | 2 | 9½ |
| Widow and Orphan Funds ditto ... ... ... | 6,006 | 5 | 9½ |
| Lodge Superannuation Fund ... ... ... ... | 205 | 16 | 7½ |
| | £40,157 | 11 | 0 |

VICTORIA.—LOYAL PRINCE OF WALES LODGE, ST. KILDA.—This Lodge was opened by the officers of the Order and District on April 17th, 1861, when Brother Thomas Hadley was elected N.G., Brother Josiah Chapman, V.G., and P.S. Goodrick, Sec. The Lodge consisted of seventeen members, and, now, at the close of the year, numbers thirty-two; showing that it has steadily advanced in numerical strength. P.G. Duckett, of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Melbourne, kindly volunteered to fill the office of G.M. during the first sitting, and to his kindliness of disposition, and practical aid to the Officers, is to be traced, in a great measure, the success of the Lodge. The Members desirous of showing their respect and appreciation of such services, at an advertised meeting held after the regular sitting, presented P.G. Duckett with a handsome gold ring, with the following inscription engraved therein:—"Presented to P.G. Duckett by the Members of the 'Prince of Wales' Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F., Oct., 1861." P.G. Duckett, in responding, thanked the Lodge for their handsome present, and hoped it would act as an incentive to Members of the Order to assist in establishing new Lodges on a new and permanent basis. The evening was spent in a very social and agreeable manner.

WORTHING.—WELL-MERITED TESTIMONIAL.—At a supper on Monday evening, February 10th, 1862, at the Spaniard Hotel, when about 100 Members of the Victoria Lodge of Odd-Fellows and friends sat down. The chair was taken by Mr. Verrall, Secretary, and Mr. Wm. Bennett was appointed vice. In the course of the evening the Chairman presented a very handsome timepiece and a purse of money to Mr. George Palmer, the founder of this Lodge, and spoke in the highest terms of the manner he had filled the office of Grand Master of the District in 1861. Mr. James Curtis, of Brighton, Corresponding Secretary, also testified to the same, and Mr. Palmer, in replying, warmly thanked the Members for this flattering testimony of their approval of his services. The timepiece, which was procured of Mr. Gilburd, watchmaker, of Worthing, bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the Members of the Victoria Lodge, No. 2,085, and other Lodges, in the Brighton District of the I. O. O. F., M. U., to Past Provincial Grand Master George Palmer, as a mark of their esteem and a recognition of the various services he has rendered the Order for a period of 25 years." The remainder of the evening was spent most pleasantly, and the repast, which was provided by Mrs. Bicknell, gave great satisfaction.

## Obituary.

A GOOD ODD-FELLOW.—"What is an Odd-Fellow?" is a question that has been often asked and as often answered, the answers being sometimes suitable and sometimes ridiculous. We have several large Orders of Odd-Fellows, including the Loyal Independent, the National Independent, the Grand United, and many other Orders; but we have odd-fellows of a different stamp, not included in any of the fore-named orders, as for instance—some men are *odd* in dress, some *odd* in their manner, some *odd* in their choice of food, and some *odd* in their features; but the real and only odd-fellow worthy of our regard, is he whose daily life is spent in assuaging the troubles "which flesh is heir to," comforting the sick and distressed, and visiting the widow and orphan in their afflictions! It was a happy thing for "dear old England," when such men formed themselves into a brotherhood for the relief of distress, and though they chose an odd name for their fraternity, that name is now associated with works of benevolence and charity. From a few this Order has increased to many members, amongst whom are included some of the greatest men of our land, who sympathize with our principles and objects and assist us in carrying them into effect.

Suppose amongst all these men we find one by whose means the Order has admitted into its bonds some hundreds or thousands of members, what is the duty of the Order to that man? Should he be passed by—his works unknown or unrewarded until his body lies mouldering in the grave, as has been too often the case? No, we all think, but it is sometimes unavoidable, either from little knowledge of the man or of his deeds. I have said *suppose* we find such a man, and some may imagine that it is only a supposition that one man should be the means of introducing into any Order "some hundreds or thousands of members;" but let us see.

The Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows has now extended itself almost to every quarter of the globe, and amongst others an immense number of Americans are united to us by brotherly bonds; but how did they become so? Through the exertions of *one man*, and this man was Grand Sire Thomas Wildey, the "GOOD ODD-FELLOW," who has now departed to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." As the Order in general, and those in particular who forward the progress of Odd-Fellowship by "taking in" our magazine, may wish to know something of this man, we have obtained a few particulars of his life from the scene of his labours, and in inserting them here we hope they may prove an example which all good Odd-Fellows will strive to imitate.

THOMAS WILDEY, G.S., of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in America, was born in England in 1783, but emigrated to the New World in his youth, and settled at Baltimore, where he kept a small hotel, "at the south-west corner of Gay and Front-street," where, after a time, by honesty and perseverance, he left poverty in the lurch, and realised a fortune which enabled him to retire from active life as a publican, and to exercise those philanthropic feelings which pervaded his breast, and of which so many of our transatlantic brethren have received manifest tokens.

Speaking of him, the *Philadelphia Enquirer* says:—"Standing prominently as he did at the head of so large, so healthy, and so benevolent an institution, it would have been impossible for him, under any circumstances, to realize want. No man had a larger heart, or one more thoroughly imbued with the benign influence of kindness. It was ever open to charity, and his hand always ready to give. He seemed, indeed, to fully comprehend the great object of human life, which was to do good—a principle fully characteristic of the noble order to which and from which he had given and received so many honours, raising himself to the highest degree it is capable of bestowing."

At the early part of the present century there existed in Baltimore a Lodge approaching somewhat to those of our own Order, but unacquainted with its mysteries. This became known to Thomas Wildey, who had been initiated into those mysteries in the old country, and he, with John Welsh, John Duncan, John Cheatham, and Richard Rushworth called a meeting, which was held on the 26th of April, 1819, at the house of Mr. Lupton, at the "Seven Stars," in Second-street, and at this meeting was formed the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in America, and which they named "The Washington Lodge," and subsequently obtained a dispensation from England. Since then Odd-Fellowship in America has rapidly increased in power, respectability, and usefulness, and its good offices and abundant charities are known and appreciated in every state in the New World.

Thomas Wildey was also a brother of the Masonic fraternity, but his attentions and benevolent actions were confined more to Odd-Fellowship than to any other kindred society. He aided in establishing schools for the education of poor children, for which there are many men who gratefully remember him. He was first in every good enterprise connected with the order, and *has been* honoured with its highest compliments in the shape of medals, and other valuable gifts, which on all public occasions generally adorned the Grand Sire's person, and which he was always proud to receive and show. No one, perhaps, enjoyed or added more to the social hours of a convivial occasion than he, and the annual festivities of the Burns' and St. Andrew's clubs always found him a honorary guest.

But "it is appointed for all men once to die," and our truly worthy brother has now departed from his sphere of usefulness, in his seventy-ninth year. He was sat at breakfast, on the 19th of October last, apparently in good health, when, without a moment's warning, he fell back, and expired quietly in his chair. Thus died one whose life has been full of incident, and who was always proverbial for mirthfulness, good nature, charity, generosity, and, above all, unfaltering honesty. Thousands will not only remember his open, expressive, good-natured countenance, but sincerely commemorate his noble deeds.

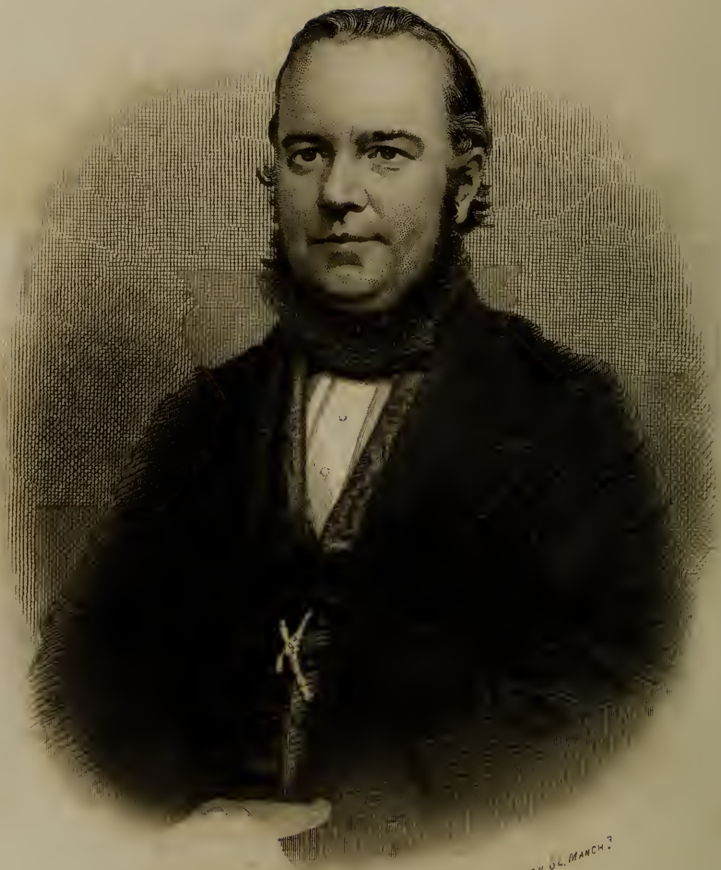
His funeral took place on the Tuesday following his death, and was attended by all the lodges of the order in Baltimore, and many from surrounding districts, as well as by the Masonic fraternity in full regalia, all of which rendered the funeral ceremony an imposing, solemn, and beautiful display.

JOSEPH BRADBURY, P.S.

*Mountaineer's Lodge, Saddleworth District.*

WHITEFIELD, NEAR MANCHESTER.—DEATH OF A LOCAL WORTHY.—Our obituary of this day contains a notice of the death of Mr. John Jones, of Whitefield, at the age of 72 years. The deceased was well known in the locality, having for more than thirty years been superintendent of the Sunday-School connected with Stand Church, and for nine years secretary to the sick and burial society attached to the institution; and it is but justice to his memory to say, that in both those positions he won for himself a high place in the esteem of all concerned, for the rectitude of his character, for his kind counsel and advice, and for the good sense which he invariably displayed. Mr. Jones was also a member of the Earl of Wilton Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows for about thirty-two years, and as a proof of the estimation in which he was held by his brethren he was appointed to, and satisfactorily filled, all the various offices and places of trust in connection with the order, and at the time of his decease was past provincial grand master of the Bury district. He had been instrumental in founding several lodges in the district, and was a generous supporter and warm advocate of the Widow and Orphan's Fund connected with the order. His interment took place on Wednesday last, and his remains were borne to their final resting place by the members of his lodge, preceded by the Rev. T. Corser, rector of Stand, at the head of the Sunday-School teachers. We understand that a sermon to improve his death was preached on the following Sunday.—*Bury Times,* March 8.

ODD-FELLOW'S FUNERAL.—The funeral of the late Mr. John Duke, of Broadwater, age 33, took place February 16th. The Officers and Brethren of the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Worthing, and relatives, and also some of the Members of the Castle Lodge, Arundel, followed his remains through the town of Arundel, and then proceeded to Houghton Church in procession to his last resting-place; and, by the kind consent of the Rev. Mr. Clarkson, of Amberley, the Odd-Fellows' Funeral Address was delivered by Past Provincial Grand Master George Palmer in a solemn and impressive manner.



W. MORTON. SC. MANCH$^{r}$.

Yours truly

V R Burgess

THE

# ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

## Vincent Robert Burgess, C.S.

THE father of Mr. Burgess was the son of a Northampton farmer. He came to the metropolis soon after the completion of the term of his apprenticeship, to the trade of a cooper, where he married and settled in life. He died, however, at the early age of 26, leaving a widow and two children, the elder, the subject of the present memoir, born on the 14th of February, 1815, being less than three years of age at the time. In the same year his younger brother died. By the sole exertions of his mother he was maintained and educated until he reached the age of twelve years. The latter portion of his education was gained at the British and Foreign School in the Borough-road. He left school to enter the establishment of Mr. J. Spicer, hat manufacturer, Red Cross-street, Southwark, with whom he remained, including the period of his apprenticeship, for twelve years. He was engaged in the warehouse and counting-house department of the business during a considerable portion of the time. During his apprenticeship he became a member of the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, to which he devoted a large portion of the time at his disposal. Wishing to extend his knowledge of the business, he voluntarily transferred his services to the establishment of Messrs. Cooper and Co., in the city, on which occasion he received a most flattering testimonial from his old employer. He remained in his new situation for six years, and when he wished to change, with a view of further improvement, he received from the city firm an equally flattering testimonial. After some varied experience, Mr. Burgess, in December, 1847, commenced business on his own account, in the Old Kent-road. He is still a single man. His domestic establishment is, however, ably presided over by his worthy mother.

Mr. Burgess was present at the opening dinner of the City of London Lodge, South London District, on the 25th April, 1839, but was not nitiated a member until the 20th of June following, since which time he has never been out of office. As secretary, he prepared the first, as he has every subsequent, annual balance sheet. Notwithstanding, as his lodge holds its meetings weekly, he early passed through the chairs. The "City of London" is generally regarded by its many visitors as one of the most successful and best conducted lodges in the Unity, and although it contains many both talented and hard-working members, yet no inconsiderable portion of its success is cheerfully ascribed, by those who have laboured with him, to his steady attention to his duties, and the clear and intelligent manner in which he has kept the accounts of the lodge, and from time to time explained its financial condition. In the earlier years of the lodge's existence he refused to accept of a salary for his services; but in November, 1841, the members voluntary presented him with a beautiful silver snuff-box of the value of five pounds, as a mark of their respect and their approval of his conduct. In October, 1859, the members again presented to him a mark of their approval and esteem, in the shape of a silver inkstand, &c., particulars of which presentation appeared in the Magazine for April, 1860.

In 1847, Mr. Burgess suggested the propriety of forming a "Sick Extension Fund," or rather a fund for the extension of sick relief, with the view to avoid the necessity of those members who were willing and able to pay for an increased insurance joining some other society. It appears to have been the only one in the district that has proved completely successful. Mr. Burgess, in 1854, likewise took an active part in the establishment of a library in connection with the lodge. It now contains about 150 volumes. He has likewise been amongst the most active supporters of the "Benevolent Fund," and has laboured most indefatigably on all committees appointed to arrange for benefits, demonstrations, or excursions, in connection therewith.

Mr. Burgess was elected secretary of the district on the 24th Sept., 1849, which office he still retains. Previously, in 1847, he produced statistical tables, showing the condition of the Widows and Orphans Fund, which aroused the attention of the members, and caused much valuable and some angry discussion. Mr. Burgess persevered, amid both good and evil report, in his endeavours to re-organize this fund, and success ultimately crowned his efforts. During the whole of his career, indeed, he has been indefatigable in his efforts to advance every movement calculated to improve the financial position of either his lodge, his district, or the order. He has flinched from no work, and bowed before no obloquy, in the pursuit of this great object. Those who have fought in the same fight with him know best how to appreciate the kindliness of his manner, his steady resolution, and his perfect truthfulness. The number of reports which he has published, and the statistical information which he has collected and digested from time to time have had a most valuable influence, beyond the area of his own local labours. His example in this respect cannot be too earnestly followed by other secretaries, for, upon the circulation of reliable information deduced from our own past experience in districts, much of our future prosperity depends. Many of his reports, and particularly the one showing the entire experience of his lodge since its commencement, and that giving the results of the quinquennial returns of the South London District, have entailed upon him much labour. They reflect equal credit upon his resolution, his intellectual sagacity, and his unwearied industry.

During the agitation for legalization Mr. Burgess rendered good service on the local committee. He was, likewise, most active in the movement which resulted in the repeal of the obnoxious clause afterwards introduced by the registrar, which empowered a small majority of the members to "wind up" the affairs of a society without the consent of the remainder.

Mr. Burgess has represented the South London District at the following A.M.C.s:—Southampton, Dublin, Carlisle, South London, Durham, Lincoln, Norwich, Swansea, Leicester, Shrewsbury, and Bolton. This year he is not only elected a delegate to Brighton, but is nominated for the office of Deputy Grand Master of the Order, with a fair prospect of success.

His services to the district were hansomely acknowledged in August, 1860, by the presentation of a splendid gold watch and chain, valued at 40*l*. An interesting demonstration took place on the occasion at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, particulars of which will be found in the Odd-Fellows' Magazine for October, 1860.

Mr. Burgess, by the native kindliness of his disposition, his unobtrusive manners, and his sterling integrity, has endeared himself to a large circle of friends, not only in his own immediate locality, but in many of our country districts—friends who will doubtless hail with unfeigned pleasure "his counterfit presentment" in the pages of the magazine, and who will join the writer of this necessarily imperfect sketch in heartily wishing him good health and prosperity, and a lengthened career of usefulness in the cause of our beloved institution.

## LOVE AND SLEEP.

*(From National Songs of Servia, translated by Owen Meredith.)*

I walkt the high and hollow wood, from dawn to even-dew,
The wild-eyed wood stared on me, and unclasped and let me through,
Where mountain pines, like great black birds, stood percht against the blue.

Not a whisper heaved the woven roof of those warm trees:
All the little leaves lay flat, unmoved of bird or breeze:
Day was losing light around by indolent degrees.

Underneath the brooding branches, all in holy shade,
Unseen hands of mountain things a mossy couch had made;
There asleep among pale flowers my beloved was laid.

Slipping down, a sunbeam bathed her brows with bounteous gold,
Unmoved upon her maiden breast her heavy hair was roll'd;
Her smile was silent as the smile on corpses three hours cold.

"O God!" I thought, "if this be death, that makes not sound nor stir!"
My heart stood still with tender awe, I dared not waken her,
But to the dear God in the sky, this prayer I did prefer:

"Grant, dear Lord, in the blessed sky, a warm wind from the sea,
To shake a leaf down on my love from yonder leafy tree;
That she may open her sweet eyes, and haply look on me."

The dear God, from the distant sea, a little wind releast,
It shook a leaflet from the tree, and laid it on her breast;
Her sweet eyes open'd and looked on me. How can I tell the rest?

# Vital Statistics.

## OUR RECENT EXPERIENCE.

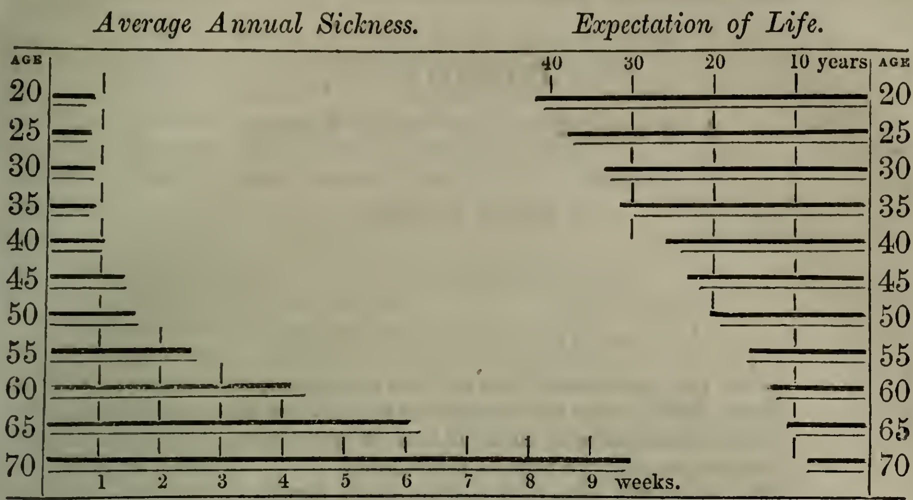
It is somewhat singular, in England, at least, where the Baconian or *inductive* method of procedure, in scientific or philosophical research, has so long dominated over the *deductive*, that statistical information should, until recently, have been held in comparatively little repute. Achenwall, who introduced the term "statistics" into literature about the middle of last century, is generally regarded as the first systematic writer on the subject. It met, however, with little favour for many years afterwards; indeed, its present importance in popular estimation is but of relatively recent growth. Adam Smith, unlike his modern eulogists, in his now famous work, "The Wealth of Nations," as became a true disciple of the Scotch school of metaphysics, despised the inductive method. He preferred reasoning from what he termed "general principles;" and flatly stated that he had "no great faith in political arithmetic," as he designated the facts and figures of the practical traders of his time. A distinguished orator, scholar, and statesman, not many years ago, is said to have declared that he could "prove anything from figures;" that, indeed, no species of evidence was more fallacious than figures, except (mark the exception)—except facts! Of course, he referred to the things continually quoted as "facts "by the advocates of special views, and to figures concocted, not with a view to elicit truth, but to subserve some previously idolised theory or hypothesis. It matters little to the cause of truth whether false evidence appears on the tongue of the perjurer, the parchment of the forger, or in the distorted mental vision of the enthusiast or bigot. Falsehood will ever exercise its baneful influence in whatever fashion it may be clothed. But truth will never lose a single ray of her enlightening power, or a cent of her value to mankind, through the blunderings of ignorance and folly, or the wiles of mendacity, however specious. The more delicate the intellectual machine and the more sensitive its action, the greater is the care required in its manipulation, in order to ensure the truthfulness of its motion or the certainty of its results. This is especially the case with statistics. Incomplete, partial, or misunderstood, they often, of course, lead to serious error. But in many departments of practical science, and in the conduct of every-day life, true statistical information is of paramount importance. It furnishes the corner stones, the very foundations of some of the fairest portions of the great social edifice. It is the very life-blood of all insurance, from the humblest friendly society's limited operations to the stupendous engagements of the underwriters at Lloyd's. The English boast they are a thoroughly practical people. They care little for theories, unless the said theories happen to sustain or countenance their own practical impressions. The national mind is essentially of the inductive cast. It lays great stress upon what it calls "facts;" and, although, in the main, shrewd enough to detect deliberate imposture, yet it often draws conclusions from very imperfect knowledge, and is with difficulty prevailed upon to revise its judgment. This has been strikingly the case with respect to friendly society finance. The few "facts" on the surface have, for a time, too often presented a roseate aspect, which inspired unbounded confidence, when a deeper insight and a further knowledge of "facts" would have excited not only suspicion, but alarm.

Pope has said, "a *little* learning is a *dangerous* thing;" and, of course, every orator who has had an opportunity of making a speech—post-prandial or otherwise—on the blessings or miseries which promiscuous education would entail upon the community, has duly quoted the pet scrap of sententious wisdom, and commented upon it with becoming lucidity. Some very hard-headed, and by no means soft-hearted, philosophers suggest the alternative of "crass ignorance" for the masses, as the only effective antidote to the "little learning" poison of the pedagogue poet. But this very profound and comprehensive remedy seems to savour slightly of the wisdom of a sapient member of a community belonging to the genus *Mus*, who, in full council assembled, solemnly prescribed a clear-toned tintinabulum, or small silver bell, for the neck of a certain feline free ranger —an indefatigable "tortoise-shell tabby," or ordinary blood-thirsty "tom-cat," nobody knows which—as the only means calculated to effect the salvation of the terrified remnant of the devastated colony of sleek-hided, nimble-footed, cheese-nibblers. The idea was truly magnificent. What a pity its execution was simply impracticable! So it is with regard to the "little learning" difficulty. Hercules himself, if his brain had been as tough as his muscles—which, by the bye, was by no means the case—could not have made the aforesaid dangerous little knowledge very much less. And if he could; *cui bono?* Yes, where would be the advantage? The danger which infests learning, according to the tuneful dialectician and moralist, appears to thrive on the *littleness* of the scholastic nutrition, and not on its profusion. He, therefore, wisely prescribes, not total abstinence, but "deep drinking" at the pure fountain of knowledge, as the only remedy for the dangers resulting from "*little learning,*" or, in other words, from active ignorance.

So it has been with regard to friendly society statistics. The littleness, or the imperfect character of the knowledge possessed, originally misled men imbued with the best intentions, amongst both members and actuaries. Repeated failure begat suspicion, and suspicion ripened into contempt or indifference. But honest progress towards the shrine of truth is never totally arrested by the stumblings of even her sincerest votaries. Its march may be retarded, or slightly diverted, but its course is ever onwards. This was never more clearly exhibited than by the history of friendly societies during the last quarter of a century. The hypothesis of Dr. Price, with respect to average sickness, had been demonstrated by experiment to be erroneous, and tables founded upon it had produced hetacombs of prematurely defunct sick clubs in various parts of the country. Further theorising on the additional data obtained, led to some improvement, but not sufficient to prevent one of the first actuaries of the day (1825) expressing a doubt as to sickness following any certain law, and the consequent impossibility of forming tables calculated to meet the requirements of an insurance against the risk. The labours of Ansell, Neison, and others, however, followed, and valuable light from the torch of truth, not, however, altogether unshadowed by error, began eventually to dawn upon the professional mind as well as upon that of the more reflecting members.

The most important step in this direction, was taken by the members of the Manchester Unity, in 1846, when returns, showing the past experience of its branches, were called for by the executive government. The legislation at Glasgow and Newcastle, in the preceding years, had been somewhat in advance of the educational element, and insubordination and open rebellion naturally resulted. Many returns, though imperfect in some respects, were, however, obtained; and the valuable work compiled by Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, and published by the directors, in 1851, resulted. A most important lesson in practical legislation was inculcated by the Glasgow experiment. It was seen that instruction must, of necessity, precede legislation, especially in matters of friendly societies' finance, in order to secure the hearty co-operation of the members themselves, without which, laws, however excellent in themselves, are merely dead letters. Mr. Buckle, in his History of Civilization in England, justly observes that "No reform can produce real good, unless it is the work of public opinion, and unless the people themselves take the initiative. To seek to change opinions by laws is worse than futile. It not only fails, but it causes a reaction, which leaves the opinion stronger than ever. First alter the opinion, and then you may alter the law." Such has been the course of the leading members of the Manchester Unity, for the last few years. We hear now of no threats of secession, because returns are wanted to versify or correct our financial arrangements. The schoolmaster has properly preceded the legislator, and with the most happy results.

The quinquennial returns (1856-60) from the various lodges in the unity were placed in the hands of Mr. Henry Ratcliffe, the Corresponding Secretary, and that gentleman has now submitted to the members and the public, the result of his labour in tabular forms adapted for practical use. Unquestionably these tables are more worthy of reliance than any heretofore published, either by the government actuaries or by independent societies. The quantity of data was ample, and Mr. Ratcliffe wisely eliminated all schedules which bore indications of error or imperfection. Still his new tables of sickness and mortality exhibit averages deduced from the experience of upwards one million years of life. It is gratifying to find that the value of life has perceptibly improved since the collection of the previous returns. The average rate of sickness has likewise diminished, as might have been anticipated from many causes; but this is not so apparent in the table, owing to the introduction of an additional element into the calculation, which operates adversely, especially at the earlier periods of life. In computing the averages from the previous data, the total sickness for each year of life was divided by the number of members who had entered upon that year, without reference to the fact that the newly initiated did not, and could not, claim for six months after admission. The apparent sickness, therefore, was less than the real. In the present tables the total sickness has been divided only amongst the really liable members, and consequently the average rate is somewhat higher at those ages which are most prolific in new members. The following diagram will show more distinctly than columns of figures the difference in the results derived from the two experiences:—



The dark line represents the experience of 1856-60; and the light line that of 1846-8.

The near agreement in principle of these two distinct experiences must strike the most careless observer, and convince him of the value of the facts for future guidance.*

The supplement to Mr. Ratcliffe's previous work contained much valuable information, and many important tables that were new to statistical literature. The whole of these improvements have been embodied and extended in the recent work. They consist of tables of annuities for the computation of the value of wives' funeral money, and of periodically declining rates of sick allowance. Separate tables are given, likewise, for societies having members engaged in hazardous employments. The benefit to a society resulting from "lapsed policies," as they are technically termed, including secessions and expulsions, is likewise computed, and their legitimate influence on the subscriptions shown in tables specially prepared for the purpose. Mr. Ratcliffe has likewise given the money value of every class of risk, and a lucid exposition of the method of procedure by which the results have been obtained, and an example, in minute detail, of a valuation of the assets and liabilities of a lodge. This will enable any secretary to test the financial condition of any society or branch without the aid of an actuary. The work is sold to members at so very reasonable a price, that few interested in the improvement of the society need be without a copy. Its extensive circulation, both within and without the Order, cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and lay the foundation of wise legislation for the future. The members of the Manchester Unity have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact, that they have on this occasion outstripped the government officials in promptitude in the circulation of the results of the recent experience. Indeed, the writer is informed on the best authority, that, although an immense quantity of returns lay at Mr. Pratt's office, the government have not yet, as heretofore, ordered their analysis, with the view to the publication of the results.—C. H.

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* NOTE.—I have often been requested to publish the diagram which I use when lecturing on Friendly Societies. I have hitherto delayed complying, simply because I was anxious to avail myself of the latest and most matured experience of the society. The above is a miniature copy of the one I have recently adopted. I propose shortly to print it on a large scale, with the view to its being exposed in lodge rooms and other places of public resort.

# DOVEDALE.

## A SERIES OF SONNETS.

BY FRANK INGLETON.

[ORIGINAL.]

### No. 1.—The Portal of the Dale.

Rise, rise, autumnal Sun, all rich and grand,
From Earth's fair face dispel the misty shroud,
While giant-portals, Bunster and Thorpe cloud,
Receive us, and we pass to fairy-land!
Oh! wild twin-hills that rise on either hand,
Who, gazing on your gray and sombre sides—
Who could divine the loveliness that hides
Coyly behind you? Sentinels ye stand,
To guard from rude approach such beauty rare
As we may dream of, but can seldom see
In waking hours. Your stern simplicity
And uncongenial aspect, bleak and bare,
Serve to enhance the wondrous mystery
Of beauty, which ye hide with jealous care!

### No. 2.—The Dale.

The Portal pass'd, we reach the enchanted land,
And midmost of the vale, a rocky mound
Attracts us, and we climb, and gazing round,
Marvels behold of the Enchantress' hand—
The Enchantress Nature—who, with potent wand,
Hath wrought her will, and group'd in wildest mood—
Wildest and most fantastic—tangled wood
With splinter'd spires of rock, that ghost-like stand
'Mid the green foliage. Ever upward floats,
In variations of melodious sound,
In modulations of all sweetest notes,
Re-echoed ever from the cliffs around—
The voice of the bright river, filling all
The enchanted vale with murmurs musical.

### No. 3.—Reynard's Cave.

He who, first wand'ring through this valley fair,
Bends on the steep hillside his casual gaze,
Stands well-nigh fixed and stricken with amaze,
To see that mighty archway springing there,
And overhanging him in middle air—
So huge, yet seeming as though e'en a breath
Might shake it down, and with a ponderous death
O'erwhelm the rash intruder, while despair

And terror hold him powerless. Sooth it seems
A mass enormous, pierced by cunning hand
Of giant-artist, with a portal grand,
Leading to regions of stupendous dreams!
Well may the gazer in its presence stand
Oblivious of all else—woods, rocks, or streams!

### No. 4.—From the Cave.

Yet whoso, mastering his first surprise,
Climbs with adventurous foot the dizzy steep,
And, through the archway, views the valley deep,
As far below in loveliness it lies,
Set in its rocky framework picture-wise,
And seeming like a strange and transient peep
Of some bright spot where fairies revels keep:
Whosò does thus, shall have before the eyes
Of memory, in many a distant day,
When the original is far away,
A picture which can be revived at will—
Gray ivyed-crag, wild-wood, and sunbright rill—
A scene, remembrance of whose charms will soothe
His care, and many a rugged hour make smooth.

### No. 5.—The Narrow Pass.

All the rare loveliness that ever was
Enshrined in poet's or in painter's dream—
All wildest groupings of rock, wood, and stream,
Seem congregated in this narrow pass.
In crystal pools as clear and smooth as glass
Rests the fair stream awhile, then hurries on,
Leaping from ledge to ledge, glad to be gone;
While scatter'd round us many a mighty mass
Of splinter'd rock uprears its hoary head
With ivy-wreaths and wild-flowers garlanded,
And bas'd in tangled brushwood clustering round.
Here let us rest, a soft and heathery bed
Receives us, while both eye and ear are fed
By rare perfections both of sight and sound.

### No. 6.—The Dale by Moonlight.

Wouldst thou behold a picture of the power
Of Nature, in her weirdest, wildest mood?
Roam thou this valley in the solitude
And dreamlike mystery of the midnight hour,
When the gigantic crags that upwards tower
From blackest depths, like spires of silver shine,
Smit by the full-orb'd moon with light divine,
That falls upon them in a sparkling shower,
While, 'neath their mighty shadow, each recess
Behind them, pall'd in ebon darkness, lies
An awful Hades of mysterious gloom;
While *they* shine on in radiant loveliness,
Catching the light-celestial from the skies,
Like angel-presences above the tomb.

*Bowdon, 19th March,* 1862.

# Doing Too Much.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We have only to cast our eyes around us, allowing a small quantity of brain to accompany them, and it will, we think, be prominent to all observers, that the possibility of "doing too much" is most amply and diversely proved in this present era of the last half of the nineteenth century. We have met with an old Greek saying, tantamount to the declaration, that "all evil is the excess of good;" and, verily, we may find practical evidence pretty often, strongly confirmatory of the philosophical assertion. Let us state in this prefatory portion of our pages, that our own temperament, pursuits, and desires, all tend to encourage and aid the vital, "keep moving" principle of "progression." We are no mourners over the days of the old eight-horse waggon system of locomotion, when a snail of sound constitution, accustomed to out-door exercise, would have stood a fair chance of starting from London with the celebrated "*Highflyer*" coach, and entering York, neck-and-neck with the said astonishing volicipede. We have no prejudiced respect for the memory of the ancient "watchmen of the night," who, by combination of age, "rheumatiz," and being wrapped up in a blanket, were incapable of all "springy" movement, save that attached to their rattle. We have no regret at not living in the times when street illumination was so rare that an ignorant urchin, on hearing some eminent divine mentioned as a "shining light," expressed a strong wish that he might be "hung up at the end of their alley." We are conscious of possessing a natural dislike to "*vis inertia*," excepting in the case of a scandalizing tongue or a blood-thirsty flea. We have implicit faith in the great axle of "Endeavour," on which the wheels of Civilization, Commerce, Art, Science, and Fame must ever revolve. We would adopt the advice which Demosthenes gave touching the essentials of oratory, and write the motto, "Action, Action, Action," on every human brow. We consider this same honest, intelligent "Action" as the wholesome tonic stimulant which clears the skin, invigorates the frame, elevates the mind, fills the pocket, establishes the character, and helps more to keep his Satanic Majesty at bay, than all the Utopian moral bubbles and "good intentions" ever entertained by opium-eating dreamers. To "do" is the noblest verb active in the grammar of Life; *but*—oh! that terrifying, breaker-a-head word—*but* it is easily possible to "do" *too much;* and then Common Sense, looking on as a Humane Society's man would at the heedless, bustling skater, twirling and pirouetting with egotistical glee over cracked ice, shouts with loud alarm, "Dangerous!"

As it is difficult to trace the boundary line between reason and insanity, so it is frequently a delicate question regarding the certainty where "doing enough" is accomplished, and "doing too much" commences. Yet, we maintain that the present conduct of business and pleasure offers such unmistakeable examples of the latter, that no perplexity exists in finding a verdict of guilty on that score against myriads of individuals, who imagine they are model men and women, and fulfilling their respective duties and positions in a most praiseworthy manner. Let us simply turn to our neighbour, Mr. Dalrymple, whose father, a respectable drysalter, left his son a fine business a few years since. The son, however, soon "cut" the old gentleman's jog-trot concern, and allied his undaunted energy and speculative talent to innumerable "companies" and various commercial undertakings, which so absorb his time and thought, that he flies about from one office to another; from this actuary to that secretary—now at the desk, then on the Exchange, now in deep consultation over a whispered bankruptcy; then despotic in prompt command respecting an invoice of indigo and cochineal; and so entirely given up to calculations, doubts, purposes, anxieties, and endeavours, connected with the great world of money making, that his existence appears to be that of a man fastened to a rapidly turning mill-sail. He is up at seven o'clock in his country residence, Holly Lodge, about eighteen miles from town; dresses and shaves in a flurry, rushes down to his breakfast as though escaping from a fire, and swallows his toast and coffee with spasmodic haste, with his watch before him on the table. He bolts the mouthfuls without sparing a second to speak to his wife, who has hurried down after him, and would fain give him a domestic commission to execute in town, but the thing is impossible. "I shall not have a minute to spare to-day," he exclaims. Alas! it is the same every day—and he pockets his watch, seizes his hat and a parcel of papers, and strides through the hall with desperate steps, having six minutes to do a ten minutes' walk to the station. He has no leisure, of course, to take food until his return to dinner at seven P.M. Figures, facts, plans, and conferences hold him with Ogre power, until he goes through the four diurnal courses, and consumes at one meal, that which should be divided into three, producing, of course, a lethargic somnolency, from which he arouses only to think over how he shall arrange that affair with the Messrs. Dowbiggon to-morrow. Poor Mrs. Dalrymple and the little Dalrymples are of small earthly consequence to his earthly happiness. They are mere household appendages. He has no time to hear how Edward has got on with his Latin; he has no time to take an interest in Emily's attempt to sketch their house from the river bank; he has no time to admire the slippers which his wife is working for him. The children interfere with his abstruse thinking, and must be kept in the upper portion of the establishment while he is within the walls. Mrs. Dalrymple is secretly discontented and unhappy; wishing that her husband would give a little more of himself to home matters and affections; and take her occasionally to a Chiswick fete, or the opera. Strong symptoms are evident of Mr. Dalrymple's liver being seriously deranged, which considerably affects his temper; and strong suspicions are stirring respecting the visits of a military gentleman, who appears to take Holly Lodge in his drives pretty frequently; but, as the good natured neighbours observe: "Mr. Dalrymple is so entirely devoted to business, that he may naturally expect things at home to go wrong in some shape or other." There is much truth in this, and our secret opinion reluctantly concurs in the notion, that Mr. Dalrymple will painfully discover at no very remote period, that he has been "doing too much."

We can readily cite another palpable, and we unwillingly own, rather mortifying source of illustration to the title of this paper. We will touch on it gently, and not say all we could upon it. Our attention is turned in this instance to young ladies, in reference to their conduct towards young gentlemen. We were wont to entertain the Gothic notion that it is the man's place to woo the woman; and that delicate attentions and symptoms of devotion should emanate from the Damon, and not the Celia of pastoral and legitimate courtship; but we suppose an inverted order of things is now pervading society, and that it is the duty of Miss Rosalie and Miss Flora to let Mr. Augustus and Mr. Adolphus see that their whiskers and moustaches have made a powerful impression, and have such magnetic attractions, that, if seen on the Parade, at Brighton, or in "Decomposition-row," Hyde-park, Miss Rosalie and Miss Flora, under the modest influence of "pork-pie hats and nobbie little feathers," cannot resist paying voluntary and unsought homage to the gentlemen. Time was, when a young cavalier deemed it a blissful chance to have the opportunity of picking up a lady's fan or handkerchief, and thought it good service to watch around the walls that held some fair one's form, in hopes of gaining a kindly glance, or wave of the hand; but, alas! the case is strangely altered. We now see young maidens with (we are ashamed to write it) more colour in their cheeks and lips than God gave them. We see them with their persons so ostensibly adorned by the combination of showy flowers, flaunting lace, kiss-curls, visible pearl powder, and "fast" mantles, that it is difficult to distinguish between the lady who belongs to a respectable family, and the questionable individual who would be perfectly "at home" in a casino polka. We see girls of tender age, ogling and leering, and indulging in those unmistakeable signs of unseemly precocity, which cannot fail to offend and repulse any man of delicate and just perception, though he may possibly *amuse* himself for a short time with the frivolous *dolls* who seem to open and shut their eyes for his express admiration. It is derogatory to see so many pairs of slippers and braces bestowed by single ladies on single gentlemen. It is not pleasant to perceive the insinuating and affected manner "put on" by girls when "a gentleman" enters the room. It is nothing unusual to observe an addional light in the eye, a fresh tone in the voice, and a general style of eager bearing in a woman, when a masculine individual of any available characteristics joins the feminine, social group. Attentions are offered him—flattering speeches are addressed—prosy "*badinage*" indulged in, and a freedom and warmth of conversational license adopted, which must strike the dullest witness as something very distinguished from the indifferent and cool treatment bestowed on the whiskerless mortals around. May we venture to tell our young lady friends that this line of conduct is neither wholesome nor becoming. The man who is to be won by such un-Eve-like approaches is not worth the love of a true, high-hearted, sensitive woman. The feeling which exists in the heart of him who allows himself to be "caught" by the wooing which is "done" for him, differs as much from real, pure affection, as the midnight glare of a dancing saloon does from the soft, rich sunshine in a flowery valley. Lucky is the bride, if it is only a fool she has secured and not a brute; and sorry are we to observe such a tendency in fashionable young ladies to reverse the order of nature, and make very open offers of themselves to any conceited well-looking simpleton who may cross their path. We would advise them to remember that in nineteen cases out of twenty, the said simpleton is wise enough to create considerable mirth among his "fellows" at the club by bandying the young lady's name in terms of jest and ridicule, which perfectly explains that she is "doing a great deal too much."

Let us glance at another, and widely different phase of action; in which we frequently see a sad result from this same propensity. With all due respect for the profession we are about to mention; and with all gratitude for the unlimited amount of relief bestowed on mankind by that profession; yet it may truly be said, that medical men are very apt to fall into the mistake of "doing too much;" and that if coroners' inquests might return a just verdict on many who pass away under the treatment of the sons of Esculapius, we should find it couched in those few words. Cases come under every one's knowledge, where irritants, blisters, starvation, and bleeding are sedulously resorted to, when it has been painfully proved that soothing and nourishment were chiefly needed. A little "letting alone" would often be the height of wisdom and kindness; and a degree of judicious and watchful trust to Nature would be more advisable than a precipitate and determined course of routine administration; but, alas! when we "call in a doctor," he *must* do *something* of a decided and active character, before the patient is satisfied, or the patient's friends can feel dependence on the skill they have enlisted. Symptoms may be serious and perplexing; secret causes may produce mystifying developments; peculiar temperaments and constitutions may be so sensitive that a doubt may exist as to whether it would not be safer to permit the temporary existence of a light ailment, than to rashly employ agencies which may operate merely as torturing experiments; but *something must be done.* Physic is poured into the patient, which may increase, rather than alleviate, the derangement; blood is taken away when blood is needed; emetics are given when the poor stomach is already too reduced in tone and power; and the "system" is diligently "lowered," while the over-wrought, fiery nerves are crying out for all the auxilliary aid and strength which they can get. We distinctly wish to impress on our readers that we deeply and widely appreciate the blessings bestowed by the medical faculty, as a body. No class of men exists more valuable to humanity—no skill, properly directed, is so precious as theirs; but we maintain, also, that no class of men commit more frightful errors, arising from blundering ignorance, or over zealous officiousness; and the most common and fatal among those errors consist in "doing too much."

Another painful illustration of our heading presents itself, as regards the labours of highly gifted authors. We have a clever young friend who declares that every man and woman of genius, after having given to the world a certain amount of great and enduring thought, ought to be prohibited from writing, and sent to some enchanted island, to live till they die, as the late Duke of Wellington's war-charger, "Copenhagen," did; without work. How well we remember with what delight and admiration we read Sir Walter Scott's marvellous conceptions, which had been poured forth while his brain was as vigorous and fresh as his own mountain torrents—his "Kennilworth," his "Ivanhoe," his "Antiquary,"—those glorious incarnations of History and Romance, which must ever charm the dullest of mankind. Why were we ever allowed to read his "Peveril of the Peak," his "Castle Dangerous," his "Count Robert of Paris," —those tame, dreary volumes, which made us sigh, and almost weep, as we closed them in weary disappointment? Why did not some kind friend inveigle the pen out of the "Wizard's" hand, before it had given to the cold and critical world the mournful evidence of a giant mind fading into feeble bitterness? Why was the gorgeous luminary of the North permitted to display to idle gazers the vaporous flicker of its latest shining? Poor Sir Walter! but he was only one of many. Look at the magnificent heart-firing bursts of Thomas Campbell, which fell from his lyre in its palmy days, like pearls and diamonds from the fairy's lips. Mark the power, the truth, the pathos, which fix them among England's choicest poesy—then turn to the pages which contain his last effusions of weak, childish, nerveless rhyme; and who, while dwelling on the last, will not exclaim, "Would that they had never been written." We could name more than one living author of blazoned repute, who appears to be verging on the confines of this precipice. We fancy we perceive a great change between their productions of ten or fifteen years since, and those now issuing under their names; and this perception sticks a thorn in our susceptible affection. We cannot bear to find our cherished favorites presenting us with a grain of wheat amid the bushel of chaff. We do not like to detect ourselves straining and struggling to discover the meaning of some occult, hyper-metaphysical paragraph. We are mortified at hearing unnumbered readers mention our idols' works as being "terribly spun out," or "nothing like what they used to be." We are induced to wish that we could act on our young friend's wish; if we could, certain it is that three or four well-known individuals would be packed off, instanter, to feed on lotus leaves and wild honey on the Enchanted Island to save them from the dreaded and, we fear, impending fate of having the disc of their fame branded with the shadowing words, "Doing too much."

We frequently have these important syllables brought before us in the shape of "Divine music." There is something very irritating in the clashing and blowing, which many "leaders" and "conductors" think fit to employ in orchestral effect. We have known a delicious voice to be quite smothered by the brazen overpowering "accompaniment;" and the finest treble passage of a "symphony" to be utterly lost in the riotous, bass preponderance. Young ladies, who are held as "wonderful" players, often excite our vexation on the same score. They will open a grand piano in a room some twenty feet square, and commence an assault and battery on it that seems an imitation of the reduction of Sebastopol—a flash and a bang forming the chief constituents of the process. We have heard of a tune having been taken, and treated as though it were thrown up and down stairs; this is bad enough; but we have known many an unfortunate theme handled as though it were a mad dog hunted by a crowd of infuriated pursuers; and no mercy shown to the poor victim until all melodious life was "*rouladed*," "*chromaticed*," and "*tremoloed*" out of it; and the triumph proclaimed in half a dozen consecutive chord-blows that would cleave the poll of a Nineveh bull. The conductors may be very talented—the young ladies very obliging—but we trust they will not deem us rude if we express an opinion, that under some musical circumstances, it is very possible to "do too much."

There is a constantly perceptible point connected with our subject, relative to the "stuffing" of very young minds with all sorts of knowledge, and all possible accomplishments. Mournfully painful is it, to see a child of some seven or eight years date, tormented and harrassed with lessons in Bible history, lessons in geography, lessons in English, lessons in French and Italian, lessons in chemistry, lessons in botany; masters for writing, masters for music, masters for drawing, masters for dancing; with the use of the globes, composition of prose themes and recitations of classic poetry thrown in, as light relaxations. How we have pitied the poor little dears, chained tight to a detested school-book, and trying with all their mental might to conquer the difficulty of a refractory French verb, or perplexing Latin measure, when their eyes have suddenly lighted on a neighbour's child, rollicking and shouting beside his rolling hoop. What a choking, desponding, wearied sigh has filled the young breath, while sharply called on to "pay more attention to what they are about, and not be thinking of other things." How many a joyous, fresh spirit has been crushed into dull stupidity, or forced into evanescent glitter by the absurd attempt to transcribe the contents of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" on the opening pages of Life; which should carry no deeper black letter matter than the two and three syllable stories contained in some respectable relic of "Guy," or "Mavor." Who can doubt that a game at battledore and shuttlecock would not often be more acceptable to a girl, than a new and difficult stitch in some fancy work. Would she not rather have a turn at the skipping rope, than carry her tired brain from a close investigation of a folio Atlas and the terrestrial globe, to a long parsing of nouns and participles; and then to a monotonous repetition of "Czerny's Exercises and Scales;" but the unfortunate martyr must "get on" with her "education"—no time must be lost—she must be a "clever young lady," not a gamesome, simple, romp-loving child; she must know the right place of a perriwinkle in the nomenclature of conchology; she must be able to specify a daisy by its anti-poetic and un-Christian appellation; she must be conversant with the blue paint indicative of the ancient Britons, and the black patches marking the reigns of the Charles's; she must practise bravaura and scenas, probably without possessing any taste for harmony; and copy Michael Angelo, when her chief sense of lines lies only in the direction of a rough ground-plan for "Hop Scotch." She must enter a room with unimpeachable propriety, and conduct herself at ten years of age as though she had the learning of an LL.D. and the grace of a master of the ceremonies. But what a "prodigy" the child is; what a wonderful amount of knowledge the small individual displays; alas! the forced suckling is too often a fair candidate for a deformed curviture of either brain or spine; and frequently both. What cruelty, what folly is exhibited and perpetrated by doting parents in this mode of treating the sacred charges entrusted to their love and care. What mistaken ambition is entertained, in wishing to see our darlings placed in the Athenæum of the Sages, when "The House that Jack built" would be a much more suitable residence for them; and Aladin's Lamp "a much safer guiding light in their hand," than the elixir spirit flame of Psyche's crystal vase-cup. Oh! ye anxious, devoted parents; have a care when you think so much of the "astonishing progress" your beloved little William or Lucy is making in the educational cycle of arts, sciences, and accomplishments. Ye know not what ye do, in pressing and goading the young colt into a Derby-winning speed, when it should be merely cropping the sweet clover of " Reading made Easy" and cantering at pleasure through the green meadows of Fun and Frolic. "Bide a wee," and let their muscles expand and bones harden. Let their fine nerves be braced, and their physical powers develope into the precious energy and health, and spirit, which ever make Childhood beautiful and blest. Let the alembic of healthy life be soundly moulded before you venture to distil unnumbered and mysterious essences in it; or the chances are, that a material, though unreckoned on, flaw in the human vessel will waste and dissipate the coveted mental perfume, and that which should have been the sweet and treasured glory of lasting rational intellect, becomes mere useless, unreflective, parrot-like rote. We have little trust in the infant mind that is made up, like a patchwork-counterpane, of dazzling, showy fragments. Few of those fragments will bear washing and beating on the banks of the great Ganges of Maturity; and, like the said counterpane, too frequently present, after short wearing, a most uninteresting display of pretence and poverty. " Be careful," we say, and when " training the child in the way *you* would have him go," be watchful lest your anxiety defeats its own purpose, by " doing too much."

We could pile up a myriad illustrations, but we have not space to enlarge on the subject. Only let us just glance at a few recent examples, and we will close our scribbling book. What was there to astonish us when the consecutive days and nights of riotous carnival at the Covent Garden Theatre, ended in the blazing destruction of the noble building, and frightful risk of agonizing death to countless human beings? The reckless adventurer who projected the orgie, exceeded the limits of reasonable work for the toilers, and reasonable pleasure for the idle; and realized the consequences of his " doing too much," in the yelling screams of dissolute frenzy, and the smouldering ruins of one of our finest dramatic temples. Are we trespassing too far with our opinion, if we dare to say that the " Great Eastern," is another citation of our text. Bold and brilliant were the conceptions of navigating science which formed and fashioned the Leviathan hull, and breathed into it the breath of giant life, with lungs of steam and muscles of iron—yet there seems a shadow of greatness over it, which argues of presumption, and indicates in very positive terms that something too much has been done, and that the mighty ark is *too* mighty.

What shall we say to " crinolines?" Surely any reasonable individual will admit that women " do too much" in this fashionable mania. Elegant drapery is one thing; stiff, ungenial, preposterous, and, with due regard be it written, indelicate projections are another; and who can say that the latter adjectives are not in the ascendant through the crowded streets and in the crammed omnibuses?

We only wish some bold sculptor would "fix" the style of form continually running against us, in marble; and give it a place at the International Exhibition. The ladies might gather a notion of correct grace and taste, by having full opportunity to mark the ridiculous outrages now committed against it; and the highest result of reflective sense would be well displayed, if some rude but honest hand chalked on the unsightly balloon of skirt " Doing too much." Lest some angry, feminine voice should be heard accusing our poor goose quill of the same error, we beg most respectfully and cordially to take our leave.

# FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THERE is a feeling in the human breast
Which is not passion, but the steady glow
Of worthiest emotions, which attest
That all are not degenerate below.
True friendship, sweetener of social life,
Is all unselfish, charitable, calm,
And ready to administer the balm
Which suages grief, and stills the surge of strife.
With unobtrusive zeal, it comes to bless
With counsel and with help, and with the grace
Of cordial manner, and bright honest face,
Sustains us when unwonted cares oppress.
Oh! in this world, where good and evil blend,
Who has not lost, who would not keep, a friend?

Love is an odour from the heavenly bowers
Which stirs our senses tenderly, and brings
Dreams, which are shadows of diviner things,
Beyond this grosser atmosphere of ours.
An oasis of verdure and of flowers,
Love smileth on the pilgrim's weary way;
There sweeter airs, there fresher waters play;
There purer solace speeds the tranquil hours.
This glorious passion, unalloyed, endowers
With moral beauty all who feel its fire;
Maid, wife, and offspring, sister, mother, sire,
Are names and symbols of its hallowed powers.
Love is immortal; from our hold may fly
Earth's other joys, but Love can never die.

Truth, the exalted spirit of good things,
Keen-eyed, clear-minded, and of ample heart,
Offers the hallowed shelter of her wings,
When vain men sneer, and proud ones stand apart,
Searching and fearless, and intensely just;
She banishes Pretension from her sight,
Makes her sons worthy reverence and trust,
And clothes Benevolence in loveliest light.
This glorious triune, whose united names
Inscribe our banner, and uphold our cause,
Still let them urge and vindicate our claims,
Strengthen our band, and purify our laws,
So that our blameless brotherhood may be
Revered by earnest men beyond the farthest sea.

# Genius and Talent.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

*Author of the History of Preston, Manual for Friendly Societies, &c.*

I HAVE asserted that all men in possession of the ordinary human faculties possess genius likewise; that it is, in fact, a common heritage of humanity. It is true dame Nature in this respect, as in many others, bestows her favours with a very unequal hand. Dame Fortune is equally capricious. Millionaires, like Rothschild, Coutts, or Baring, are unquestionably endowed much more liberally than millions of their fellow mortals; but the humblest labourer, who, on the receipt of the weekly stipend earned by the sweat of his brow, deposits his sixpence in the savings bank, or invests it in a friendly society insurance, is, to all intents and purposes, a "capitalist," however "small," or there is no rational meaning attached to the word. Nay, "speaking philosophically," as erudite professors of physical science sometimes say, when endeavouring to popularise some profound or recondite truth,—speaking philosophically, the meanest beggar, about to indulge in the reckless dissipation of devouring the remains of a well-gnawed crust, purchased by the surrender of his last halfpenny, is to that extent, at least, a capitalist likewise. True; there is a wide difference in degree between a plethoric Dives, and a lean and hungry Lazarus. So there is in their social position; yet they equally belong to the genus *homo* of the naturalist, and they are equally citizens of the world, or, it may be, of the same state, or even the same local corporate body.

That which is true of genius in this respect, is equally true of talent. All men possess talent, but not in an equal degree. In ordinary conversation—nay, in much printed literature—these terms are, however, frequently confounded. I feel quite satisfied that my *dilettanti* friend, Fitztwaddle, although he would not for a moment acknowledge his belief in the identity of the terms, would be utterly unable to say in what they differed. Still a distinct and certain perception of the difference between these terms, as practically understood in art criticism, is as essential to the *connoisseur* as it is to the artist himself. And yet I do not know a more fruitful theme for eliciting diversity of opinion in a select company, composed of artists and men of literary taste.

The term genius, if it convey any idea tangible to terrestrial intelligence, I take to mean *original* innate mental power or capacity, and its function *discovery, invention, creation,* so far as these terms can be characteristic of any human effort. The term talent, on the other hand, though doubtless dependent to a large extent upon organic capability, is, however, I conceive, better adapted to express that function which is imitative and appreciative, rather than original and self-reliant. Genius introduces into the republic of art new features and combinations; talent merely reproduces, by second-hand imitation, trained skill, and patient labour, the discoveries of the higher intelligence. Many persons exhibit considerable power and grasp of mind in the *conception* of some of Nature's most recondite truths and coyest beauties, who are nevertheless deficient in the practical talent or even aptness for the routine labour necessary to the satisfactory realization of a work of poetical or pictorial fine art of any pretensions. There are others who succeed admirably in the copying or reproduction of the works of men of genius, or in servilely imitating their peculiarities of manipulation or scientific construction, who are nevertheless relatively destitute of self-reliant fancy or imagination, and who signally fail in their attempts at original composition.

Mons. Flourens suggests that "Genius is a supreme degree of the power of thinking correctly and laying hold of truth, and the man of genius is the man who opens up the roads which lead to truth." A modern writer in *Cornhill* says:—"Possibly the most comprehensive definition of genius is the power of concentrating and prolonging the attention upon any one given subject. It is the quality of the mind which raises one man above another, and it is the parent of all creations and most discoveries; and we may add, it is the morbid excess and indulgence of this quality which leads sometimes to mental disease; hence the common observation that genius and madness are only divided by a very thin partition. The difference, says Sir William Hamilton, between an ordinary mind and that of Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous application than the other; that a Newton is able, without fatigue, to connect inference with inference, in one long series toward a determinative end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to break or let fall the thread which he had begun to spin. This is, in fact, what Sir Isaac Newton, with equal modesty and shrewdness, himself admitted. To one who complimented him on his genius, he replied, that if he had made any discoveries it was owing more to patient attention than to any other talent." Concentration and prolongation of the attention to any given subject is unquestionably one of the most important attributes of genius; but mere prolongation may produce but feeble results, without *intensity* of thought in combination. One man requires many hours of uninterrupted physical labour to achieve a certain object which another will effect in a much less period. The time a spinning machine runs doubtless materially affects the quantity of the production; but so does the rapidity of the revolutions dependent upon the steam-power employed. The highly nervous temperament of men of distinguished genius has long been recognised. In fact, what we practically understand by genius is a faculty resulting from a combination of elements rather than the exhibition of a single one, however powerful.

There is a wide distinction in *quality* between original genius and mere scholarship. The "man of learning," simply as such, is but the receptacle of other men's thoughts and other men's knowledge. His mind may be compared to a warehouse, in which valuable goods, the product of the industry of many nations, have been carefully stored. He may be endowed with great application and a retentive memory; he may exhibit a large development of the organ of order or methodical procedure, and yet fall immeasurably below a very humbly educated individual with respect to genius. Burns almost fiercely exclaims—

Gi'e me one spark of *Nature's* fire,
It's a' the learning I desire.

Burns evidently knew well what was the *chief* requisite for an "immortal bard," and with his overflowing and impetuous genius he could look with scorn upon those who arrogated to themselves the crown of bay as the reward merely of patient study and veneration of the works of the "heaven-gifted" of bygone ages. Dr. Farmer, a man of great talent and learning, had so little sympathy with the mighty, original, creative power of Shakspere, that he seems to fancy that he has given to the great poet's reputation a mortal thrust when he avers, with reference to his Roman dramas, that "it is notorious much of his *matter-of-fact* knowledge is derived from Plutarch, but in what language he read him hath yet been the question!" Ben Jonson, though a man of considerable genius, as well as a "learned scholar," seemed to think Shakspere's "little Latin and less Greek" a drawback upon his reputation as a poet. The late Dr. Maginn, however, thought somewhat different. After explaining Shakspere's method, and commenting upon his indifference, as a poet, to mere book erudition, he says:—"Ben Jonson took another course, and his success was as indifferent as that of Shakspere was overwhelming. His Sejanus and Cataline are treasures of learning. Gifford truly says of the latter, 'that the number of writers whom Jonson has consulted, and the industry and care with which he has extracted from them every circumstance conducive to the elucidation of his plot, can only be conceived by those who have occasion to search after his authorities. He has availed himself of almost every scattered hint from the age of Sallust to that of Elizabeth for the correct formation of his characters, and placed them before our eyes *as they appear in the writings* of those who lived and acted with them.' The consequence is, that Cataline is absolutely unbearable on the stage, and fails to please in the closet, because the knowledge with which it abounds is conveyed in an inappropriate form. If Jonson had bestowed the same pains, and expended the same learning, upon a history of the Catilinarian conspiracy, he might have produced a historical treatise to be applauded, instead of a tragedy to be at most but tolerated. His learning oppressed him."

Truly Jonson's scholarship and talent, however excellent in itself, could not supply the defect inherent in his relatively limited *dramatic genius.* Many persons, however, maintain that talent and genius are identical in kind, the difference being simply in degree. Thus a man of moderate genius is a man of considerable talent, and a man of great talent a moderate genius. Or, in other words, a certain amount, although undefined, of talent becomes genius, just as twenty shillings are equivalent to one pound. But there nevertheless still remains this difference: If you pile up talent upon talent till an equivalent in *value* to a given height of genius is attained, you have no more converted the one thing into the other for all purposes than you have converted your twenty shillings into one golden sovereign. The gold still remains with properties and powers unknown to the other. They may belong to the same class or division in a philosophical arrangement of the functions of the mind; they may belong to the same genus, in a natural history sense, but they nevertheless present distinct and important specific differences.

The history of the progress of any art or science will illustrate this position. An ordinary skilful or talented violinist now executes with ease music that would have completely paralyzed the arm of Correlli; yet Correlli was a great genius, while the mere executant of the present hour may be but very moderately gifted in that respect. A very ordinary navigator in the nineteenth century well knows the way to America, yet he may be no great genius himself, although his gained knowledge would somewhat astonish Columbus, if that worthy of the past were permitted to revisit the scenes of his former labours. There are thousands of men of moderate talent in the present time, who can easily manufacture a steam-engine that would strike the great Watt with wonder and admiration, and yet the power and quality of his transcendent genius would remain unaffected thereby.

Sydney Smith says, "all great and extraordinary actions come from the heart;" and Emerson asserts that "all talent sinks with character." He uses, however, the term talent in a much more comprehensive sense than that in which I prefer to employ it. Indeed, he would more correctly express my view of the matter if he had written, "all *genius* sinks with character." Men of mere routine talent, or mechanical or technical skill, often retain their power, to a large extent, long after the most abject moral debasement; but the heart impulse or moral sensibility is the soul of genius, and exercises its potent influence for good or for evil on all its works. Genius is enthusiastic, and *feels* keenly as well as thinks; mere talent thinks steadily and attentively, it is true, but scarcely can be said to feel much, if any, of the rapturous glow that entrances the entire being of the profoundly original creative artist. Talent is *ordinary*, and feeds upon rules; it is plastic in the hands of pedagogues and systematic teachers; but, as Dr. Hook justly observes—"Men of genius are independent of rules, and by a kind of spontaneous exercise they invigorate their own minds; it is for the training of the *ordinary* intellect that schools are established, and universities endowed." Hence the common saying that genius overleaps all difficulties and disputes all authority, and that academies are more productive of respectable *mediocrity* than marked original power.

From several expressions in his discourses before the students of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds would appear to inculcate the idea that genius and simple industry are almost synonymous. Every-day experience, however, demonstrates the fallacy of this position. Setting aside the new science of phrenology, the existence of diverse capacity in individuals is patent to the ordinary observer of mankind. Not only have some men a finer ear for music than others, but a man gifted in this direction may be at the same time colour-blind. The artist with the most delicate eye for the harmony of colour, with thrice the amount of labour, is immeasurably inferior in drawing to a fellow student who vainly worships at the shrine of Titian or Paolo. Sir Humphrey Davy, it is said, had so little feeling for pictorial art, that when he was shown Raffaelle's master-piece, "The Transfiguration," during its sojourn in the Louvre, his chief commendation was bestowed upon the magnificent frame in which it was exhibited. The picture appeared to him a celebrated picture and little or nothing more. Many men of genius or talent in one art or science, evince no special aptness whatever for any other department. But Sir Joshua's object was not to undervalue natural capability, but to encourage all to labour diligently. Indeed, he says, distinctly, in his third discourse,—"Could we *teach* taste and genius by rules, they would be no longer taste or genius." No talent is so great but it will improve with exercise; no genius is so peculiarly a "gift" but activity will impart a more dazzling lustre to its most brilliant sheen. The truly successful artist must, of course, in a great degree, combine both. A work of high character requires not only genius, but knowledge, skill, and industry, for its successful realization. But still genius will ever hold the chief place in the estimation of mankind. Its presence atones, nay, to the eyes of many, obliterates, crudities unpardonable in a work void of original power. Genius in art, as well as nature herself, is ever advancing towards a higher degree of development, to a nearer approach to perfection. To pause is to retrograde. So the true glory of the *great* artist depends not upon the simple reproduction of the thoughts or the manner of treatment of bye-gone celebrities, but upon the quantity and quality of the new truths and beauties he has culled in the inexhaustible garden of Nature, and added to the triumphs of genius in the domain of Art.

Nevertheless, it is, occasionally, rather a difficult thing to say, even after a careful examination of some of their productions, who are and who are not geniuses, in the conventional sense; and it is, perhaps, still more difficult to prophecy truly, who will or will not eventually earn the title. It not unfrequently happens that the pet favourite of one class is the knave or fool of another; living laudation is often succeeded by posthumous contempt; and what is more lamentable, the true man may have his power warped and his existence embittered by poverty and insult, yet still be recognised by posterity as a "child of genius," the "glory and the shame" of the land that gave him birth.

> Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
> Like Scipio buried by the upbraiding shore;
> Thy factions in their worse than civil war,
> Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
> Their children's children would in vain adore,
> With the remorse of ages.

Nay, some of the greatest geniuses appear to have been themselves almost totally unconscious of their rare endowments. G. A. Sala, in his clever Hogarth papers, has a rather *piquant* sentence or two illustrative of this. What he terms "the strong sledge-hammer force of morality," is unquestionably the brightest as well the purest ray in the torch-flame of genius. He says:—"For you see this poor Old Bailey schoolmaster's son—this scion of a line of north country peasants and swineherds, had in him pre-eminently that which Scholiast Warton called the 'Ethos,' the strong sledge-hammer force of morality, not given to Walpole—not gvien to you, fribbles of the present as of the past—to understand. He was scarcely aware of this quality himself, Hogarth; and when Warton talked promposly of the *Ethos* in his works, the painter went about with a blank bewildered face, asking his friends what the doctor meant, and half-inclined to be angry lest the scholiast should be quizzing him. * * * He was not deeply learned in anything *save human nature*, and of this knowledge even he may have been half unconscious, thinking himself more historical painter than philosopher."

Very "small geniuses," however, sometimes view their moderate gifts through a mental microscope of the highest magnifying power, and occasionally rail loudly at the world for its presumed neglect. It is a most pitiful thing to hear the wailing of men, who, after having followed their own bent, and voluntarily enlisted as competitors in the arena of art "take their defeat" with such a very sorry grace. It is true that good men are oft neglected; but the remedy lies not in the indiscriminate reward of all who have themselves arrived at the gratifying conclusion that the eccentricities or impetuosities of their pulsations, mental or physical, are undoubted symptoms of the "fine frenzy," in which Shakspere says the true poet's eye occasionally rolleth. The most worthy are generally the most patient and the most resigned. Sidney Smith says, "There is only one principle of public oonduct: *do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident.* Upon any other plan office is shabbiness, labour and sorrow." If this be true with regard to men of practical business power, it is equally so with respect to men of high intellectual parts. A hungry desire for fame and its rewards is but sorry evidence of the presence of genius. Longfellow administers a just rebuke to many of his querulous compeers when he says, "Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavour, always willing, fulfilling his task, 'that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion.' The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is an indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voice."

Some people, however, affect considerable skill in this matter, and think themselves qualified to detect, especially in youth, the indications of superior original power, notwithstanding the many instances of ludicrous failure attendant upon such prognostication. The conditions are too numerous and the future collateral contingencies too powerful to always admit of a rational prediction as to who will arrive at the goal and who will perish by the way. An "outsider" sometimes wins the Derby, and the favourites are "nowhere." Fond papas and mammas, as well as complimentary friends, will however, doubtless, notwithstanding my scepticism on the subject, still fancy they can see distinctive marks of budding genius in the cutting and carving, the shouting and yelling, and the mud-pie and other dirt-manipulating propensities of "fast" children, "spoiled," or otherwise. Incipient artists, and especialy musicians, will likewise continue to believe they cultivate the "divine afflatus" by encouraging the growth of exuberant *moustaches,* "imperials," or long flowing locks; testifying their faith in the "*airy*-nothingness" of genius, or in the *hirsute* adornment of which they suppose, like the strength of Samson, it prefers to locate itself. Suckling poets too will, I fear, notwithstanding my strictures, still occasionally revel in the delightful conviction that they can legitimately acquire a reversionary interest in the mantle of Byron by purloining the pattern of his shirt collar, or by apeing a gloomy hypochondriacism, which they not only never felt, but with which, in charity, it is to be hoped even *they* never seriously desired to form more than a fanciful, or as they would prefer to style it, a "*poetic*" acquaintance!

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

BY MRS. M. A. COMPTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

So still—so very still— so cold!
So white, that e'en the whitened fold—
Sharp outline of that mortal mould—
Is dark beside.

All streaked with grey, the once dark hair—
The face now wan, though once so fair—
Yet half effaced the look of care,
She sleeps so well.

Her hands close folded on her breast,
As when in life's own wild unrest,
There was that thought to be represt,
Now *hers* in death.

Ah, Death! thou wert a friend—no foe—
The stricken heart, thy touch laid low,
Had felt, and yet survived a blow
Stronger than thine.

Thou hast brought peace. No voice of blame
Can reach her *now*; nor once loved name
Bring to her brow the blush of shame,
Now she is thine.

For ever sleep those haunting fears
That check'd the welcome longed-for tears;
The wrong—remorse—of many years
Lie hushed at last.

All hushed! The heart that still would crave
For love, or pity, as the slave
For freedom, finds them in the grave—
All else is past.

# Finger-Rings and Jewels.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

The taste for ornamenting the fingers with a circlet of gold or some other metal, seems to be a sort of instinct with the human race. In civilized nations, rings of one kind or another are worn by every rank and class of the people. And we find that rings are used in the same way by savage tribes, who have never heard of the customs of civilized life. Though in different places the manner of wearing rings, and the material of which they are composed may vary, yet the form is universally the same, viz.—that of a circle, a symbol of eternity, being without beginning, and without end. Rings have been so closely associated with great personages and great events, that an account of celebrated rings would almost be a history of the world. A vast deal of information has come down to our day with respect to the rings of antiquity. Let us dip here and there into the store.

The heathen mythology ascribes the invention of the ring to Prometheus. The story is, that Prometheus having been delivered from the chains by which he was fastened to Mount Caucasus, for stealing fire from heaven, made a ring from a portion of his chain, and wore it in acknowledgment of the favour he had received from Jupiter. Pliny, who regarded this story in a serious light, says, that Prometheus let into his iron ring a bit of the rock to which he was chained.

According to the most authentic accounts, it would appear that the Egyptians were the first inventors of ornamental rings. The earliest mention of rings in the Bible occurs in the 51st chapter of Genesis, where Joseph, having interpreted Pharoah's dream, received not only his liberty, but was rewarded with the government of Egypt, a collar of gold and the king's own *ring*. There is nothing to shew that the Israelites wore rings previous to this period; but there is no doubt that they became very common among the Jews immediately after; for we are told that Moses, on his return from Mount Sinai, found that his people had made a golden calf from their wives' rings. Moses permitted his priests to wear gold rings enriched with precious stones. The High Priest wore upon his ephod rich rings that served him as clasps; and between two of these clasps a large emerald was set and engraved with mysterious names. It was at this time that rings began to assume a symbolical and talismanic character. Aaron, the High Priest, had a ring which was said to possess extraordinary virtues. It changed its vivid lustre into a dark colour when the Hebrews were to be punished by death for their sins; when they were to fall by the sword it appeared of a blood red colour; if they were innocent it sparkled as usual. We have many notable examples in modern times of rings being used as tokens and signals. Queen Jezabel seems to have been the first to use them for this purpose. In the 3rd. Book of Kings it is related that she used the ring of Ahab to seal the counterfeit letters which procured his death.

It is somewhat odd that Homer should have made no mention of rings either in the Illiad or Odyssey. Rings, however, were commonly worn in Greece at the time of the Trojan war.

The fabulous stories about rings all ascribe mysterious virtues either to the rings themselves, or the precious stones with which they were set. The ring of Gyges is a good example. After a great flood Gyges entered a cavity of the earth, where, having found in the belly of a brazen horse a human body of enormous size, he pulled from off one of the fingers a ring of surprising virtue. The stone in the collet, or setting, rendered him who wore it invisible when the collet was turned towards the palm of the hand, so that the possessor could see, without being seen, all manner of persons and things. By means of this ring Gyges is said to have gained the Throne of Lydia, having employed it to kill Candaules and seduce the affections of his Queen. Rings were first used as seals by the Greeks. Alexander the Great, after the defeat of Darius, used his ring for sealing the letters he sent into Asia, and his own for those he sent to Europe. These rings were chiefly made of gold; but the Spartans exhibited their peculiar idiosyncrasy by wearing rings of iron. In this matter the Spartans were a sort of Quakers in their way, and they wore iron rings for much the same reason that the "Friends" wear drab clothes and broad-brimmed hats —to show their humility.

The disciples of Epicurus, in veneration, and as a happy omen, had a figure of their master engraved on their rings. Mithridates, as we all remember, carried poison in the collet of his ring to be able to put an end to his life when he might desire to escape disgrace. The story of the ring of Polycrates, King of Samos, has been repeated in various forms. This king having, during his whole life been favoured by fortune, was willing to make a visible trial of it by throwing his ring into the sea; but by a very surprising incident he was so fortunate as to find the same ring in the belly of a large fish that was served next day at his table.

When rings were brought into Italy from Greece, the Romans followed the Spartan fashion, and made their rings of iron. At the time of Romulus, and during the reign of the kings, only the most distinguished persons were privileged to wear rings made of gold. Gold rings, however, seem to have been more common among the Sabines, as shown in the story of Tarpeja. Tarpeja being gone to draw water for the sacrifice, betrayed one of the gates of the capital to Tatius, King of the Sabines, and demanded as a recompense the rings or bracelets the soldiers wore on their arms; but they, pretending she had asked for their bucklers, crushed her to death between them and entered the city, thus acquitting themselves of their promise.

In Rome it was customary for the bridegroom, before marriage, to send the bride a ring of iron without either stone or collet—a plain ring in fact—to denote how lasting their union ought to be and the frugality they were to observe together. Luxury, however, soon stepped in, the wedding rings were made of gold.

The first inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, were accustomed to wear their rings on the middle finger; but the custom at length prevailed among all nations of wearing them on the finger next to the little one of the left hand, which thence has got the name of the annulary or ring finger. The ancient Egyptians wore their rings upon this finger because it was supposed that a small vein proceeded from it direct to the heart.

The traditions respecting the precious stones are exceedingly curious. The diamond has always been esteemed the rarest of all stones. The ancients supposed that the diamond engendered others. There is a story of a princess of the family of the Luxembourgs who had two hereditary diamonds, which produced in a certain time a large family of young diamonds of the same lustre and water. The virtue anciently attributed to the diamond was against poison, panic terrors, the plague, wakefulness, prestiges and enchantments. It was supposed to calm anger and foment love between man and wife; and no doubt it has done so very often when the husband has made his wife a present of a diamond necklace or bracelet. Some ascribe to it the virtue of a talisman when under a favourable aspect of the heavens. The diamond symbolises constancy, fortitude, innocence, and the heroic virtues generally.

The carbuncle was much prized in ancient times, and there were many strange speculations about it. Garcias, ab Horto, says that he saw, in possession of the

Viceroy of the Indies, a carbuncle whose splendour was so prodigious that it looked like a blazing coal. Ælian relates that a young stork having been cured of a broken thigh by a woman of Tarentum, in gratitude for her care let fall into her lap a precious carbuncle, "which shined in the night like a burning candle." It was supposed that dragons carried carbuncles about them to give themselves light. The Chaldeans had so great a veneration for this stone that they used it in their religious ceremonies. The supposed virtues of the carbuncle are—to resist fire, to cure sore eyes, to divert dreams, and to serve as an antidote against corrupt and pestilential air.

The ruby, at one time supposed to be of the family of the carbuncle, differs very materially from that stone. It is diaphanous and variegated with spots of azure. The largest ever known was the size of a hen's egg, and valued at sixty thousand ducats. The virtues ascribed to the ruby are the power of resisting poison, preserving from the plague, banishing sorrow, repressing luxury, and averting evil thoughts. The ancients supposed that it changed colour at the time of impending misfortunes, and resumed its ordinary hue as soon as they were over. The amethyst was held in great esteem in ancient times. The Roman ladies prized their amethysts above all other jewels. It was supposed to cure drunkenness, and it was actually used, by being applied to the stomach, to dissipate the fumes of wine. The emerald, by many considered the most perfect and beautiful of all the precious stones, was held to possess virtues of an extraordinary character. It was reported to cure epiliptic fits; and, if the malady proved so violent as not to be cured, the emerald broke in pieces. Emeralds were ground into powder, and taken inwardly as medicine. It was said to stop dysentry, and cure the bites of venemous insects.

It was anciently imagined that the opal was related to all the other precious stones, and that it partook of the qualities of all—the fire of the carbuncle, the purple of the amethyst, the green of the emerald, and an agreeable mixture of blue and yellow, black and white. This peculiar beauty was supposed to arise from the mutual reflection of the various colours.

Engraving upon jewels was first practised in the time of Alexander the Great. So anxious was Alexander that his fame might be transmitted to posterity, that he ordered Pyrgoteles to engrave his likeness upon the largest and most precious stone he possessed. One of these gems fell into the hands of the Roman Emperor Augustus, and may have suggested that engraving on an emerald which has preserved to us the only authentic portrait of Christ. This famous and doubly-precious jewel was taken by the command of Tiberius, and became deposited in the treasury of Constantinople, whence it was given by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent VIII. as a ransom for his brother, then a prisoner in the hands of the Christians.

In the times of barbaric splendour, jewels and precious stones were prostituted to vices and vulgar uses. Cæsar covered his shield with British pearls, and presented it to the Temple of Venus. Mithridates paraded a bust of himself covered with pearls in his triumphal processions. Roman ladies actually wore jewelled bangles round their ankles to give notice of their approach that their servants might assume an attitude of respect. The greatest piece of extravagance, however, was that in which Cleopatra indulged when she dissolved a pearl worth £5,000 in Antony's wine. What kind of drink it made we are not informed; but we shall be justified in regarding it as the very earliest "*purl.*"

There are very few diamonds in the world that exceed two ounces in weight. The diamond of the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, is the largest in the world. It weighs 367 carats, or two ounces 169·87 grains troy. The other known diamonds follow in succession, thus ;—

| | CARATS. |
|---|---|
| The Orloff, or Grand Russian | 193 |
| The Grand Tuscan | 139½ |
| The Regent, or Pitt | 137 |
| The Star of the South | 125 |
| The Koh-i-noor | 102 |
| The Shah of Persia | 86 3-16 |
| The Sancy | 53½ |
| The Nassuck | 89 |
| The Arcott Brilliants | 56 |
| The Pigott | 49 |

The largest diamond in the world, that of the Rajah of Mattan, has never been brought to Europe, and little is known respecting it. It is shaped like an egg with an indentation near the smaller end. The Governor of Batavia once offered 15,000 dollars, and two large brigs with their guns and ammunition for this gem; but the Rajah declined the bargain. Indeed he was afraid to do so; for the Malays believed that the diamond possessed the miraculous power of curing all kinds of diseases, and would not allow it to go out of the country. The Orloff diamond, purchased by the Empress Catherine of Russia, originally belonged to the Great Mogul; but was taken among the spoils of Delhi by the Shah of Persia. When the Shah was assassinated in 1747, the crown jewels were plundered and secretly disposed of. The large diamond was afterwards sold at Amsterdam to the Empress of Russia for 50,000 roubles. The Regent, or Pitt diamond has a very curious history. It was stolen from the mines of Golconda, and sold to Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, when that gentleman was Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies. After having offered his diamond to several sovereigns, and being unable to find a purchaser, the owner lowered his price, and the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, at the solicitation of the famous Law, purchased it for £92,000. Mr. Pitt, however, reserved the fragments taken off in the cutting, and some of these pieces were worth a thousand pounds. The value of this diamond is now estimated at twice the amount paid for it. A rumour had been circulated in England that the Governor of Fort St. George had not come fairly by this jewel, and it was alluded to by Pope in these lines:—

> "Asleep and naked as the Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole the gem away."

Mr. Pitt, however, successfully refuted the calumny.

When, after the fall of the throne of Louis XVI., the mob insisted that the beautiful works of art and nature hitherto reserved to the enjoyment of the rich and privileged, should be exposed to the gaze of the meanest persons, the Regent diamond was exhibited to the mob. The passer-by who chose to demand a sight of the finest of the ex-tyrant's jewels entered a small room in which the diamond was presented to the citizen in tatters. A strong steel clasp fastened the gem to an iron chain. Two policemen in disguise kept a very vigilant watch upon the momentary possessor of the gem, until having held in his hand something worth twelve millions of francs, the raggamuffin took up his hook and his basket at the door, and resumed his scratching of the dung-heap at the street-corner.*

The history of our own Koh-i-noor has been so recently before the public in the newspapers that it is almost needless to repeat it. A few words, however, may not be unacceptable. This diamond is supposed to have been the largest ever known, and the same as seen by Tavernier among the jewels of the Great Mogul. Its weight originally was 900 carats. It was unfortunately put into the hands of a Venetian diamond cutter, who wasted the precious substance so inconsiderately, that though he was unsuccessful in bringing out the qualities of the stone, he reduced it to 280 carats. The descent of the Koh-i-noor has not been very satisfactorily traced; but it is confidently asserted that it belonged to Karna, King of Anga, three thousand years ago. The last Eastern possessor was the famous Runjeet Sing, King of Lahore and Cashmere, from whom it passed into the hands of the English on the annexation of the Punjaub. The following story respecting it is authentic. Having heard that the King of Cabul possessed a diamond, the largest and purest ever known, Runjeet invited the fortunate possessor to his Court, and there, having him in his power, demanded the diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself with a perfect imitation of the jewel, and after some show of hesitation, presented it to Runjeet. The delight of the latter was extreme, but of short duration. It was discovered to be a piece of glass. Runjeet immediately caused the palace of the King of Cabul to be invested, and ransacked from top to bottom. The search would have been in vain had not a slave revealed the hiding place. The Koh-i-noor was found under a heap of ashes! It will be remembered that the Koh-i-noor was re-cut in 1852, the late Duke of Wellington being the first person to place it on the mill. The operation of cutting took thirty-eight days, and involved the use of a steam-engine. This splendid jewel—the property of the Queen—is exhibited by Messrs. Gerrard, in the International Exhibition.

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* Madame De Barrera.

# ON HEARING A WOUNDED BIRD SINGING IN A TREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

It seemeth strange that Bird or Bard
  Should sit in the sunshine, and merrily sing;
While the Poet-one bears deep anguish-cares,
  And the mavis flutters with broken wing.

But we often hear notes rich and clear,
  While the tear may flow, and the warm blood gush;
And few will wait to soothe the fate
  Of the sorrowing minstrel, or wounded thrush.

Sing on, sweet Bird; let thy whistle be heard,
  Thou'st a beautiful perch 'mid the breeze and the light;
Though a red drop start with each pulse of thy heart,
  Thy feathers will staunch it, and keep it from sight.

And come, brave Minstrel, rise and take
  Thy silvery harp, and tune it again;
Thy spirit may ache till it well nigh break,
  But thy sigh will be lost in the dulcet strain.

* * * * *

The Bird falls mute on the grass below;
  The Poet has played to the last, and died;
And none shall know the piteous woe
  That the feathers and strings have served to hide!

# Alms-Giving.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

From the great public, or rather social, calamities that have recently raised their voices among us, and the promptitude and liberality with which those calls have been answered, the inferences are obvious that benevolence is alive and active throughout the community, and needs only to be judiciously directed in order to alleviate vast accumulations of human misery; and, at the same time, that our civilization has just reached that acmé which has always and everywhere presented the same abrupt and startling contrasts of colossal wealth and abject destitution. It will be found, however, that—as it usually happens in such cases—while public appeals invariably receive a ready and sufficient answer, equally urgent calls of a private and personal character are either ignored altogether, or dismissed with a reluctant and niggardly recognition.

To any sympathizing and enthusiastic person, who has ever undertaken the repulsive task of vicarious begging, these facts must be sufficiently familiar, though the causes of so seemingly strange an anomaly may not perhaps be equally evident. Such an applicant, as soon as he has made himself sufficiently callous to uncivil receptions, sceptical cross-examinations, polite refusals, and rudely conceded benefactions, will find that, on laying his tale of suffering before some Crœsus, who is known to give away hundreds and thousands for building churches, endowing schools, and subsidising missionaries, he will, as a general rule, either be taken short with an assurance that individual distresses are never relieved in that quarter, or be met by suspicious inquiries respecting the previous history, the moral character, and industrial capabilities and attainments of the "case" in question, accompanied, of course, with insinuations of imprudence and indolence; and should all those questions be satisfactorily answered, will most probably be sent away with the two-hundredth part of what the donor had given the day before to a deputation from some society for the conversion of the Santhals, or the civilization of the Bosjesmans. It is undeniably true that very much of the destitution, seated like a Mordecai at the gate of all modern society, is the result of imprudence, and that such imprudence is punished more rigorously and uniformly than actual and deliberate crime: but, it is also true, that some human beings, inflated with the pride of purse and power, will enforce distinctions which were unmarked by the wise, gentle, large-hearted founder of Christianity. It must be admitted, however, that every individual possessing superfluous wealth has an indisputable legal right to use it how he pleases, and to indulge all prejudices and crochets and antipathies whatsoever; and that the recipients of charity must thankfully receive such "*korban*" as they can obtain under the circumstances, without presuming to inquire in what proportion it may stand to other and less necessary benefactions; but it must, at the same time, be remembered that it is too much the fashion—as some modern philosopher says—to look for fraternal associations at the antipodes, as an excuse for disowning our poor brothers and sisters at home.

Of all the many and various cases to which the assistance of the wealthy can possibly be extended, those which demand the greatest are in general those which obtain the smallest amount of sympathy. They are the cases of those persons upon whom a sort of *esprit du corps* imposes the necessity of appearing what is called respectable; because, on the maintaining that appearance depends their only chance of ever really becoming so. By them, more than any other class in society, wants and privations—no matter how sore and bitter—must be borne with a patient, heart-breaking, hope-killing dissimulation, if ever they are to be surmounted. Let them only for a moment be detected, and from that moment the sufferers lose caste, and with it, reputation; because they at once descend into that class of which poverty is the undisguised and recognized condition, and out of which scarcely anything short of a miracle can ever again raise them. Let us suppose an instance, so far from being imaginary that it is not even very unusual—that of a highly-educated young man, entering on the slippery up-hill path of one of the learned professions, with no more negotiable capital than his intellect and learning. He cannot, as a tradesman can, without fatally violating professional etiquette, call attention by any sort of public and direct notification to his capabilities and attainments, nor resort to any of the various devices of buying and selling which supplement the shortcomings of more legitimate traffic. In order to maintain those heavily-taxing appearances which society requires as an introduction to its notice, he is tempted in an evil hour to mortgage his expectations, to incur debts, and run the risk of the most humiliating bondage that ever paralysed the energies and poisoned the life of man; and this he will perhaps do the more readily, as he knows his own abilities, and sees some long-established rival in his neighbourhood occupied from morning to night—sometimes from night to morning—and living in easy and unstinted affluence. Time flies onward; no patronage comes; no money—creditors become alarmed, and importunate, and insolent. Amazed, irritated, indignant, and eventually worried into desperation, with that horrible chaos of vexation and terror curling round him like a mist, who can answer for the reckless and fatal expedients to which he may be driven—for the crimes even into which he may be goaded?—for he sees that crimes are sometimes attended with profit, or at least a temporary respite from the agonizing perplexity that makes his own existence an earthly gehenna.

When matters come to this pass, society, that refused to employ him when his most earnest wish was to be at work, turns round and, carefully watching and registering his backslidings, denounces him as idle and unprincipled, while he only burns with shame and indignation for the straits to which it has driven him. His pride ferments into a morbid spirit of opposition; he casts off all restraint, and makes himself worse than he is said to be; and, in fierce defiance of those who neglected him for good and recognise him only for evil, he exclaims, "The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction," and I will extort by falsehood that which you would not concede to truth. Surely such a case as this might not unreasonably awaken the sympathy of a wealthy philanthropist, and yet there is none from which he will more coldly turn away. The sketch, indeed, though slight, is a perfectly true outline of the fate of many of those—artists or poets of all sorts—whom society hunts down as outcasts and Pariahs while they live, and to whom it is ready to do all honour when they are dead;—to whom if the rich, who pride themselves on being patrons of intellectual industry, would only give, in their urgent need, one tenth of what they afterwards give to decorate their graves, most of the misery might be spared that falls so blightingly on the most sensitive of mankind; but they will still do only as they have ever done—slay the prophets, and, in late repentance, build their sepulchres. If, for instance, one of those choice spirits, driven by sore necessity—as they have sometimes been—to trample down that shrinking pride which rebels against the acceptance of help from another hand, does embrace the last resource of asking for such help, it is nearly certain that, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, his petition will be unanswered, and that, in the remaining case, he will either receive some insultingly small benefaction, or be denounced as a begging-letter impostor. To pass on, however, from this particular class of sufferers to the great mass of poverty that festers just below the surface of society: it would appear that philanthropists in general, especially if animated by a leaven of fanaticism, begin at the wrong end; forgetting that it is only a bitter, and cruel, and mischievous mockery to minister to spiritual wants before physical exigencies are supplied; and that those who feel, in the soreness of their hearts, that they have nothing to be thankful for—whom poverty, the worst of teachers, has set at variance with heaven and earth—must be drawn away from the fiend who whispers dangerously in their ears, before they can patiently listen to the words that are to reconcile them with God and man. In short, men must be made physically comfortable in some degree before they can be expected to be in a humour for moral philosophy.

If the object of munificence be to diminish the amount of human misery, which—as we are informed by the very highest authority—must always more or less darken the face of this world; to revive hope where it seems to be dead; to animate to new efforts the energies that are frozen up, almost beyond awaking; and to bring back to active and useful life the sufferers who regard themselves as the natural enemies of society;—then it is surely worth while to consider how all this may be most effectually accomplished with a given proportion of the wealth which society can spare for the purpose. It is a trite enough axiom, that the prevention of crime costs less than the punishments with which municipal laws resent and suppress it; but, it is not so generally recognised a fact, that almost all crime is the result of suffering of some sort, and that all the malignant passions that agitate the human breast, are only so many morbid conditions of feelings and emotions which are indispensable to us as rational and responsible beings. Resentment and indignation, for instance—which are only diseased conditions of the instinctive impulse of self-preservation—urge on the desperate against the laws of the society by which they fancy themselves neglected and outraged. It needs only that this theory should be generally felt and believed—and it is, for some short time past, beginning to gain ground in public opinion—to abolish much of the asceticism that mars the efforts of many who might, but for its influences, deal successfully with misery and its legitimate offspring, crime. The time, however, when charity can most mercifully and beneficially interpose its saving hand, is while the sufferer is still consoled with a ray of hope, and, consequently, still innocent; and if the rich, who are generally, in proportion to their wealth, under subjection to spiritual despotism, would only reflect, that is practically, that the large sums which they are commanded to contribute to some public institutions—useful or useless as the case may be—or to enterprizes, possibly chimerical, would, if distributed opportunely and delicately, without imposing humiliating conditions, among a large number of suffering families and individuals, make so many hearts lighter—set so many troubled minds at ease, and silence so many promptings of the tempter who suggests that the world is not for them, nor the world's law; the judge and the gaoler would have less to do. It is possible, however, that all this may be misunderstood. When we speak of public institutions, we do not forget that their number and opulence are among the elements which constitute the high moral reputation of our country among the nations. Nor should we desire to see any of them restricted in their sphere of usefulness; while, at the same time, we believe that some of them may be partially superseded by removing, at a considerably smaller cost, and an incalculable saving of human misery, the first causes which render them necessary. Still less would we encourage in any class a feeling of helpless dependence on external aid, knowing that such a feeling is fatally demoralizing, and can be entertained only when the sufferers, after a long struggle with untoward accidents and hope deferred, have lost that manly and delicate sentiment of self-reliance, which is one of the most noble instincts of human nature—which recoils and shrinks from pecuniary obligations, and can be eradicated only when that nature is at last and utterly perverted by abnormal conditions of existence. But we do, nevertheless, mean to say, that a little timely help—

even a little—may save many a heart from breaking, and many a brave and gentle spirit from recklessness and desperation; and that the munificence of the wealthy, in many instances of daily occurrence, exhibits strange and unaccountable inconsistencies. It would seem, indeed, as if it were intended to verify, in a literal sense, the prediction, "that to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have." We see large legacies falling in to swell the hoards of those already too rich; and we have seen in our time a popular author walking the streets, cold, and hungry, and houseless, while complimentary notices of his works were appearing in the leading reviews. One man has been lucky in his speculations, and realised a fortune; for these public services a testimonial is suggested by some sycophant, and at once subscriptions are poured in by tens and hundreds—for what?—to enrich still further a man of whom fortune has already taken sufficient care. Another, possibly a better and more able man, has fought with adversity and been beaten in the strife; he wanders away from the home which he can no longer call his own; he faints and sinks down by the way side, and dies in all the agonies of a slow death by starvation, and a mind tortured and maddened by wrongs and regrets, by the apathy of man, and the neglect of Providence. Though a few pounds or shillings might have saved him, none have come forward to the rescue—none are willing to bestow the smallest relief upon his widow and his children. The waves roll on; the vacuum is closed over; and in a few days the dark tragedy is forgotten.

It is as well, perhaps, after all, that there should exist that strong and persistent reluctance to seek or receive help from a stranger's hand—strongest often in those who need the help most sorely—for it is the feeling that animates men and, still more, women, to great and heroic exertions, to sublime self-sacrifices, and to patience and courage under heavy afflictions. It effects more than this, too; for it prompts those who wisely and providently calculate the chances and vicissitudes that may at any moment befall even the most secure of us, to organize those common funds, from which, in their darker hours, they can with less reluctance accept relief, as having themselves contributed to their accumulation—funds from which, they are but too happy, while their own sunshine lasts, to aid those who have fallen in the race, and who, if their relative positions were inverted, would gladly and readily do likewise.

* * *

Popular Fallacies.—Cleopatra's Pearl.—We are very sheep in our gregariousness in error. When one bold or stupid mutton takes a leap, all leap after him. It is rare to find men doubting facts, still rarer to find them doubting whether the facts be correctly co-ordinated. Our books are crowded with unexamined statements, which we never think of examining. Do we not all believe that the magnificent Cleopatra, regardless of expense, dissolved in her wine-cup a pearl of great price, as if it had been a lump of sugar? Is not the "fact" familiar to every one? Yet, if you test it, you will find the fact to be that pearls are *not* soluble in wine; the most powerful vinegar attacks them, but very slowly, and never entirely dissolves them, for the organic matter remains behind in the shape of a spongy mass, larger than the original pearl.—*Lewes.*

# The Magic of Kindness.

BY ISABELLA MUNROE.

It was the period of the Maidstone Assizes; but great as was the excitement they occasioned on the spot, it was scarcely equal to that prevailing on the same account in the little town of Branton, some few miles distant. One of its inhabitants was about to be tried for an act of incendiarism, and those among whom he had hitherto dwelt with a fair reputation, could speak or think of little else than his probable guilt or innocence; and though discussion ran high, the prevalent opinion was that a respectable man was scarcely likely to leave his home at dead of night, and traverse the town, for the sake of gratifying a paltry spite, by firing the premises of another.

The only witness against the prisoner was a young man, named Ringwood, the foreman of the prosecutor, a builder. Ringwood slept on the premises, and at the preliminary examination had deposed, that on the night in question, he had been awakened by the falling of a board in the yard, and, looking out, saw a man scale the wall—that man he could swear was Thomas Watts—half an hour after the fire broke out, and from all the circumstances detailed there could be no doubt that it was the work of an incendiary.

This much of the case for the prosecution was known in Branton on the morning of trial. What the accused might have to adduce in his defence none knew, and as the day wore on the anxiety to know the result grew more intense. At length tidings arrived of Watts' acquittal. One of his friends had deposed to the circumstance of their having spent the evening together at the theatre, whence they had returned to the prisoner's lodgings; and at the hour when he was said to have scaled the wall, they were sitting there together smoking cigars and drinking brandy and water.

This evidence was sufficient. Undoubtedly, as the judge remarked, a man in the same room with an individual must be much more sure of his identity than was possible for one just roused from sleep, and merely seeing him through a window on a moonlight night, and Thomas Watts would return to his home and his friends without a stain upon his reputation.

With this verdict the inhabitants of Branton entirely coincided; and in the hearty indignation at injustice and oppression, which forms one of an Englishman's noblest characteristics, they not only received the late prisoner with the warmest sympathy, but raised him to a pitch of popularity and consideration he had never enjoyed before; except in a few instances, quite overlooking the fact, that smoking cigars and drinking brandy and water at two in the morning, with a wild young man like Harry Martin, was not the best of recommendations.

The same uprightness of principle also showed itself in another aspect. The following evening Ringwood returned to Branton, greatly surprised at the result of the trial; and, firm in his own conviction of the identity of the person, still more surprised at the unexpected counter-evidence brought against him.

As he was hastening home, he saw an acquaintance approaching on the opposite side of the street, to whom he wished to speak, and he crossed over to meet him. But the other, without appearing to perceive him, crossed likewise, so that they still passed on different sides of the street. Ringwood turned, and looked after him in astonishment; but concluding that he was unrecognised in the gathering gloom, he walked on without thinking farther of the matter.

He was just entering the workshop, when another person drew near. Ringwood had known him from childhood, for he had been his father's friend, and he stepped forward to speak to him. "Stand aside, young man," was the stern reply. "He who could bear false witness against his neighbour is no fitting companion for me. Thank heaven, my respected friend lived not to see this day!" And the old man passed on with a resolute air, leaving the younger one speechless with amazement and horror. Surely, he thought, it could not be possible that the evidence which truth, and the duties of a good subject, citizen, and servant had compelled him to give, could be thus stigmatised; or that, by even the most prejudiced, he could be charged with one of the most terrible of social crimes—one from which all good and true men must shrink as from a moral contagion.

The idea was too fearful to be entertained, and he tried to cast it aside by the remembrance that his old friend was ever peculiar and severe in his modes of thought and speech. But the recollection suddenly flashed upon him of the young companion who had so lately crossed the street to avoid him, and with a groan almost of agony, he perceived that there was much reason to fear that the adverse result of the trial had been almost as calamitous to him as a different sentence would have been to Watts—that it had, perhaps, made him a pariah among his townsmen.

It was an appalling thought; and, if it should be realised, would involve all the hopes, happiness, and prosperity of his future life. None may know the tempest of feeling which swept over the young man's head, as he paced his narrow room, and contemplated the future from this new point of view—what a blighted waste he looked out on, tenanted but by the twin demons of degradation and obloquy!

And if these fears proved true, there was yet more misery to be borne—he must think no more of his promised bride, and strive to forget the dreams of happiness he had been weaving for years. He no more doubted the affection of Millicent Grant, and her willingness to share his lot, whatever it might be, than he did the deep and devoted love he himself bore her. But it would be far otherwise with those to whom she owed obedience; and even if she had not those protectors, he loved her too truly, too unselfishly, to think of linking her fate with one whom all men scorned.

But, as the hours passed on, the very violence of Ringwood's anguish wore out its bitterness, and gentler thoughts, like flowers opening when the storm is past, began to expand in his heart. Perhaps he had alarmed himself too easily—one or two might so regard his evidence; but surely all could not be so unjust, so blind—least of all, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who knew how incapable he was of so vile a deed. However, he must not prejudge the case, and by a timid and fearful bearing, lead others to misjudge it, but walk calmly and steadily, as one who has uprightly performed his duty.

The church bells, ringing cheerily through the morning air, reminded him that it was Sunday, that red-letter day of his existence which repaid the week's toils; for after the morning service it was always spent with the Grants.

But despite his resolutions not to be false to himself, the young man's heart trembled as he entered the sacred edifice, for he knew not what pain that once happy day might have in store for him. As he passed up the aisle, it seemed to him that many eyes glanced coldly, some scornfully, upon him, and yet more with a look of displeased surprise, as though wondering what had brought there the false swearer against an innocent man; and it was with a feeling of relief that he placed himself within his pew, and hid his face for a brief space—but not to pray. At that moment his heart was too full of anguish to think of anything but the injustice of the world.

After a time, raising his head, he stole a covert glance in the Grants' direction, anxious, yet fearful to discover whether the last, brightest star in his sky was obscured like all the rest; and it was with a sensation of gratitude that he perceived that Millicent's place beside her parents was vacant; for whatever might be the treatment of those around him, she whom he loved was not there to witness it.

Meanwhile the service went on in its usual course, until the clergyman pronounced the emphatic words of the ninth commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;" and when a moment after Ringwood rose to his feet, he found the eyes of all turned meaningly upon him, as the transgressor of that divine command—all save those of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, which sorrowfully sought the ground. While his cheek flushed with indignation, which was interpreted into shame, in the bitterness of his heart he thanked Providence that the mother who, until the last few months, had been wont to stand there by his side, was not left to share the ignominy public opinion was casting on her son. He felt that, painful as it was, it was easier to meet contempt himself, than to see it showered through his means upon another; and it was with the deep gratitude of true affection that he reflected that Millicent was spared a wife's share of this withering scorn.

But he loved Millicent too tenderly not to prize above all things the good opinion of herself and parents, and to find they exonerated him would have lightened his mind of half the load which pressed upon it; and anxiously he awaited the conclusion of the service.

At length it was over, and nearly all the congregation left the church. Still the Grants lingered in their place, and still Ringwood remained in his, awaiting their moving, as he was used to do, until he could delay no longer; and leaving the church, he paused near the door for their coming. In a few moments they approached; but his timid greeting was only responded to by a distant bow.

"Millicent," he said, almost involuntarily.

"She is not well," replied Mrs. Grant, in a low tone.

"She is not really ill?" he inquired, solicitously.

"Millicent is more ill in mind than body," coldly replied her father.

"But surely, sir, neither she nor you believe me guilty of falsehood," began the young man.

"Truly, I hope you are not," interposed Grant, more gently. "But we have always borne a good name, and so must he who weds my daughter."

"That hope I know I must for the present, at least, forego," said Ringwood, sadly; "but it would be an infinite consolation to think that she and you held me guiltless."

"That we would fain do," replied the old man, passing on with his wife, and leaving Ringwood with a spirit yet further stung by the knowledge that even *they* doubted his truth.

After this, weeks and months passed by, each more fully revealing to Ringwood that his first fears were true—that he was regarded as one who, to win his employer's favour, had brought a false and weighty charge against that employer's enemy, and that he was doomed to dwell under a cloud, the darkest, deepest, and most desolating that could overhang a right-minded and high-principled man. But for the approval of his own conscience, and the hope that at times would visit him, that by some good providence his innocence might yet be made manifest, he could never have borne the averted looks and contemptuous bearing which continually surrounded him.

But that inward peace could not prevent his outward life being a continual scene of mortification. His employer—who with his men clung closely to him—had more than once offered to find him a situation in some other place, where he would be treated with respect and courtesy; but the young man's pride rebelled at the idea of flight as an admission of guilt, and sternly and steadfastly he resolved to abide the unmerited obloquy; though how it came to be thrown upon him, he could only account by casting the same stigma on another which was overshadowing his own life.

A year had thus passed, during which Ringwood had never seen Millicent, save at church, where her eyes were never raised, when one day proceeding in an unusual direction, he saw her advancing towards him. The young girl did not perceive him, but Ringwood's heart throbbed violently in anticipation of the meeting, which there was none to oppose—for Millicent was alone. He should, at length, have the opportunity he had so long pined for, of protesting to his once betrothed his innocence, and, as he trusted, of receiving in return her assurance of belief.

At last she drew near; but it was like the thrust of a two-edged sword, when the young man beheld her suddenly raise her eyes, flush the deepest crimson, then turn deadly pale, but pass him with a simple recognition. This was the hardest of the many blows fate had showered on him, and dealt by the hand from which he had expected mercy; and, more subdued by it than by all his other trials, he thankfully accepted his employer's reiterated offer, and left Branton without the thought or wish of ever returning.

Could Ringwood have forgotten the past, he might then have been completely happy; for in Sturbourne, instead of cold looks and biting sarcasms, all treated him courteously, and many extended to him a kindly welcome. But he shrank from all society, not with the timidity of guilt, but because the iron had entered too deeply into his soul for him to find companionship in the glad-hearted and the hopeful.

But there were others he never shunned. Since he had been dwelling in Sturbourne in recovered respectability, a strong impulse, both of duty and inclination, seemed to draw him to the unfortunate and erring. Who could so warmly sympathise with their sorrows as he who had himself suffered so much? or who feel more interested in reclaiming the guilty, than he whose happiness another's crime had destroyed? With unremitting diligence he pursued his self-appointed task, seeking out those whom the world avoided—aiding, advising, and exhorting, according to their several necessities; raising many from the slough of despond, and sparing no pains to enable others to step back from the path of evil to that of honest industry; and it was wonderful how much good, with his individual efforts and his slender means, he was able to effect.

Ringwood had been about two years in Sturbourne, during which time no tidings had reached him of his former home and friends, while the hope of vindicating his good name had utterly died away; when, one evening, returning from a visit of charity, he drew near a poor, miserable-looking man, walking feebly with the aid of a stick.

It was very dusk, and Ringwood had nearly overtaken him, when the stranger paused before a baker's shop. Some small loaves were placed temptingly in an open window, and no one was within. The man glanced suddenly round, without perceiving any one, snatched a loaf, and hurried on.

In a moment Ringwood was beside him. "Good friend," he said, "put back that loaf; soil not your soul by such a crime."

"I am starving, sir," replied the man, plaintively, "or I would not have done it."

"Yet put it back; the sorrow of such a deed would last far longer than the hunger it would assuage."

The stranger had already turned, and, though reluctantly, put the bread back in the still untenanted shop. "It is hard," he said, with a sigh, "for a starving man to put bread from him."

Ringwood's reply was to place money in his hand, bidding him go in and buy bread, and then return to him.

The man uttered one or two words of overflowing gratitude, and then he entered the shop to buy the bread for which he had so lately perilled liberty, receiving the very loaf he had just laid down.

Ringwood looked after him with interest. Both his language and manner bespoke him originally far superior to his present condition, and Ringwood doubted not, that ere reduced to it, he had suffered greatly.

"You have held a better station in life," he observed, as they went along.

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger, frankly, "I once held one very different. I commenced life as a copying clerk, and in that situation I remained for years. But of late, the world has gone ill with me; my employer had no farther occasion for my services, and I could find no other, so I was compelled to leave my native town, and was travelling to Burnleigh in hopes of getting employment from an old fellow-clerk, who owed me a kindness, when illness overtook me. When I recovered I was penniless. I wrote to the person I was going to seek, begging a little assistance, and promising to work it out, but—such is the gratitude of the world—he has not even answered me. Thus, sir, you see I was destitute; I had tasted no food for two days; hunger overcame me, and almost maddened me, and you saw the act of which, for the first time in my life, I was guilty."

"I rejoice to hear that it was for the first time," replied Ringwood. "For the present," he added, as they came to the door of a humble lodging-house, where he was well known—for many a lodger had he brought and paid for—"for the present make this your home, and for the future I shall endeavour to find you some way of winning an honest living."

The vehement thanks of the stranger, Ringwood did not wait to hear; but on the following day he returned to see what could be done for him.

"Ringwood!" was the exclamation that greeted him as he entered.

"You know me, then?" he replied, in astonishment, and he looked inquiringly at the other, but the pale, attenuated countenance resembled none he knew.

Yet the face was one he had good reason to remember, for it was that of him who had borne the counter-evidence which had wrecked his life. Strange that Providence should have cast one of these men upon the mercy of the other. When Ringwood left Branton, Martin had seemed more gay and flourishing than ever, and many a scoff and scorn had the humbled man had to bear from his triumphant opponent.

Infinite was the surprise of Ringwood when he learned who had fallen into his hands. How vividly the memory of the past flashed out in the young man's mind! and, for a moment, he thought—"Why should I aid him? he is my bitterest enemy." But better feelings soon followed. He had long considered it his mission to assist the unfortunate and reclaim the guilty. Where could be found one more guilty than the wretched man before him, where one it was more needful to convince of the error of his ways? He should be false to his trust if he made a difference, because the sin was committed, not against a neighbour, but himself. No thought that his kindness might induce Martin to confess entered his mind; the consequences to the false witness would be too terrible to be voluntarily endured. His only view was to exercise the Christian duty of charity, and setting himself aside, strive to guide his enemy into a better path, and to give him the means, however humble, of continuing in it.

Martin's first words were an asseveration of his innocence of the act of which he knew Ringwood suspected him. But the sternness of the reply, "On that subject I know the truth, therefore desist," completely silenced him; and it was with almost bewildering astonishment that he beheld the man who knew he had injured him continue his unvarying benefactor.

What to do with Martin embarrassed Ringwood greatly; his other *protegés* had been persons whom it was easy to set forward in a little business, but it was far otherwise with this one. He dared not seek for him a place of trust, nor make him a teacher of youth; and he was at last glad to obtain a situation on a canal, where nought but vigilance was required, and which, though far inferior to Martin's former position, was the best he was able to procure. But, such as it was, its recipient seemed most grateful for it.

Again months passed on, but with each passing moon Martin appeared less happy and contented; and strange as Ringwood thought dissatisfaction in one who had been so placed, he yet kindly inquired if he disliked his post, or if there was any other in his power to obtain which might be more agreeable to him.

"Far from being dissatisfied, sir, I am most thankful," said Martin; and after a moment he continued, with emotion, "God knows, the day I met you I never thought to have been so well placed, least of all through your means—you whom I have so greatly injured!"

It was the first time Martin had ever made such an admission, and Ringwood rejoiced to hear him do so now, not with a selfish gladness, but as indicative that a better spirit was awakening in his heart.

"That I have long since forgiven," he said.

"But I have not forgotten," was the emphatic reply.

Another person came up and drew away Ringwood, and the conversation was not renewed.

A week after, Ringwood was summoned to Branton. When he arrived, he found Martin and Watts tenanting a jail. Indebted for all things to the kindness of Ringwood, remorse had long been struggling with fear in the bosom of Martin; and his benefactor's lately shown solicitude for his welfare had completed his victory. Immediately after Ringwood's departure, he had requested a few days' leave, flown to Branton, confessed his false evidence, induced by his monetary obligations to Watts, and by the promise of farther aid, and given himself up to the law to be tried for the perjury he confessed to have committed; so that when Ringwood arrived, he found himself completely exonerated. He had cast his bread upon the waters, and found it after many days.

It was not in the heart of man to be otherwise than deeply moved with gratitude and joy, that he might again stand fearlessly among honest men. Ringwood felt this thankgiving to the uttermost, but past incidents made him prize somewhat lightly the popularity to which, in his turn, he was exalted. There was but one person for whose opinion he really cared, and his thoughts were filled with anxious wonder as to how this event would affect the heart of Millicent Grant, or whether she had so completely forgotten him as to feel no interest in his fate. But when Fortune favoured him, she did it with no niggard hand, and he soon learned that Millicent's heart had never faltered in its faith and trust in his innocence, and learned that the meeting which had given him such pain had caused her yet greater suffering, for her parents had exacted from her a promise, that without their sanction she would hold no communion with her former lover.

Again, at the ensuing assizes, there was a trial interesting to the inhabitants of Branton, which ended in the condemnation of Watts to the penal servitude he so fully deserved; and of Martin—thanks to his confession, and the intercession of Ringwood—to the mildest punishment the law could award.

Martin underwent his imprisonment as a rightful expiation, and then went forth, as he believed, a branded man, with but one friend on earth—Ringwood. But though in that friend he was not deceived, there were others large-hearted and clear-minded enough to discern that, despite all his crimes and errors, there was more good than evil in the heart equal to such a sacrifice, and that it needed a heroism little inferior to his who forgave so great an injury, to be capable of so great a reparation. But, to our mind, the incident illustrates also how magical is the power of kindness, and bids man, even when sorest tried, to do what good he can; for though he may no longer entertain angels unawares, he will assuredly draw down blessings on his head, which may blossom and bear much fruit.

# Odd-Fellowship at Woking Cemetery.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

It is a long stride from Doomsday survey to to-day—a difficult thing, looking over the 1,100 acres of heath and moorland, now the property of the "London Necropolis Company," for imagination to afforest them as at that period, when the king's demesne at "Wockinges," as it was then called, was returned as containing 2,100 acres, yielding pannage for 133 swine. *Pannagio* is distinctly stated, in contradistinction to *herbagio*, and suggests century-old oaks, mast-bearing beeches, ash, elm, and horn-beam, to have been as native to certain portions of this wide expanse, as the low-growing whortle-berry furze, and heath, are now.

From the time of Henry II. to that of James I., Sir Edward Zouch held the manor, and was Forester of Woking Berewood, *alias* Windlesham Walk, and Frimley Walk, by the service of calling the deer to the king's window at the castle of Windsor, "on the first morning after his Majesty should come thither after the feast of St. James', next following the decease of any preceding lord of the manor, and of winding a call on the king's coronation day, yearly, in the walks." The red deer had their coverts, and the wild boar its lair, where subsequently the wandering flocks of small sheep, which Aubrey speaks of, perfected the flavour of the "sweet little mutton," for which Bagshot and other heaths in the bailiwick were famous.

Manning distinctly tells us that the forest planted by Henry II. nearly joined that of Windsor, and extended almost as far as Farnborough and Pirbright; so that between the thick woods and the danger of the forest laws, no man dare dwell thereabouts.

We may trace the decay of the woods, even before the felling of a portion of them (if I remember aright, in James I.'s reign), by the enactments made from time to time, in favour of the inhabitants of the adjacent villages, of which Woking was one. In Elizabeth's time they were exempted from purveyance, and had liberty to "cut coppice" to induce them to preserve the deer; and a little later, permission is given them to take turfs, heath, fern, loam, gravel, clay, and rag-stones on the waste, without entering the coverts and layers of his Majesty's deer therein.

But the coverts were dying out, and the waste extending. With the thinning of the forest trees the surface lost its annual top-dressing of decaying leaves, and the moisture and heat occasioned by their fermentation while in process of decomposition; then, too, the winds had freer access, and finding wider entrances from year to year, levelled the light sandy soil in places, or drifted it in others, till at last the turf, and heath, and fern became the only herbage; and the loam, and clay, and gravel, apart from rushy swamps, into which the higher parts of the land drained themselves, the principal features of the once royal demesne of Woking.

The Basingstoke canal, to which the waters of the Wye contribute, glides silently through this waste; and in these our own days, the grey vapour of a passing train tracks the iron path of the South-Western Railway across its thousands of acres.

There is a close relationship between the railway and our subject. I may, indeed, call the one the offspring of the other, for a Necropolis at this distance from London would have been impracticable without this means of access, which actually brings Woking within the same space of time as either of the local metropolitan cemeteries. I have no intention of reventilating here the condition of the London and other graveyards, at the period when the revolting disclosures of the commissioners appointed to report on them ended in the passing of the Extra-mural Interment Act.

Prior to this event (foreseeing what has long since come to pass, that the local cemeteries would, in the course of a few years, be in the predicament of the city churchyards and burial-grounds), the representatives of the "London Necropolis Company," finding the waste lands of Woking Common in the market, made their gigantic purchase. The nature of the land, which rendered it valueless for agricultural purposes, was well suited for sepulchral ones—peat land, for the most part, over sand or gravel. Wherever swamps existed, the most perfect system of drainage was immediately put into requisition, and some thousands of trees were planted over the four hundred acres of the estate, at present consecrated to funereal uses. Hitherto temporary depositories for the dead had been unheard of in England. Travellers in Germany knew of their existence, and could comprehend, in the case of infectious epidemics, or of even ordinary deaths in the crowded dwellings of the poor at home, the utility and need of such depositories. The London Necropolis Company took the initiative in this matter—and upon a scale commensurate with the terminus, of which it is, as it were, the vestibule, expended some £25,000 in the erection of a building, a portion of which consists of mortuary chambers for the reception of the dead when desired, but which, we believe, are only used for this purpose when the dead happens to be sent from a distance over-night. The whole of the arrangements of this pile of building are of the most perfect description. The waiting-rooms for the mourners, and friends, and other attendants on funeral obsequies, are fitted up with great neatness and propriety, and the most perfect cleanliness, quiet, and decorum is apparent in every department of the place.

The entire scheme, however, was an innovation; and the people of England, as a people, are not in favour of innovations. They revolted violently when Government interfered to prevent the inhabitants of towns from burying their dead, in some instances, at their own doors, or under the flooring of their family pews; and, if I remember truly, bishops and clergymen joined very actively in the clamour raised with regard to burial out of the precincts of one's own parish church. Cemeteries in the centre of London had, however, been growing into favour (with Dissenters especially) for some years past; but few, if any of them, were more than five miles out of town, whereas Woking is between thirty and forty. Then, again, the application of a railroad to funeral purposes was another shock to public feeling—horse-power and ordinary roads were alone applicable. Moreover, if the London Necropolis grew into popularity, what would become of the mystery of London undertakers? This innovation was the most heartrending of all. No more trays of feathers—no more walking mutes—no hearse, no plumes, no mourning carriages. Why, the trade that comes in after death has dismissed the doctor, and adds too often to the active anguish of the widow and the fatherless, the misery of ill-afforded debt, was threatened vitally. And so these descendants of a very ancient and grave profession—these dealers in the paraphernalia of the grave—rose up with one accord, and though every one of them personal opponents before, made common cause to defame and prejudice the public against the use of the Woking Necropolis. Its heathenish name, its immense size, its distance from town, were every one of them so many reasons for vituperation; but, as the public used their own judgment on these points, reports of the most reckless absurdity, but eminently calculated to excite the purlieus of Bethnal-green and St. Giles's into open violence, were promulgated, as to what became of the dead after their disposal in the hands of the company's officials.

Having ourselves gone over every part of the capacious building in the Westminster Road, without falling upon any furnaces for cinerary purposes—which, considering our private views on the superiority of cremation to interment, would have been a cause of personal gratulation. Having also gone, more than once, as a spectator of the proceedings at Woking Cemetery, by the company's carriages, without being in the least conscious that, on crossing the canal bridge, the *still* freight in certain of them was consigned to its sluggish waters, while the deceived relatives followed to the graves in the cemetery grounds empty coffins only, which were subsequently taken up, and in which the company (being undertakers when desired) did, of course, a lucrative business. Of these, and similar senseless and discreditable fables, the London Necropolis Company have, from time to time, been the subject. I only touch upon the matter to show the *animus* with which a grand system has been met, which promises to work a very radical change, not only in funeral fashions, but in funeral charges.

The senseless pageantries which mock so bitterly the feelings of real mourners, and are such mere conventional mummeries to every one else, are wholly disposed of at Woking: the pomps and vanities of plume and stave-bearers would be wholly thrown away where no eyes but the tear-blinded ones of mourning relatives and friends are near to regard them.

Even in towns, funeral processions are not the imposing ceremonies they were wont to be, when the streets had less traffic and less of life in them—when men had leisure to stand still and moralize upon the gloomy cortege, and when, instead of driving on as fast as possible, or dodging to get out of the line of route, other equipages and vehicles fell decorously behind, and gave solemn precedence to the Grand Master of us all.

Such pageants are for clear streets and people with leisure to move slowly. In London, at least, it is painful to witness the indifference of the multitude to the monition of which these prancing black-plumed horses—and the *castrum doloris* which they convey—muffled in fringe and feathers, are the exponents. When interment in the Woking Cemetery is intended all this funeral show (if indulged in) ends at the bronze gate of the Necropolis Station—the coffin is deposited silently in the compartment of the funeral carriage in which it is to be conveyed; and, at a stated hour in the forenoon, other carriages—first, second, or third class, according to the description of funeral required—receive the friends of the deceased, and are borne to their destination in the most kindred spot for such solemnities that modern men have conceived of.

A local branch of railway leads into the terminus in the cemetery grounds, and the coffin is either deposited in a waiting room for the purpose, until a procession is formed, or placed on a hand bier, and removed to one or other of the two chapels which beautify the enclosure, and satisfy the religious scruples of Churchmen, or Dissenters. Looking from the elevation on which the first of these chapels lifts its light spire—some sixty feet above the level of the railway, though scarcely more than a molehill on the broad expanse of ground in which it stands—one cannot help feeling that, whatever monetary speculations entered the brains of the projectors and shareholders of the company—and we know such speculations to be the moving power in the creation of all shareholders and companies whatever—when the site of the cemetery suggested itself to them, practically a very large amount of public benefit in the way of health and econonmy mingled in the scheme. While an element probably unthought of, it may be unrecognised by these gentlemen as a company to this day, but which can never be absent from the precincts of death without endangering the sympathies of the living, and rendering such precincts common place and disregarded, is here for ever present. The profound pathos of space and solitude—the silent poetry of surrounding nature—the ever-changing sky—the broad lights of unimpeded sun and moonshine—the fresh winds doing handmaid offices by obelisk and altar-stone, but flattening, as it ever did in these parts, the "*cippus*" of the uncovered graves, and bearing from them the atomic dust that, falling in the receptive lap of the great Mother, may create, for ought we know, the relation that binds our human hearts so sensibly to the green fields, and trees, and flowers. Nor is the purity and sequesteredness confined to the situation of the Necropolis. Except where family tombs are in question, every grave within its wide *enceinte* is separate and inviolable. A sacred immunity, as common here to the humblest heath-grown hillock where a pauper lies, as to the statelier tombs that glorify with marble and sculpture the mouldering relics within them. Here the beloved dead may literally "rest in peace," and be spared the desecration and defilement inseparable from interment in the over-crowded suburban cemetries, some of which, condemned ten years ago as unfit for the purposes of sepulture, are still in use. Right and left, the view from the broad walk in front of the terminus is only bounded by the horizon; while before us, as far as the line of sight, rises the wooded skirts and chalky ridges of the Surrey hills. A wide avenue with branching alleys stretches almost centrally through the grounds, and sinuous paths, beset with shrubs and flowers, winding amongst monuments and garden graves, give no intimation of the subdivisions of this field of death which is imperceptibly mapped into almost as many portions as there are religious communities amongst us.

Other communities also affecting no conservatism of dust and ashes on religious principle, but continuing, as it were, to their dead members the fraternal sentiments that for mutual aid and social brotherhood bound them together as units of one Order, have also obtained special grants of land within these precincts; and on the ground sloping from the railway line, next to that allotted to the Swedish Lutherans, rises the broken column that marks the special gathering place of "Odd-Fellowship at Woking Cemetery."

An inscription on the pedestal tells us that this is "The Burial Ground of the Metropolitan Districts of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity Friendly Society. Inaugurated October 14th, 1861." The emblems of the Society, beautifully cut in a block of white marble, shine out in fair relief from the rest of the monument, which is modestly and durably composed of Portland stone.

On the autumn morning, the date of which is thus recorded—a breezy morning, with thin clouds scudding before the upper currents, and veiling the sun at times, but never breaking into showers—a morning rich in all the variable beauty of light and shade, and fresh with sudden swirls and eddies of wild odour from the furze patches on the surrounding moorland—between four and five hundred of the brethren took solemn possession, on the part of themselves and their Order, of the four acres of ground assigned to them for a burial place in perpetuity.

The ceremony began with a religious service, after which a procession was formed, and the members traced the boundaries of the ground, which is very prettily laid out. Subsequently the Secretary of the Necropolis Company read aloud the deed of gift, consigning this portion of the land to the Society, and an appropriate address on the part of one of the members followed. Then, I presume, "Odd-Fellowship" scattered itself, by twos and threes, through the green alleys and heathy places (for some portion of the enclosure still remains in its original state), and read the conventional stories on the tombstones, and admired or criticised, some being artisans (it may be with artists' eyes), the short comings or beauty of the monuments—and some of them are very beautiful—or suggested to one another—for there are no more enthusiastic florists amongst us than many of these "hard-handed men who dwell in Athens here"—the sweeter beauty of the flowers in their seasons.

The great groups of rhododendrons, with evergreen leaves, that thrive upon the peaty soil with almost native luxuriance, reminding them of the cloud-like masses of colour their clustered blossoms simulate in June. Or they pointed out where the crimped flowers of the kalmias had been, and the varied tinted ones of the azaleas. For all the American plants flourish here in abundance, amongst thousands of other trees and shrubs, native and foreign, which give their shade and beauty to this grandly solitary place of graves.

Looking down from our first stand-point in front of the little church, the effect of the various mausoleums, obelisks, crosses, columns, and other sepulchral monuments gleaming white, or showing high above the shrubs that separate them, is very striking. The space is so immense, that as yet they appear scattered, and stand out separate, clearly, and solemnly. Chief amongst these various monuments, the eye falls instinctively on the beautiful memorial of W. Bent, Esq., of Walton—a gothic monument, the richly ornate roof, supported by pointed arches with trefoiled heads, resting on shafts of Derbyshire spar, while the remainder of the material is Bath stone. Carved angels keep their still watch at either side the pointed gables, which have lights pierced in them, and end in crocketted finials; whilst a pointed spire springs from the centre of the roof, and signals the observer to make a nearer acquaintance with its beauty. Many other graceful monuments adorn the ground, but though these dormitories of the dead, where men strive, in the quaint language of Sir Thomas Brown, "to go the neatest way to corruption," may attract the eye, the simpler tree-marked tombs and grassy hillocks, touch the heart more, and instinctively we join issue with Allan Cunningham, and pray that we may be laid where the wind can blow, and the daisies blossom on our grave.

* * *

## THE PAINTER'S GRAVE.

Where shall the sunbeams play?
  Where shall the moonbeams light?
For Him who bade them stay,
  With hand of power and might!—
    Upon the painter's grave.

Where the stormy pageant rise,
  And the harmless lightnings fly?
Where the magician lies,
  That fixed them in the sky!—
    Above the painter's grave.

Where shall the flowrets shed
  Sweet odours?—O'er His earth,
Who, from their lowly bed,
  Gave them immortal birth!—
    Upon the painter's grave.

Where shall the maiden meek,
  Whose beauty would not die,
Go lean her pensive cheek,
  Or look with gentle eye?—
    Upon the painter's grave.

Where shall the aged rest,
  And own one friend he found,
That thought grey hairs were blest,
  And age like holy ground?—
    Upon the painter's grave.—Anon.

# The International Exhibition of 1862.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE *was*. Eighteen hundred and sixty-two *is*. How we grow old with the world, and the "whirligig of Time takes out its revenges!"

In 1851 the sun shone after a golden dawning morn, and initiated an Olympiad, the like of which the same glorious luminary never cast its beams upon before.

In 1862 matters are altered—the world is older, and the sun is yet the same.

The arts of peace were then paramount.

They are effectively so now—but there has come an embarrassment, so to speak, a sort of dead-lock in their progress, which creates a remarkable kind of contrast between this present year—the chief feature of which is the opening of the "International Exhibition,"—that we trust it will not be a waste of time if we devote a few words to the consideration of the same, and because these are not apart from the subject in question.

*First*, then, as to machinery and manufactures—the locomotive of 1851 was in all respects the same as that of 1862. The mill and the mine were pretty much as they are now, and no special improvements that we are aware of have been introduced into the machinery of the one, or into any additional methods for the preservation of life in the other.

"Brown Bess," as the soldier's musket is termed—if not in the ascendant, was not then extinct. The gallant grenadier was strangled by his hideous stock, as indeed he has been since that time. The "Volunteer" was in the womb of time, and the gracefullest floating fabrics that in their faultless symmetry have borne witness both to the skill and the handiwork of man, combining strength with swiftness, and dotting every sea, were things of beauty to the eye; but are now about to pass away for ever, and to give place to the "floating turtles" and the "cupolas" of modern science.

We were at peace with every nation in the world, and our prosperity was at its zenith.

*Now* we have *Minie* rifles—long and short "Enfields;" and we discuss learnedly upon "ranges," and the sharp "ping" of the conical bullet is a thing familiar to almost every ear. The civilian has become more than half a soldier, and "Defence though not defiance," (defiance, whoever likes it so), is the new motto placed metaphorically on our national banner.

What the elder Napoleon said of us half a century ago, in regard to our being a "nation of shopkeepers," does not now hold good, or if it does, we have added the rifle to the yard-stick, and we can use both with no small amount of success, and wield both with equal dexterity.

Within the space of twelve brief years—what changes have we seen! That awful Crimean campaign with its heroic episodes—its illustrations of the bravery of man—of the sanctified heroism of women,—that horrible and revolting Indian butchery and bloody retribution—those *red* days at Magenta and Solferino—that life and death struggle at the gates of Gaeta—all supplemented by the wild tigerish fighting in the swamps, and on the shores of American rivers, and the noble effort made through all to cultivate the virtues, to purify the morals of man—to save and keep that poor fallen sisterhood from worser consequences—the story of whose wrongs is written in words of fire, and which some day will *burn* the debauchee's eyes to read,—all these and more have filled up the period which seems so short, but which has been pregnant with more teeming work—with more countless consequences than can be comprehended in all the generations and in all the ages that have gone by, from the days of Adam down to the present hour.

Eighteen-fifty-one brought ships to our shores, and made dwellers in our cities, men from every climate under heaven. "Partheans and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocea, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylea, in Egypt and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene."

Added to these, too, were those that came to this peaceful conclave of the world, the ambassadors of every modern nation, bearing the olive branch, together with their industrial tributes—placed side by side, and brought face to face with those who were the representatives of the more antique world, and whose history reaches up to Noah.

One is inevitably forced thus to take a backward glance from the opening of the present, because while commenting on *two* distinct eras, both of which mark with specific emphasis the triumph of skilled handicraft over brute matter, and testify to the inventive fertility of the age, they shew also, that despite the retarding "progress" which seems incapable of extinction in the "moral" machinery of life, there *is* a progress grand and vast, the extent of which it is utterly impossible to measure, or fully to appreciate, but which, in one form or other, is working its way through the social stratification, and while there is yet a deal of deliberate evil, and of deliberate sin and wrong-doing in the world, there is a larger tendency towards *good* as a thing that is "proper" and accepted, than our past period can shew.

With all the accompaniments of stately pomp and imposing formula, the Duke of Cambridge, by "command of Her Majesty," declared the International Exhibition fully inaugurated, and finally opened, and now it is a possession belonging in a strict and catholic sense to the people.

It would not be quite right after all if we did not enter our protest with others as to the imbecility and indecision, the numerous instances of gross "snobbishness" which characterized the preliminaries of this opening—the disgraceful flunkeyism, the coarse inhospitality, the un-English inattention to the rights of strangers, and those strangers exhibitors, without whom the place would have been an empty barracks, and which has drawn forth a storm of indignation from every side.

We are now to suppose the ceremonial over—the first mal-arrangements corrected—those monstrous stupidities, like a night-mare imported out of some toy-shop in the Lowther Arcade, removed, and the whole in good working order; let us assist the reader to cast a glance around this amazing collection, the like of which has never yet been gathered within such ample limits.

Nature, as well as nations, has lavished her treasures here—cereals of every kind known throughout the world—vintages of every growth, fruits and food from every clime—stone, marble, iron, copper, gold—the more subtle materials which are prepared in the alembic and the crucible, as well as in the furnace and the forge, are gathered from the farthest ends of the globe to stand side by side with our own productions, and to make strange companionship where in the time heretofore it was little likely that they would ever "come together."

Wondrous tissues—textile fabrics—specimens of the plastic arts, beautiful beyond compare—flashing gems which Golconda and the Ural—the volcanic ribs of the great riven mountains, as of the sightless far-off mines, have contributed out of their wonderful opulence, all that can minister to the comforts of man, and to meet every necessity of existence.

Nature lays herself *exhausted* at one's feet, bewildering the gazer with the vastness and the variety of her gifts. Not less astounding, after having cast a look upon the materials required for manufactures and the plastic arts, is the extraordinary multiplication of food products, in the shape of fruits, wine, corn, oil—every form of farinaceons matter, and other substances quite as convertible, and suggestive of other additions to the common stock such as yet have been scarcely dreamt of.

The several departments for the show of agricultural implements claim equal attention from the great number exhibited in all the leading courts. Steam being applied to almost every branch of industry, is here yoked to the plough, while the "iron piggeries," next to those drill and reaping-machines, speak of "porkers" fattening in cleanliness and comfort—of pigs of a higher order even than those which were once the pride of "Parson Trulliber." To mention —as in worthy competition with each other—the American, Canadian, French, and Zollverein departments, will here be sufficient for our purpose on this present occasion.

The "operative" of the factory districts—whose noble patience under his present grievous suffering, and heavy burdens, commands both sympathy and esteem—will possibly be disappointed, for the looms and "jennies," and spinning apparatus, exhibited on such a great scale on the last occasion, are almost, if not altogether, unrepresented in the present, but he will find ample compensation in other multifarious forms of attraction, to which their novelty will give an additional zest.

But, we come at last to a spot where all our pre-conceived fancies, as regards the arts of peace, undergo a change—a change so total and incomplete, that it has all the effect of a *shock*, and that by no means a gentle one.

For we are in the department of "military engineering."

Trophies of brown rifles surmounted by bristling bayonets, coldly glittering —balefully gleaming steel of every shape, forming a sort of ornamental work, and flashing in the light with a cruel impassiveness, mark out the place where the great silent guns in all their grim repose wait for the visitor's inspection, and in that sphinx-like tranquillity speak eloquently of the reverberating thunders that it is their province at any time to awaken.

Models of "pontoons" and bridges to cast over creeks and rivers; ambulances for more merciful purposes, together with other vehicles required by the hospital surgeon in the field, and the multifarious appliances which the business of war renders necessary, are here placed before the visitor in a manner that heightens the paradox of existence, for limbs that are mangled and shattered require what repairs science can bring to bear upon them, and to aid nature in her healing powers combined with all the skill the surgeon can command.

But instinctively, and at every corner, we are led to look at those dark, silent engines of destruction, couchant like slumbering lions in whose inert massiveness lie such appalling elements of strength, swiftness, and annihilation! A moment, and they are cold and sluggish. In another, and the awful creature awaking out of its torpor, rages and roars, and vomits fire and a hurtling death—tempest, which few materials that mean *resistance* can succeed in defying.

Look at those piles upon piles of shot of every shape, some round, some in cones, and others in rounded bolt-like masses, and in every one of them every conceivable form of deadly devastation lies latent. Something like a dread shudder rushes through the blood of the gazer, as in solitude and silence (the present writer had this chance on one early morning,) he contemplates them, and thus thoughts too mournful, too sad, almost verging upon hopelessness— arise within the mind as to the possible advent of any "millenium" on *this* earth,—which cannot be defined in words.

The slaughtered heaps which form the *tumuli* of bloody and brutal triumphs have their significance in these silent masses of iron, where death lies lurking, for out of every muzzle you may see—if you care to *look*—the leering skeleton—head still mocking at humanity, and all its attempts at civilization, and shouting out for Belial and his hosts to come and still woo men to murder—to create new, and ever new ensanguined battle fields, and still to make the waters of the great sea "incarnadine,"—"*one red.*"

You are struck with their harmonious proportions—their sculpture—their awful beauty, in fact. All the glittering diamonds and jewellery—the gorgeous trophies of the arts of Cellini, and of Albert Durer—of the Lombardic helmets, and the Damascenic inlayings—all give place to the simple, terrible, yet exquisite finish of those fearful engines, and speak more distinctly than aught else, of the difference between *now* and *then* (1862 and 1851), and that WAR, with all its incarnate horrors, is not so far removed from us as we may think.

Ships' guns, field guns—enormous guns for fortifications—guns that will throw a 200lb. shot, and *hit* at 4,000 yards! To see the riven fragments of plate iron "pashed" like paste, testify literally enough to the tremendous power of their discharges.

The great glory of the Exhibition must be looked for, after all, in the Picture Galleries. *Miles* of gorgeous splendour—acres of the most matchless compositions by the masters of every country in the world, are there—dazzling, delighting, but bewildering by their quantity, and almost adorable in their multitudinous forms of loveliness, of beauty, of tender grace, of the lofty tragedy of high heroism, of the equally touching, sobbing tragedies told in those (*genre*) home pictures so true, so appalling, yet so full of "fair humanities."

Nearly one thousand of the finest specimens of British art—not to speak of the sculptures—are there. Nearly *three* thousand of the noblest samples of the foreign schools, ancient and modren, are there, for all the cities of Europe have forwarded of their choicest, and the collection is unique in its high standard of excellence, in its assemblage, and its incredible variety.

Looking at the masterly productions of the French, the German, the Italian, and other leading schools, it is with an honest pride we can point to the matchless productions of the British school—Hogarth, Turner, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and the glorious achievements of our young pre-Raphaelites, for we do not hesitate to assert, that in nearly every department the English school bears rivalry without fear.

This section is so inexhaustible, that days, weeks, months, a year even, of daily study, would not master its details, and therefore the reader will not be much surprised when we say that a bare mention of the fact is all our restricted space allows us to make.

A few words as to the edifice, and our paper, necessarily so brief, is brought to a close.

Captain Fowke's building is *not* elegant, but it has its compensations, and principally its colossal dimensions make up for many defects. Being intended to remain there permanently, strength and durability became prime requisites, and the great amount of brick-work forming the exterior is the consequence.

Towards the last hour while the work was going on, and owing to many cases of delay, considerable haste was compelled, where greater leisure would have done marked service. Nor has the building been without its share of those tragical casualties which so often accompany great operations, though they are as often owing to the culpable recklessness of the workmen themselves as to anything arising out of the general "chapter of accidents." It has had its "blood baptism," therefore, like many other vast undertakings—the only fact to be regretted in association with the august pile.

There lies another fear, and a serious one, behind. It is threatened with a dismaying addition to its external want of architectural beauty. Clearly, it is to undergo an application of a coat of stucco! and, to our thinking, there are few things more hideous, more "cheap and nasty," than this miserable finish.

In the days of George the "magnificent," the finest gentleman in Europe, and the Sultan of England, he patronized a fearful feature in the ornate arts—stucco! and Mr. Smirke, deceased and lamented, was his "prophet."

An age of stucco and veneer, an age of varnish and paste, an age when sham splendour superseded stately ashlar or to honest brick-work; and the palatial crudities all around the Regent's Park are proofs of the same!

Still, the interior must make up for all. The gorgeous courts, dazzling as eastern dreams, the magic fountains, flashing and singing in the sun, the pealing organs, and the animated spectacle of the countless thousands moving to and fro, will fill up the hours of a fairy dream-day, and constitute a recollection not likely to be forgotten in the years that are to come.

## Literary Notices.

RAMBLES IN THE LAKE COUNTRY AND ITS BORDERS. By EDWIN WAUGH. London: Whittaker and Co.

A FEW years ago a singularly unpretending, but strikingly original, truthful, and graphic poem, entitled "Come whom to the Childer and Me," written in the Lancashire dialect, by Mr. Edwin Waugh, was published in Manchester. It created quite a sensation; and, though by no means specially intended as a ballad, was set to music, and sung not only in the concert-rooms and other places of public resort, but in the cottage homes of the people in nearly every village and market town in Lancashire and its immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Waugh has since published several songs and poems in the vernacular of his native county, all of which have, more or less, met with marked success; and although no one has attained the very extensive popularity of "Come whom to the Childer and Me," several are by no means inferior to the universal favourite either in truthful portraiture or poetic construction. Mr. Waugh is confessedly one of the best, if not *the* best dialect song-writer of the present day. His future reputation, however, will not be altogether confined within bounds so limited. Several of his poems in pure English exhibit strikingly original thought and considerable lyric power. In the last number of the Magazine we published a poem entitled "The Moorland Flower," extracted from his recently published volume, which will be found to fully justify this eulogium. Mr. Waugh occasionally writes prose, indeed, he first arrested public attention as an author by a series of racy, picturesque, and truthful sketches of Lancashire rustic life and manners. His recent work, "Rambles in the Lake Country and its Borders," will be found to be a most interesting companion to the tourist in this delightful region. Though sufficiently topographical to be instructive on this head, yet the chief value of the work will be found to consist in its graphic descriptions, not simply of the grand and beautiful scenes visited, but of the habits, manners, customs, homely virtues, and prejudices of the inhabitants of the lovely valleys and lone mountain sides. Mr. Waugh, with the instinct of true genius, sees more than the material beauty before his eyes; he enters thoroughly into its sentiment and suggestions; and by the instrumentality of the imaginative faculty, invests, even in prose, a physically beautiful scene with a still higher and holier lustre. The following exquisite description is from the chapter headed "Silverdale," "Quiet Silverdale down by the Sea":

### EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

"In a bosky dingle, nearly opposite the house, a solitary throstle was chanting loud and clear upon a slender, lazy, swinging bough, like a blithe lad playing at rantipole, or the jolly clerk at Copmanhurst carousing in his lonely woodland cell. Further up, among the woods and gardens, the leaves were all a tremble with wild music. The white road is irregularly bordered with dusty half-trodden grass, strewn here with bits of stone, and there with a few cockle-shells thrown out from a wayside cottage. On the right hand, a tuft of nettles and a low thorn-bush are clustered close to the limestone wall of a small orchard, over which spreading boughs of thick-blossomed apple trees hang in a rich gush, as if there was no room for any more of them inside. On the left hand where the grass border is broader, a few dusty daisies—those cottage children of the flower-world—peep out upon the green roadside; their simple beauty shining prettily through the smirching beauty of their birth-place. Close by the common trod, they smile away their tiny life, looking aloft with sunny eye, unenvious of the garden favourites on the other side of the wall. The contented elves do not even seem to know that they are dusty. They can wait until kind nature sends her next shower. * * * In this grove of speary firs, the birds are twittering and pruning their wings up on the branches nearest the road, and almost within reach of me. They look at the lounging traveller, out of those little wondering jewels of theirs. One of them gushes forth a silvery *roulade,* and hops to the next twig, which swings up and down, as if dancing a welcome to its pretty comrade. The bird gives another look at me out of the corner of his eye, and then carols away in full-throated glee,—not much afraid. * * * Twilight is stealing on. The fading day is suffused with the last glory of the sunken sun; and the commonest objects are robing in a beauty which seems to have more of heaven than earth in it. The rude realities of noon are melting into a strange loveliness at the touch of that power, whose gauzy fringe of dreams trails on the golden skirts of day; and all things seem to be stilling down to a noiseless thrill of adoration. It is the hour when forlorn wanderers, peeping in at cottage doors, hear mothers crooning soft lullabys to their drowsy babes, and feel very sad as thoughts of home and childhood steal into their hearts! Oh, meek hour of shadowy beauty! what strange thoughts, what smouldering tendernesses, what pensive extasy thou has power to waken! Twilight is stealing on! It is easier now to distinguish the different songs of birds which have lingered behind the rest, to sing the day out. And those strange undersounds, which, even in the loneliest dell, seem to sleep when the sun is aloft, now grow upon the ear, and drowse the spirit with a mystic spell. It seems as if the evening air was peopled with a choir of viewless minstrels, whose business was to take up the hymn of nature, when daylight lays his louder music by. * * * I stopped in my walk, and leaned upon a field wall to look around me. The kine are lowing aloud in the pasture, as if asking whether it wasn't time to be called home. In a distant farmyard a dog barks; and the song of a girl makes the listening ear of the valley tingle with pleasure. Now, a wild bee goes bazooning by me, pleased with the spoil he is carrying home from the flowers of Silverdale; and, from yon brown upland where the ploughman's loosened horses are wending slowly from the furrowed field, a clear jingle of chains comes through the still air. Now the wind gives a drowsy sough along the vale—like a man turning over in his sleep—and then dies away into silence again. In the east, the crescent moon is gliding up the blue heavens to take her night-watch over the slumbering world. The tree tops are all still, and the birds are dropping off for the night into their green chambers. But in this deepening stillness, I hear the surgy voice of the ocean growing louder on the ear; and now I see that the sands I left so lately are fast silvering over with the rising tide. The shores of Morecombe are fading away, and the round top of Arnside Knot grows dim. * * * I left the darkening vale, and came up slowly towards my quarters."

There are numerous forcible sketches of rustic characters, replete with quaint humour, which give variety and piquancy to the volume. Many might be quoted, but our limited space prevents us on the present occasion from indulging in further extract.

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THE LADIES' COMPANION AND MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—London: Rogerson and Tuxford.

THIS periodical is deservedly a favourite with the more intellectual of the fair sex. It is adorned with engravings of the fine art class, and, of course, with the newest fashions. Even the latter, as matter of art (and pictorial fine art, and the "latest fashions," have too often little in common), are very much superior to the average of their class. The literature, too, is anything but of the light and frivolous character, generally thought acceptable to fashionable young ladies. Science is popularized in a most agreeable manner in papers by Professor Agassiz, and the stories are of a superior class. There is a very interesting and well written paper on "Superstitions of the Irish Peasantry," by the editor, Mrs. Caroline A. White, one of our own esteemed contributors. In a paper entitled "Passing Events Re-edited," the editor endorses the view enunciated by Mr. Kingsley, in the *Times*, on the 11th of April, respecting the recent movements for enlarging the field of employment for females. She says, pertinently, "Will the leaders of the various schemes for this purpose—amiable and hopeful as they are, and doubtless the precursors of this really tangible plan of relief—tell us the numbers of the individuals, out of the surplus hundreds of thousands, who have been really helped to a remunerative and dependable means of livelihood through either the printing-press, or law-copying, or other schemes? Schemes which, after all, *only displace one set of persons to make room for another*, or oppose sex to sex, with (too often) a decreased rate of remuneration, which, instead of assisting, tends to depress the labour market, and to impoverish it by the difference between the price of man's and woman's labour! The great increase of printing business, and the fewness of the feminine hands employed, cannot make the Coram-street press a cause of anxiety to the brothers of the craft; though as much cannot be said of law copying, book-keeping, and the business of accountants—precisely the occupations which the poor clerk, waiting for a situation, or superannuant, or sickly, falls back upon as his only means of support. The number of these comparatively ill-paid men in these commercial days is necessarily immense, and a more helpless class, apart from the desk, scarcely exists; the employment, therefore, of women in these particular occupations (the only ones, indeed, to which such persons can resort in the day of need) suggests some painful calculations as to the political economy of the new movement." Mr. Kingsley is an advocate of extensive emigration as the only natural solution of the question—"What are we to do with our redundant female population?" Fully believing that the "home" is the true sphere of woman's usefulness, he flinches not, from a false delicacy, to look the question steadily in the face, and boldly asks, "Why should she compete with the man? She was not meant to do so. All attempts to employ her in handicraft are but subsistency for that far nobler and more useful work for which nature intends her—to marry and bear children. By helping such a project as this, men will act according to the dictates of nature, for surely women were meant to have families; of sound political economy, for where there is a wholesome demand it is both a right and a duty to send a supply; of benevolence, by preventing an amount of disappointment, misery, idleness, and often death, which has long appalled me; and of sound morality, for no movement whatsoever will do so much toward putting down that 'social evil' of which so much has been said of late. The true cause, thereof, is, that there are too many marriageable women in these islands. All other remedies treat only the symptoms. Emigration, and emigration alone, will treat the disease itself." The editor of the "Ladies' Companion" adds, "This statement needs no comment. More than the question of employment, than even life itself, is involved in the fact of woman's redundancy. A case *apropos* of educated women occurs to me, as showing the sparse results of recent efforts to find employment for them. A gentleman having occasion for a copyist and compiler, advertised a few weeks since for a lady, having a knowledge of French and German, to undertake the work. He received more than a hundred answers from educated women, who offered their services at a weekly remuneration varying from fifteen to seven shillings! From such a state of things, emigration, under a perfectly organized system, offers a blessed prospect."

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SHAKSPERE: HIS TIMES AND CONTEMPORARIES. By Geo. Markham Tweddell. Bury: Heap.

WE have received Part II. of a re-issue of Mr. Tweddell's now somewhat popular work. Dr. Johnson, speaking of Shakspere himself, says "He that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." So it is with Mr. Tweddell's work. We can, of course, form no correct notion of the whole from a perusal of an isolated section. As far as we can see, however, the work is excellent in its plan and exhaustive of the subject, if conscientiously worked out. The collected material appears to be most ample, nay, unnecessarily redundant. A general notion of the state of art, science, etc., at the time of Shakspere's birth, is essential to a thorough comprehension of him, both as a man and a dramatist. But it is possible we may have, even, "something too much of this." We fear Mr. Tweddell, in his desire to "*enlarge*" the second edition, has fallen into the error of "doing too much," in one department at least. He is altogether unnecessarily prolix in his gossip about contemporary poets, painters, men of letters, etc. The few leading spirits in each department alone convey to the general reader any definite idea, yet Mr. Tweddell has filled page after page with brief notices of artists of all nations, whose very names are only known to a few curious art students and art critics, and of whose existence Shakspere himself never possessed the slightest knowledge. This, to some, imparts an appearance of "profound erudition;" to the initiated, however, it smacks of pedantry, or book manufacture, rather than really well digested "learning." Be this as it may, much of it is beside the purpose here, and must consequently be regarded as an artistic blemish, rather than matter for congratulation. The work, however, is one that every true lover of Shakspere ought to possess. He will find in its pages stores of varied knowledge collected from both well-known and obscure sources, without which, his conception of the character and surroundings of the great poet of humanity must necessarily be imperfect and obscure.

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THE NORTH OF ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—London: James Blackwood. Durham: Richardson, etc.

CERTAIN plants, animals, and even manufactures, appear to be indigenous to certain localities. They not only thrive there, but obstinately refuse to flourish if transplanted elsewhere. So it is with periodical literature. It is somewhat imperious in its taste and affections; the atmosphere of London, Edinburgh, and even Dublin, evidently possessing special qualities, upon which it feeds with a relish, and fattens accordingly. Many attempts have been made in Manchester and some less ambitious places to introduce an independent periodical literature, but never yet with much success. Doubtless, trade conveniences have had something to do with this; but a prejudice in favour of the metropolitan article evidently much more. We see no valid reason why a popular periodical should be less acceptable to the reading public because it is printed and published in the provinces. However this may be, another venture in this direction, in the shape of a sixpenny monthly, has recently been made, embracing a somewhat larger area, with Durham, Manchester, Newcastle, York, Leeds, and Liverpool, as circulating centres. Its motto is "Progress and Common Sense;" and, as appears by the opening number, northern subjects and northern interests will be especially attended to, not in a narrow, but in a cosmopolitan spirit. The general tone of the articles evinces a liberal and temperate spirit, and the editor evidently aims at the diffusion of solid information rather than the excitement of party sentiment or party feeling. A tale of local interest, entitled "Out of Darkness into Light," promises to give some insight into the manners and habits of the coal-owners, the colliers, and their agents, in the early portion of the present century. Another paper, of the continued class, "From Tyneside to Teesdale," will, doubtless, be read with interest by others than residents of the district. In this respect the experiment is hopeful. If a local periodical expects to succeed, it ought, like the successful local newspaper press, to address itself especially to the peculiar wants and feelings of its local readers. The metropolitan towns will ever command the ear of the public on general topics; but miscellaneous readers are, to a large extent, interested in important local matters, when treated with special local knowledge. The number under consideration contains a beautiful poem, by Dora Greenwell, a lady whose writings have latterly justly attracted considerable attention.

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## Annual Moveable Committee,

### INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS, MANCHESTER UNITY FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Moveable Committee commenced its sittings on Monday, the 9th of June, at the Odd-fellows' Hall, Brighton. Nearly 184 deputies were in attendance. The Grand Master, Mr. Jno. Gale, of Liverpool, presided, assisted by the Deputy-Grand Master, Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop. Mr. Henry Ratcliffe officiated as secretary, assisted by Mr. Banyard, of Bury St. Edmunds.

The Grand Master said, it was usual in opening the meeting for the president to make some report to the deputies of the state of the society, and to explain any matters of importance which might have transpired during the preceding twelve months. He was glad to be enabled to say that at no previous period in the history of the society did it stand so well. No Past Grand Master had greater reason to congratulate the deputies on the amount of progress made during the period of his office. It had been an eventful year, owing to the great commercial crisis. No section of society suffered more during panics in trade than the working-classes. He, therefore, by no means anticipated, at the commencement of his year of office, that so large an amount of prosperity would have attended the operations of their society. Working men under such circumstances were generally unable to spare the amount of money demanded for the contributions. It was, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to find, that notwithstanding this important drawback, the unity now numbered 447 districts, composed of 3,226 lodges. The number of members was 334,970, showing nearly 19,000 of an increase during the twelve months. (Hear, hear.) Improvement in the internal management was equally on the increase. They were never higher in numbers, and they had proof they were never in a more healthy condition. Numerous propositions had been made for the improvement of the 145th general law (the financial law of the order), but it had been determined to postpone any alteration until they were in possession of the results of the last five years' experience. They had now before them the most valuable work extant on the science of vital statistics, compiled by their secretary, Mr. Ratcliffe, and his assistants. He had no doubt many lodges, on having a valuation made of their assets and liabilities, according to this experience, would find their reserved fund in such a position, as to justify an application to the directors for permission to apply the surplus of sick and funeral funds to some other purpose connected with the society. Others, less fortunate, would learn their true state and would be enabled to take such steps as would place them in a better financial position for the future. In a social position they never stood higher. It was an established fact that their society was one of the great social institutions of the country. (Hear, hear). During the present week, the International Philanthropic Congress was holding its sittings in London. The organization committee had made an application to the directors for full particulars respecting our society, for the purpose of laying the same before the social economy section of the congress. The directors instructed Mr. Hardwick to prepare such a document, and to furnish the congress with such books and papers as would be of interest to parties studying this branch of social economy. Mr. Hardwick complied, and we have received a letter of thanks for what the committee describe as "one of the most instructive papers which they will be enabled to lay before the congress," and they suggest that this important society should appoint Mr. Hardwick and other gentlemen to represent it, and take part in the discussion of the question. (Hear, hear). Mr. Hardwick's paper will be read on Thursday, and he doubted not the sub-committee would recommend the appointment of a deputation, as they were desirous, not only of doing good themselves, but of aiding others in their efforts for a similar object. (Hear, hear). Mr. Gale then referred to the dispute between the directors and the late editor of the magazine, and stated that the matter had been arranged; and that steps had been taken to prevent a repetition of the conduct of Mr. Pardon, in appropriating sixteen pages of the magazine to the publication of false and slanderous statements respecting his employers. (Hear, hear). He hoped that the gentleman to whom it was now entrusted would make it more useful to them and honourable to himself. Mr. Gale then referred in touching terms to the loss sustained by the unity by the demise of the late Mr. James Roe. Knowing the services which he had rendered, he could trust to their justice, kindness, and generosity, when the position of his family came before them, to deal with the matter as it deserved. The Grand Master then referred in feeling terms to the loss the nation had sustained by the death of Prince Albert, and to the address of condolence to the Queen, adopted by the special meeting of the society at Manchester. He likewise pointed out the necessity which existed for all lodges enrolling themselves under the Act of Parliament, and illustrated its importance by reference to a case recently tried at Tamworth, before the judge of the county court, when a verdict had been obtained, which set at rest the question of magisterial interference in the settlement of their disputes, that power having been conferred upon the tribunals of the society itself by the Act of Parliament. (Loud cheers). Mr. Gale then referred at some length to occasionally breaches of the law with respect to the incidental, or management funds, and recommended a careful attention to the subject in future, as the directors were instructed to see the law carried out in its integrity. (Hear, hear). In conclusion, he felt confident that the deputies would, by their courteous conduct during the debates, prove to the world that they were the right men in the right place, and that the business of the meeting would be conducted in a manner alike honourable to the society and themselves. (Loud cheers).

Mr. Waldram (Leicester) read the auditors' report, which was received. The various sub-committees were appointed, and the meeting adjourned. Sub-committee to examine proceedings of the directors: Rev. T. Price, Messrs. Geves, Collins, Sykes, Adams, Hoghton and Riley. Relief Committee: Messrs. Buck, Allen, Jack, Stiff, Burton, Gadd, Smith (Worcester), Smith (Bootle), and Noon. New District Committee: Messrs. Statham, Wells, Gibson, Gerrard, Reynolds, Thompson, Parkins, Hey, and Buckley. Estimates Committee: Messrs. Daynes, Burgess, Glasse, Rourke, Rough, Lewis, Pratt, Thompson, and Stocker.

Our limited space will permit of only a slight reference to the more important discussions respecting the general laws. Propositions for altering the law relative to election of directors, and for paying the deputies for attendance at the A. M. C. from the Unity Fund, were lost by large majorities. The proposition that districts should have power to charge members whose occupation, trade, or calling *is extra hazardous*, a greater sum for their initiation, or to pay a smaller sum for their funeral donation, was carried unamimously. A proposition to suspend both sick-pay and payment of contribution by members in union workhouses was rejected. The 186th law was amended by the substitution of the word "appropriate" for "divide," and the insertion after the words, "next valuation," "but that no such appropriation shall consist of a division of money among its members."

The 142nd law was amended as follows:—"Every member shall, previous to admission, undergo a medical examination, and deliver in a certificate or declaration of his age and state of health in the form adopted by the district, and shall on his admission be presented with a copy of these rules and the rules of the district he joins." The 144th law was amended so as to give lodges discretionary power of admitting honorary members on the same night as they are proposed, and to charge as low a fee as 10s. 6d. Honorary members may henceforth join more than one lodge if so disposed. The amendment of the 145th, or general financial law, was postponed for another year, with the view to allow of the circulation of Mr. Ratcliffe's tables throughout the unity, previous to further legislation. A retrograde movement was proposed, but rejected, only ten hands being held up in its favour. A proposition was carried, that the words "are you a member of any other society, etc.," in the wardens charge be omitted.

The following are the chief points of interest in the sub-committee's report:—"The magazine.—Your committee have much pleasure in reporting that, in pursuance of the 19th resolution of the Bolton A.M.C., the directors have now satisfactorily arranged all matters connected with the late editor, and have entrusted the future conduct of the magazine to Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M. Your committee have every confidence that under his able superintendence it will meet with general approval."

The committee recommended the appointment of a deputation to attend the meeting of the International Congress referred to in the Grand Master's opening speech. The Grand Master, Mr. Hardwick, and Mr. Daynes were appointed. The two former attended the meeting. Mr. Hardwick read his paper, which will be printed in the transactions of the society, and afterwards inserted in the "Oddfellows' Magazine." On Friday morning the Grand Master reported to the meeting that the deputation had been received in the most courteous manner by the Earl of Shaftsbury, the chairman, and the members of the society.

The demise of the late Mr. Roe was feelingly referred to. The committee suggested "that the memory of one of the worthiest and ablest members of the order should be acknowledged in a manner which, while it will redound to the credit of the society, will, at the same time, be an iudncement to other members to follow an example so worthily set before them by him whose loss is so universally lamented throughout the order."

It was ultimately resolved that the sum of £50 be granted to Mrs. Roe, and that a circular be issued inviting additional contributions for this purpose. Mr. Burgess was appointed parliamentary agent in the place of the late Mr. Roe. Mr. Ratcliffe's work was very favourably noticed. A vote of £50 was passed unanimously, as a remuneration for Mr. Ratcliffe's additional labour. A long discussion took place with reference to the conduct of the directors in matters of appeal from the Manchester district. The proposition was ultimately withdrawn, and the usual vote of thanks carried. Mr. Woodcock, D.G.M., was unanimously elected Grand Master; Mr. Burgess, South London, was elected Deputy Grand Master. He polled 104 votes, and Mr. Richmond, Manchester, 66. The following gentlemen, together with the retiring G.M. form the Board of Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. Buck, Daynes, Schofield, Price (Aberdare), Street, Curtis, Jack, Geves, and Richmond. The next A.M.C. will be held at Leamington; Leamington polled 86, and Birkenhead 85. For auditor the Bootle district polled 69, and Hull 21. The following gentlemen's portraits are to appear in the magazine: Mr. Luff, P.G.M., Liverpool; Mr. Noon, Belper; Mr. Glasse, Southampton; and Mr. Waldram, Leicester. The usual vote of thanks and donations to the charities were passed. The business concluded about eleven o'clock on Saturday.

The Grand Banquet was held on Tuesday evening in the Town Hall. About 400 sat down to dinner. Nearly all the deputies attended by invitation from the Brighton district. It passed off in the most enthusiastic manner. His Worship the Mayor presided, supported on the right by the Grand Master of Order, and on the left by the Grand Master of the district. Mr. E. Saunders, and Mr. T. D. Gates, of the Brighton district, acted as vice-chairmen, and amongst those present were observed J. White, Esq., M.P., J. G. Dodson, Esq., M.P., the Rev. J. Griffith, the Ex-Mayor (Mr. Alderman Alger), Mr. Alderman Martin, M. D. Scott, Esq., Mr. Alderman J. C. Burrows, A. Bigge, Esq., Major D'Albiac, Captain Branwell, Captain Meek, Lieutenant Loder, Lieutenant Cockburn, and Messrs. R. Rugg, D. Richards, W. Verrall, J. Hilditch, J. C. Craven, W. Smithers, Dixon, W. Curtis, Chittenden, Challen, Booty, H. Beard, &c. "The Queen and Royal Family" having been disposed of, Mr. Saunders, P.P.G.M., gave the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," and Major D'Albiac (Commandant 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery) responded. Mr. J. Curtis, Prov. C.S., proposed "The Bishop and Clergy of Diocese, and Ministers of all denominations." In the absence of Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, the Rev. J. Griffith acknowledged the compliment, remarking that the principles of the order were those which every minister is, or should be teaching. "The Members of Parliament for the County of Sussex, and Borough of Brighton," was given by Mr. Buck, P.G.M., of Birmingham, and suitably acknowledged by J. G. Dodson, Esq., M.P., and J. White, Esq,, M.P., and in the absence of W. Coningham, Esq., M.P., through illness, Mr. Alderman Alger returned thanks on his behalf. Mr. Gates, Prov. D.G.M., gave the "Lord Lieutenant and Magistrates for the County of Sussex," to which Brother M. D. Scott, and Mr. A. Bigge, replied. Mr. Hardwick, P.G.M., of Preston, followed with "The Mayor and Corporation of Brighton," which was acknowledged by his Worship and Mr. Alderman Martin. The Mayor, in giving the toast of the evening, "The Manchester Unity," said as a benefit society it stood pre-eminent, as it had for its object the relief of the distressed, the wiping away of the widows' tears, comforting the orphans, and making the sick whole. With such principles as "Friendship, Love, and Truth," the highest gentleman in the land might be proud to be a member of such a society. P.G.M. Daynes, of Norwich, responded in a very eloquent speech. The toasts which followed were "The Grand Master and Board of Directors," "The Deputies to the A.M C.," "The Brighton District and A.M.C. Committee," "The Widows and Orphans Fund," "The Town and Trade of Brighton," "The London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway, and its officers," "The Chairman," "The Press," "The Vice-Chairman," and "The Ladies." The glee singers and company then sang "God save the Queen," and the company separated.

THE SOIREE came off at the Pavilion on Thursday night, the grand suite of rooms being thrown open for the occasion. The corridor was occupied principally by works of science, kindly contributed by Mr. J. C. Craven, of the Locomotive Department, and other officials of the Railway, consisting of models of steam engines, vessel-screws, Saxby's self-acting signals, showing their mode of action, and also models of steam and other vessels. These claimed a great share of the attention of the company, the explanation of the action of them being at once interesting and instructive. In the Yellow Drawing Rooms and Saloon were contributions, by Mr. Cox, of Cavendish-street, of models in cork; Mr. Bright, Castle-square, articles of bronze and porcelain; Messrs. White, East-street, and Mr. Mason and Mr. Constable, of photograph and talbotype scraps and likenesses; M. George de Paris, water paintings; Mr. Penley, oil paintings: Messrs. Capon and Savage, microscopes; and Mr. Greenin, East-street, had a fancy bazaar on a small scale.

The entertainment commenced at half-past eight, with a concert in the Music Room, at which Miss Strong, M. E. de Paris, Masters Juniper and Tanner, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Affleck, and Mr. Broadbridge rendered efficient services.

The address, a copy of which we append, written especially for this occasion by Miss Eliza Cook, was delivered by Prov. C.S. James Curtis, and was very warmly received. P.G.M. Hardwick's delivery of "Odd Lines for Odd Fellows," was encored. Mr. Hardwick substituted "The Heart's Charity," both of which pieces were written by Miss Cook.

## ADDRESS.

Fair greeting must we give to these choice hours,
That mark our human path with perfumed flowers.
Warm is our welcome, though it may be brief,
Crowning each other with the olive leaf;
Glad in our spirits, earnest in our will;
Staunch workers in the past, and *working* still;
Joining with merry hearts and glad intent
To give good record of the moments spent.
Our purpose pleasure, but of that pure kind
Which will not tarnish man's great God-link,—Mind;
For we have met with broad and open hands,
To weave yet longer firm and Christian bands;
To serve our brothers, and to aid the cause
Of human good by teaching human laws;
To spread this motto,—blest as it is just,—
"Truth, Independence, Labour, and Self-trust,"
We seek to raise the worthy sons of toil
Above the reach of poverty's fell coil;
We meet with glowing hope, to plead and prove
The strength of wisdom, unity, and love.

Long may we gather as we do to-night;
Long may we flourish, blending Might and Right;
Bound in one faith, and doing all faith can
To serve God's beauty in its image,—Man.

At ten o'clock dancing commenced in the Banqueting Room to the Town Band, and on the conclusion of the concert dancing also took place in the Music Room.

The amusementss did not terminate till two o'clock, when the company separated, highly delighted with the entertainment provided for them.

The whole of the deputies were invited to the soirée by the members of the Brighton district. The courtesy of the local committee, and many of the resident gentry, is spoken of in the highest terms. The Brighton A.M.C. will ong be remembered with feelings of pleasure by the deputies in attendance.

## Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, Etc.

Births and Marriages.—From a table presented to Parliament, we learn that there were in England 163,745 marriages, 695,624 births, and 435,293 deaths during the year 1861. There were born 355,751 males and 332,873 females; and there died 222,516 males and 212,777 females. The greatest number of marriages took place in the December quarter, the greatest number of births in the June quarter, and the greatest number of deaths in the March quarter.

Friendly Societies' Investments.—A Parliamentary return shows that the stock sold on account of friendly societies during 1861 amounted to £61,000; the sums received from trustees during the year ending December 31st, 1861, were £7,418; dividends on stock received December 31st, 1861, £40,509; making of sums received, £113,731 12s. 3d. Sums paid on account of friendly societies in the year ending December 31st, 1861:—Drafts paid during the year ending December 31st, 1861, £104,051 6s. 6d.; balance in the Bank of England, December 31st, 1861, £9,740 5s. 9d.; making a total of £113,791 12s. 3d.

Important Appeal Case.—*County Court, Tamworth, April 7th,* 1862.—*S. Barraclough* v. *J. Phillips, one of the Trustees of the Lord Townsend Lodge, Manchester Unity.—Before Deputy Judge Harris.*—This was a suit instituted by the plaintiff to be reinstated in the Lord Townsend Lodge, and also a claim of five pounds for damages. Mr. Thomas Argyle, of Tamworth, appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. Mottram, barrister, of Birmingham, appeared on behalf of the Society. Mr. Argyle said his client was a Member of the Lord Townsend Lodge, from which he had been unjustly expelled, the Meeting being improperly held, the time at which the expulsion took place being after club hours. He stated the Lodge had a branch Society, called the Widows and Orphans' Fund, the Members paying optionally. The Society had been in existence some years. At a meeting of the Members of the same, 37 out of 40 agreed to divide the funds, and if any wished they could then start the Society again. The plaintiff received £3 9s. for his share; for this, the plaintiff, and others, had been summoned before the Lodge, and expelled. They had appealed to the District Meeting, which, confirming the decision of the Lodge, he appealed to the G.M. and Board of Directors, which Court decided he might be reinstated upon payment of the money received back again to the Lodge. He, the attorney, contended that the Board had no jurisdiction to make any order further than to confirm or rescind the resolution appealed against. Mr. Mottram argued at great length that all Courts of Appeal had power to alter, amend, or rescind any order which might be appealed against, which argument was confirmed by the Court. He contended that the Court had no jurisdiction in the case, the laws of the Lodge being registered, and they stating how all disputes should be settled. He cited several cases to prove his statement—one Turner *v.* Scott, heard in the County Court at Gloucester, and others. He contended the plaintiff had been properly and mercifully dealt with: he called upon his Honour to show his abhorrence of the proceedings the plaintiff had been guilty of. His Honour, in delivering the judgment of the Court, said he considered the fact of the plaintiff having appealed to the Board of Directors, at once set aside the objection raised by his attorney, so far as the informality of the Lodge's proceedings. The plaintiff asked to be reinstated in the Society; he must tell him, neither he nor any other authority had power to interfere in such a case; he clearly had the power in his own hands, by complying with the resolution of the Board of Directors. As to the application for damages, he could not see in what way he had sustained damage; if, as he had before stated, he had complied, he would have been admitted to his Lodge, which was all he could desire. He should dismiss the application with costs, not having jurisdiction in the case.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—*Ashby-de-la Zouch County Court: Perry* v. *Litherland.*—The plaintiff, W. Perry, sued W. Litherland, as N.G. of the Victoria Lodge of Odd-Fellows (Ashby-de-la-Zouch), Manchester Unity Friendly Society, for the sum of £2, being four weeks' sick pay. The case excited great interest amongst the members of the various friendly societies in the town, and the Court was crowded to hear the case. The plaintiff conducted his own case, and Mr. W. B. Cheatle appeared for the defendant. The facts appeared to be that W. Perry was a member of the Victoria Lodge, and in receipt of the sick gift. On May 14, 1860, a charge was preferred against him for following his employment whilst receiving the sick pay. The Lodge expelled him, and he appealed to the District. The District referred the matter back to the Lodge for informality. The Lodge re-heard the case, and again expelled Perry. The plaintiff appealed against this decision on the 31st of December, 1860, and the District Meeting, after hearing the appeal, rescinded the Lodge resolution of the 31st July, 1860. The Lodge then determined to appeal to the G.M. and Board of Directors against the District resolution. After hearing the evidence, also a memorial which Perry sent to the Board of Directors, in which he expressly stated his willingness to leave the case to their arbitration, as he had "confidence in their impartially," the Directors decided "that the charge was proved; that the resolution of the District Meeting held on the 31st day of December, 1860, and also that part of the Victoria Lodge resolution of 31st July, 1860, whereby W. Perry was expelled, be rescinded, and that W. Perry be suspended from all benefits for two years from the 17th May, 1860, and that he pay contributions from and during the said time." The Lodge refusing to pay W. Perry his claim of one month's sick pay from the 26th of May, 1860, to June 26th, 1860, the present claim was entered.—Mr. Cheatle, on behalf of the defendant, having put in evidence the general laws, contended that the County Court had no jurisdiction. His Honour said, "I have no jurisdiction. If the plaintiff is aggrieved, I am of opinion his proper course is to apply to the G.M. and Board of Directors for a re-hearing."—Abridged from the *Leceistershire Mercury*, April 26.

INFANT CASUALTIES IN THE METROPOLIS.—A careful analysis of the return obtained by Mr. Cox, M.P. for Finsbury, entitled "Coroners' Inquests (Metropolis) on Infants under Two Years of Age, for the year 1861," exhibits the following results:—

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|---|---|
| Wilful murder | 66 |
| Manslaughter | 5 |
| Found dead | 141 |
| Suffocation;—how caused no evidence | 131 |
| Suffocation;—accidental | 147 |
| From neglect, want, cold, and exposure, and natural disease | 614 |
| Total cases necessitating coroners' inquests | 1,104 |

OFFICE CLUB FAILURE IN LIVERPOOL.—"*The Bold-street Club.*"—The "Liverpool Friendly Society," better known amongst working people and the public generally as the "Bold-street Club," is just now in a critical position. The state of its affairs has been submitted to Mr. Samuel Brown, one of the leading London actuaries, and he says of it, after showing that he has taken the most favourable view, and giving his reasons for doing so,—"With all these assumptions in favour of the society, the balance-sheet which I present shows a deficiency of nearly £33,750." And he concludes his report with the following paragraph:—"I regret exceedingly to say that, in my judgment, and drawing general conclusions from the facts submitted to me, there is no other course open than to reduce all the benefits at least one half, and even then to watch narrowly that the payment for sickness and funerals do not exceed their proper rate, or to dissolve the society at once, and to distribute the small amount of funds in hand, in proportion to each member's interest therein." The club now consists, it appears, of 1,506 members. Working men have often been blamed, and sometimes justly, for their want of foresight and sagacity in managing their benefit societies; and had this club been managed by working men it would have furnished another illustration of what some "large talkers" call "the great want of intelligence displayed by the working classes in the management of their own affairs:" and quite right too. But the fact is, and especial attention must be given to this fact, that the "Bold-street Club" *has not been managed by working men at all.* Years ago, when the Oddfellows and other benefit societies were springing up and making way, the "manner of some" was to sneer at these, and point to the "Bold-street Club" as a model of what a working man's provident society should be. It was understood, too, that gentlemen of position and standing were on the directory,—men who had the welfare of working people at heart, and no selfish ends to serve. And this may have been so. Yet look what a wreck they have made of it. The whole affair reflects discreditably upon the managers, and the sooner they give some explanation of their conduct the better. It will be a warning—a costly one, too—to working men to put no trust in what is now spoken of as "the management of swells." The "swells" may be well-meaning, perfectly honest, amiable, philanthropic, having "a feeling towards ameliorating the condition of working people;" but there is something more than these required in the management of a provident society, and that something, it is very clear, "swells" do not possess.—*Abridged from the Liverpool Porcupine.*

SECESSION.—SINGULAR LEGAL OPINION.—*Nottingham District Independent Order of Odd-Fellows* v. *The Prince of Peace Lodge.—Leicester County Court, April* 22.—This was an adjourned case from October last. Mr. Haxby for the defendants. It appeared that the plaintiffs had served a notice upon the defendants, who were formerly connected with the Nottingham District, for payment of certain moneys alleged to be due to them, whilst the defendants alleged they had seceded from the District, and were then an independent Society. His Honour adjourned the case to enable the opinion of Mr. Tidd Pratt to be taken on the subject. Mr. Haxby now read that gentleman's opinion, which was to the effect that the Lodge had legally seceded from the District, and was therefore no longer liable for any more payment to them. His Honour gave a judgment in accordance with Mr. Tidd Pratt's opinion. Mr. Harvey appeared for the plaintiffs.—*Leicestershire Mercury.*

[It is very desirable that Mr. Pratt's interpretation of the law of secession by branches of affiliated Friendly Societies should be made public. If the Prince of Peace Lodge be a branch of the Nottingham District of the Manchester Unity, as on the face of it appears, the G. M. and Board of Directors are the parties who, in this case, ought to have decided the matter *according to law,* or clauses 50 and 51 of the Act of Parliament are not simply a dead letter but a "*delusion and a snare.*" It is just possible, however, that the term "Nottingham *District*" is an error for "Nottingham *Unity.*"—Ed. O. F. M.]

SHREWSBURY.—LECTURE ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—On Wednesday evening Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., delivered a lecture in the Assembly-room, Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, on "Friendly Societies; their present position and social importance, together with an exposition of financial laws necessary to insure their stability." The Rev. Dr. Kennedy occupied the chair, supported by the Rev. Jno. Yardley, M.A., vicar. The Chairman said that when his friend Mr. Hanny called upon him and asked him to preside at the meeting, he did not hesitate to accept the honour that was proffered. Having been himself an insurer of his life for more than thirty years, and having felt during that time the comfort it was that in case of death those he might leave behind him would be provided for and taken care of, he could not but rejoice that others were discharging the same duties, and reaping the same benefits. He could not understand how any man of public spirit, sympathy, or benevolence, could help regarding friendly societies with good will, promoting, as they were calculated to do, mutual love, sympathy, and affection, and also common co-operation of man with man for great and useful objects. He was not so well acquainted with their working as he could wish to be. He rejoiced that he had an opportunity of hearing the matter explained by so able a lecturer as Mr. Hardwick, who he begged to introduce to the meeting. Mr. Hardwick addressed a most attentive audience for upwards of an hour and a half. At the conclusion of a most brilliant lecture, he resumed his seat amid great cheering. Thanks were voted to the lecturer, to the gentlemen who brought him to Shrewsbury, and to the chairman, and the proceedings terminated.—*Abridged from the Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

THE ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Monday, May 12, Mr. Baylis appeared, in the case of Draper *v.* Stephenson, to show cause against a rule for a prohibition to the county court of Lancashire, held at Liverpool, obtained by the plaintiff against the defendant and others, trustees and committeemen of the Royal Liver Friendly Society, to prohibit all further proceedings in the said court in this plaint. The question arose under the Friendly Societies Act, the 18th and 19th Victoria, cap. 63, secs. 40 and 41, which gave power in certain disputes to apply by petition to the county court of the district, the judge of which court should make such orders and directions in relation to the matter of such application as might now be given or made by the Court of Chancery, and the decision of such county court should not be subject to any appeal. The complaint made against the trustees and officers of the society was a charge of fraud—that they had rendered false balances and published a false document purporting to be a balance sheet, and representing the society to be in funds £1,400, when in fact it had only £1,100, and representing £3,600 to have been paid for funerals, when in truth and in fact only £2,600 had been paid; and representing the expenditure of the society in offices and management as only £882, when in truth it was £1,741. The matter came before the county court, by petition, to remove these officers, and for a further order to prohibit their re-election. Mr. Brett, Q.C., in supporting the rule, contended that the rules of the society had pointed out another mode of proceeding. The plaintiff made his complaint, as a member of the society, against the committee of the society, charging them with misconduct as officers. By the 24th rule of the society all matters of dispute between members and the trustees, or officers, or committee of management, were to be determined by the committee of management; or any member not satisfied might deposit 10s. and demand an arbitration. He contended, therefore, that the county courts had no jurisdiction. The society consisted of 150,000 members, and one of the members, without notice to the rest, asked the County Court of Liverpool to try the management of 149,000 odd persons' affairs belonging to the society by the trustees—a power which the Court of Chancery would not usurp without some notice to the other members. Mr. Justice Willes said, if all the other members were to have notice and be represented at a cost of 6s. 8d. each, the application could not be made to the court under a cost of £50,000. The object of the enactment was to save expense. The decision of the county court judge was also to be final. This was an indirect appeal by way of prohibition. The Chief Justice was of opinion that the rule ought to be discharged. The words of the statute were express, that the county court judge might entertain the suit and give such orders as might be given by the Court of Chancery, and that the decision of the county court in relation to such application should not be subjected to any appeal. The duty of this court in respect to prohibition was to prohibit where there was no jurisdiction in the court below, and not to review the proceedings of the court below, and to constitute itself a court of appeal. Then it was contended that the dispute ought to have been referred to the committee of management under the rules of the society. But this was not a dispute to which the rule applied. The government of the society was vested in the committee of management, and to declare that any person dissatisfied with their management should appeal to them would be illusory, and never could be the intention of the legislature. If the committee of management did wrong, the statute has given an appeal to the county court judge. With regard to the petition to order the defendants not to be re-elected, the court ought not to issue a prohibition for a veto against their re-election. Those who had a vote might give it for any person, and the veto on re-election was a matter bearing on persons not before the court. That was no part of the judgment of the court, and was no ground for prohibiting this suit. The rule must, therefore, be discharged. The other learned judges expressed similar judgments.—Rule discharged.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

MR. LAYARD, M.P., ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—An interesting lecture on Friendly Societies was delivered in the large room at Taylor's Depository, St. George's Road, Southwark, in connection with the South London District, by Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M. of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows. At the conclusion, Mr. Layard delivered a long and interesting address, of which we regret our space will not permit us to give more than the following extracts. He said:—"I am sure it will require very little persuasion upon my part to induce you to return our best thanks to the lecturer for the very interesting and able lecture we have just heard from him. (Hear,

hear.) Nothing could strike me more than the general attention paid by the audience to all that has fallen from our friend, Mr. Hardwick. I think he is doing good service, not only to the working men of this country, but to the State, by going about as he does from place to place, addressing large audiences, and making them fully understand the principles upon which these societies ought to be established. (Hear, hear.) What he says is perfectly true, that hitherto a great deal of discredit has attached to many of these societies. That discredit is entirely due, as he has fully explained, to the fact, that many of these societies have failed to realise the objects for which they were established, because those who have used them with the best possible motives, and most admirable intentions, have not well understood these simple rules and principles of political economy, which no society, however much it may be promoted by benevolence and philanthropy, can afford to neglect. (Hear, hear.) Depend upon it, gentlemen, that unless these rules are fully understood, and unless these societies are founded upon such rules, they must fail. Most men insure their ives, their stocks in trade, or their houses; and why should not the working man insure himself and those dependent upon him against the day of misfortune or illness? (Hear, hear.) It is this principle that our friend Mr. Hard-Hardwick has explained to-night—that it is essential for the working man, if he wishes to be truly independent, and to show his independence, that he should at all times of his life—whether well or ill—be dependent upon himself, and upon no one else. (Cheers.) Now, he has shown you that every man who earns his daily bread can do this by the simplest of all processes. Let a man join a society founded upon properly established principles, and whatever may come to him—whether he lives a life free from sickness, or whether it may please Providence to inflict upon him greater ills and miseries than upon his neighbour—still that man will be independent of every one except himself; will be free from obligation to any human creature, and least of all to Government, or the poor rates, or, in fact, any of those artificial arrangements which hitherto have been devised in order to maintain society. (Hear, hear,) I know there has hitherto existed amongst the working men of this country a great deal of prejudice against these societies, and also against savings-banks. I have heard it said by working men themselves, having this prejudice, that these societies enabled the Government to ascertain the means of the working man; that they give rise to inquisitorial proceedings; that, in fact, they place the working man's condition too much before the eyes of the Government. I believe that objection to be totally unfounded. (Hear, hear.) Depend upon this, if your societies are based upon proper principles; if you have accumulated £60,000,000 sterling in friendly societies and savings-banks, the more the Government is aware of that wealth and of your position, the better you will stand with them, and the greater check you will hold over them. (Loud cheers.) Now, we need not go a great many years back to see the improvements these friendly societies, and the consequent independence of the working man, have made in this country. Let us only refer to the last four or five months, to those districts from which Mr. Hardwick comes. Look, at the present moment, at the state of things in the West of England, in the manufacturing districts. Look at the great fall in trade; look at the suspension of works in many places; at the half-time in others; and at the want and suffering occasioned thereby. Yet, during the last five or six months the Government of this country has not had cause to complain of one manufacturing town. There has not been one disturbance; there has been no foolish, silly rising against capital, founded upon false notions of political economy. (Hear. hear.) On the contrary, the working men of this country have shown a nobleness of character, an independence and resignation which, I will venture to say, places them far above all the workmen in the world, and gives them the undoubted title to the admiration and gratitude of

England. (Loud cheers.) It is the duty of every man who takes an interest in the welfare of this country, and the working men of this country—the bone and marrow of England—to support societies which teach men independence, thorough and complete. (Cheers.) And, moreover, there is another thing to which these societies, I believe, give very great impetus. Mr. Hardwick has said that he knows people now in high life, men of property, mayors of towns, who joined friendly societies as working men, with the small earnings they were able to obtain. And why are they mayors ? and why men of capital ? Because they joined these very societies. (Hear, hear.) Because they were taught maxims of frugality and independence of character, which enabled them to raise themseleves in life, to occupy with dignity and credit the position to which they have attained. (Cheers.) I think this lecture has been of great use to us all; not only to those who have listened to it with so much attention, but to the humble individual who has had the honour of taking the chair this evening. (Hear, hear.) I have learnt as much as you have. Ladies and gentlemen, upon you, I hope the lesson will not be thrown away; upon me, I hope, likewise, it will not be thrown away. We must all of us learn the benefit of these societies; and depend upon it, whether it be the rich or poor, we have all equal interest that they should prosper, and should be founded upon those just and equitable principles which have been so well explained by Mr. Hardwick. 1 need scarcely call upon you to signify that we are unanimous—I think I may assume we are all unanimous—in returning a vote of sincere thanks to that gentleman for the very able lecture he has given us this evening." (Cheers.) The motion was duly seconded, and carried with enthusiasm, and the meeting separated with three cheers for the chairman.—*Abridged from the News and Bankers' Journal.*

VIOLENT DEATHS.—In the year 1860, for which the returns have just been issued, 14,775 persons in England and Wales died a violent death—one person in every 1,328. Nearly 13,000 of these deaths are ascribed to accident or negligence; among them 5,417 were caused by fractures and contusions, 1,061 by suffocation (760 at not a year old), 2,264 by drowning, and 3,166 by burns and scalds. The exposure of men to fire in coal mines and works, causes their death from burns during the prime of life to outnumber those of women, notwithstanding the more combustible dress of the latter, but after 55 the deaths of women from this cause are more than double those of men, and, says Dr. Farr, the old women who are now burnt to death far exceed in number those who in cruel times were burnt as witches. In 1860 at least 1,365 persons wilfully sought their own destruction, one in 14,286 of the population; but there is no doubt that many suicides by drowning are classed as accidental deaths.

## Odd-Fellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, etc.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—On Tuesday, the 6th of May, the members of the "Loyal Booth Mason Lodge" presented their V.G., William Mellor, with a beautifully coloured emblem of the Order, in a very elegant frame, for his services to the Lodge while acting as Secretary. Mr. James Andrew, P.P.G.M., in a neat speech, presented the testimonial. The emblem bore the following inscription: "Presented to V.G. William Mellor by the officers and members of the 'Loyal Booth Mason Lodge' 4613, of the Ashton-under-Lyne District of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., as a token of respect for services rendered by him to the said Lodge, this 6th day of May, 1862."

Birkenhead.—From the annual return published by the officers of this district, it appears that the fourteen Lodges include 1080 Members, being an increase over the past year of 84. The total reserved funds amount to £4,953 10s. 2½d.

Blackburn.—Each lodge has furnished the district offices with a return of its experiences during the past year. The total amount of lodge funds is £17,269 9s. 4d., being an increase during the year of £1,128 19s. 1½d. The total number of members on the 31st of December last was 3,000, showing an increase of 143. The amount paid for sick during the year 1861, is £1,307 18s. 9½d., averaging 8s. 8½d. per member. The amount paid for funerals is £605, averaging 4s. 3d. per member. £605 have been received as interest on invested capital during the year.

Blackburn.—Odd-Fellows' Entertainment in Aid of the Relief Fund.—On Thursday evening, June 5, the promised concert and literary entertainment, under the immediate patronage of the Odd-fellows of the Blackburn district, M.U., took place in the Assembly-room of the Town-hall, in this town. The members of the various lodges connected with this very numerous and important order turned out in great force, and the entertainment being likewise liberally supported by many of the best families in the neighbourhood, the result was a very large and highly respectable assemblage, which completely filled the spacious hall in every part. The proceedings were of a varied character, including music, a dramatic sketch, recitations, etc., the whole entertainment seemed to secure general enjoyment, and to give general satisfaction. We have reason to believe that the amount which will be handed over to the Relief Committee, after all expenses are paid, will not be far short of £40, a very handsome and satisfactory result.—*Abridged from the Blackburn Times.*

Bradford.—From the annual report prepared by the Pro. C. S., J. Illingworth, we gather the following particulars:—In Jan., 1862, the district numbered 2,927 members, and possessed a reserved capital of £15,773 15s. 7d. The total amount paid for sickness and funerals in 1861, was £2,455 12s. ½d. The average claim for sick pay in each lodge varied from 2s. 3½d., to £1 1s. 8d. per member. The secretary observes—" If equalized throughout the district, the amount per member paid for sick pay alone, would have averaged for 1858, 11s. 5d.; 1859, 11s. 11¼d.; 1860, 12s. 5d.; and 1861, 12s. 6d. per member; which shows a steady but progressive increase, and which, considering the age of the district, we cannot at present expect to get much lower."

Bramley District.—The members of the Loyal Nelson met in their lodge room at the Malt Shovel Inn, Armley, on Saturday, March 29th, 1862, for the purpose of presenting to P.P.G.M. Joseph Haywood, for services rendered to the Lodge during the last twenty years, a very handsome testimonial in the shape of a highly-finished lever watch and gold guard chain. The testimonial was presented by Brother John Hunter, of the Nelson Lodge, in a very beautiful but short speech; and addresses were also given by P.P.G.M. John Geeves and P.P.G.M. Wm. Thompson, and others, members of the Leeds and Bramley Districts. In taking a review of P.P.G.M. Joseph Haywood's membership, we may just state that he has served the several offices of his Lodge and District nearly thirty times, and has also brought eighteen new members to be initiated into our honourable Society. May all members go and do likewise.

Brampton District, Cumberland.—Presentation.—The officers and members of this district, in a very spirited manner, met on Saturday evening, the 15th day of March, 1862, at the "Royal Brampton Lodge" room, White Lion Hotel, for the purpose of presenting to their Provincial C.S. William Holmes a testimonial of esteem in the form of a very valuable and handsome patent gold lever watch, &c. The chair was occupied by Prov. G.M. John

Palmer, farmer, of Dartwell Green, near Loughton, and the vice-chair by Provincial D.G.M. Thomas Boustead, of Banko. The chairman, after delivering an appropriate and interesting address to the members of the Lodge, in which he passed a well-merited encomium upon Mr. Holmes, for his uprightness, integrity, zeal, and devotion, in the cause of Odd-fellowship, presented the testimonial amidst loud applause. Mr. Holmes acknowledged the compliment in suitable terms, thanking the officers and members for the valuable testimonial. He assured them that the proceedings of that evening would never be effaced from his memory, and would stimulate him to increased and still further exertions in the cause. He was glad to find the order increasing daily, and likely to do so, as its grand principles and objects became known, as might be inferred from the condition of their own district at the end of last year. It consisted of only three Lodges, with 408 Members, of which 56 had been initiated during 1861. The sum of £296 4s. 2d. had been paid for funerals and sickness, and they possessed a reserved fund of £2,901 19s. 10d. The watch bears the following inscription, neatly and tastefully engraved:—"I. O. O. F. Presented the 15th day of March, 1862, to Provincial C.S. William Holmes, by the Officers and Members of the Brampton district, as a mark of respect, and in recognition of valuable services rendered by him to the Lodges and District. Thomas Cheestrough, P.P.G.M.; John Palmer, P.G.M.; Thomas Boustead, P.D.G.M.; Joseph Parker, P.P.D.G.M., Treasurer."

Brampton, near Chesterfield.—The anniversary dinner of the Benevolent Lodge, on Monday, April 21, was rendered unusually interesting by the presentation of a valuable microscope to Thomas Jones, Esq., F.R.C.S., Chesterfield, as a memento of his services to the lodge, not only as its medical officer, but as a most deserving brother. A sumptuous dinner was provided at the lodge-house, the Old Griffin Inn, by Mr. Shemwell. There was a large attendance of the members of the lodge, as well a number of visiting brethren from other lodges. The presentation was a valuable microscope, which had been manufactured at a cost of nearly £20. It was cased in a mahogany box, on the lid of which was the following inscription:—"Easter, 1862. This microscope was presented by the Benevolent Lodge of Odd-fellows, No. 1,147, M.U., to P.G. Thomas Jones, Esq., F.R.C.S., as a token of respect for his personal character, and for his professional services in connection with the lodge during a period of twenty years." Several interesting addresses were delivered, and a very agreeable evening spent.

Bromley.—On Saturday evening, the 17th inst., at the King's Arms, Bridge Street, the Members of the Loyal Queen Victoria Lodge presented their worthy Secretary and representative of this district, to the A.M.C., held this year at Brighton, Prov. G.M. Wallace, with an elegant eight-day time-piece, as a token of esteem. The proceedings of the meeting were interspersed with speeches, toasts, and songs, and altogether a pleasant evening was spent.

Bristol.—Recently the members of the Loyal Bristol Union Lodge held their lodge meeting at the Athenæum, Corn-street (their usual place of meeting being at Mr. Allen's, Angel Inn, High-street), for the purpose of initiating the Right Worshipful the Mayor (John Hare, Esq.), W. Terrell, Esq., and James Foxwell, Esq., surgeon, as honorary members of the Lodge. At the commencement of the ceremony of initiation, the bells were fired, and afterwards rang a merry peal in honour of the event. After the ceremony had been gone through, N. G. Silley adverted to the honour that had that evening been conferred upon the Lodge by the initiation of the worthy chief-magistrate of the city, and Messrs. Terrell and Foxwell, and spoke of the influence which would be thus brought to bear upon the order. His remarks were followed up by a most eloquent and able speech from P.P.G.M. Adams, who expatiated at some length, and with much force, upon the advantages of Oddfellowship, concluding his very telling remarks by saying that the members of the Lodge felt proud in having initiated his Worship and his colleagues that evening, and trusted that they would long live happily, esteemed and honoured, and that when called from this earthly career, they would go to that Grand Lodge above where sin and sorrow should be no more. The Right Worshipful the Mayor, Brother J. Hare, who was received with loud and long-continued cheering, in the course of a very eloquent speech, (which the pressure on our space prevents us noticing at length) said he was satisfied from what he had heard from their worthy P.P.G.M. Adams that evening, that the society of Odd-fellows was a decidedly Christian society. (Applause.) It recognised three of the great principles of the Gospel, viz., love to God, their duty to their neighbours, and their duty to themselves. (Applause.) He held in his hand one of their recent reports, and he found that they received subscriptions for insuring sums of money for sickness, for the burial of deceased members and their wives, to assist members when travelling in search of employment, for the relief of persons in distressed circumstances, and for the relief of widows and orphans of deceased members. Now, he maintained that the whole of those objects were good and Christian-like. (Applause.) His Worship concluded a very able address by thanking the members for the honour they had done him in electing him a member of their honourable Order, and resumed his seat amid rounds of applause. Brother William Terrell and Brother Foxwell also returned thanks in very appropriate speeches, in which they expressed the pleasure they felt in becoming members of the Order, and thanked the brethren for having conferred upon them that honour. Brother Tovey (wine merchant) followed in an excellent speech, in which he adverted, in eulogistic terms, to the objects of Odd-fellowship, and expressed the very great pleasure it had afforded him to be present that evening on the initiation of their esteemed Mayor. He hoped, from the noble example which the Mayor had that evening set, that gentlemen would not come and join Lodges merely to be complimented and to make speeches, and go away thinking they were very popular, but that they would become practical and useful members of the Order. (Applause.) Votes of thanks were then awarded to the various officers for their services that evening, and the Lodge was closed in proper form, the newly made members retiring amid the singing of the National Anthem.—*Abridged from the Bristol Paper.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.—About three years ago, Past Grand Whaley, of the North London District, went to reside in the "city of Sultan," where he shortly afterwards met Past Grand Arnold. Being true Odd-fellows, they felt deeply the loss of the friendly social enjoyment usually found in a well-conducted lodge. They consulted Past Grand Rough, the Grand Master, and the late Past Grand Master Roe, then Corresponding Secretary of the North London District, as to the desirability of opening a lodge on the banks of the Bosphorus. This correspondence resulted in an application to the North London District Committee, in December last, for a dispensation. The request was complied with, and a lodge named the "Star of the East" was opened by the district officers in the room occupied by the Hand-in-Hand Lodge, North London, on the 12th of February last, when twenty members were admitted. The necessary documents were forwarded to Constantinople. The first meeting of the lodge in the Turkish capital took place on the 15th of March last, when about fifty other members were initiated. The lodge will for the present form part of North London district. As the members are chiefly composed of British artizans employed on public works, there is every reason to anticipate that the lodge will eventually become one of the largest in the unity. The officers and brethren of the Hand-in-Hand Lodge, of which Past Grand

Whaley is a member, are naturally much gratified at the success of their efforts for the establishment of our Order in the East. Should the example of provident self-reliance be imitated in any form by the native population, it is impossible to over-estimate the blessings that may ultimately result from this relatively small initiatory step in the march of civilization.

[Since the above was written, application has been made for another dispensation. The Order has received the patronage of Sir H. Bulwer, and generally of the British Embassy. An application was made to the A.M.C. at Brighton for permission to have the general laws translated into the Armenian tongue, in consequence of the favour with which the Order is received by this section of the Sultan's subjects.]

CARDIFF.—One of those pleasant *reunions*, in which the benevolent and friendly delight to meet, took place on Monday evening, the 12th of May, at the Loyal Tredegar Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, held at the house of host Llewellyn Giles, Four Elms, Roath. This lodge is held in high respect in the district, and by the residents of the neighbourhood, from the general good conduct of its members, who are most scrupulous in the observance of the laws which govern the unity. Among the gentlemen who have joined it as honorary members, may be enumerated the late C. C. Williams, Esq., Roath Court; R. F. Greenhill, Esq., Plasnewydd; J. Evans, Esq., Pengam House, &c., &c.; and on the present occasion the brotherhood had the gratification of admitting A. J: Collingdon, Esq: The ceremony of conducting the new member into the mysteries of Odd-fellowship being concluded, and the ordinary business of the lodge disposed of, the health of Mr: Collingdon was drunk with unity honours, to which he responded in appropriate words, expressive of the pleasure he felt in joining the order. Other toasts were proposed, and responded to, and the proceedings of the evening were brought to a close in a manner that gave all present much satisfaction:—*Abridged from the Cardiff Times.*

ECCLESHILL, NEAR LEEDS.—The members of the St. George Lodge held their thirty-eighth Anniversary dinner on Easter Monday, April 21st, 1862, at the Odd Fellows' Arms, Green Lane, Eccleshill. Mr. William Hollings, of Calverley, occupied the chair. Mr. Thomas Holt, the Lodge Secretary, read a very favourable account of the income and expenditure of the Lodge, stating that 274 members have been admitted, 126 members have seceded, &c.; 49 members have died; leaving 99 financial members. The report gave each member's present age, the number of years and days of membership, and the amount of sick pay and of funeral donation received by each member, &c., &c., during the past sixteen years. The Lodge has disbursed, during this period, £1,073 7s. 4d. in sick pay, and £502 19s. 8½d. in funeral money. It possesses a reserved capital of £727 11s. 8½d. to carry out the objects of the society.

GLOUCESTER.—At a meeting of the Loyal Phœnix Lodge, held at the Booth Hall Hotel, on Thursday evening last, J. J. Powell, Esq., one of the recently elected members of Parliament for this city, and Capt. Heyworth, of the Gloucester Volunteer Artillery Company attended, and were duly initiated as honorary members. There was a large attendance of the members and visiting brothers from the various lodges of the district. J. P. Wilton, Esq. surgeon to the lodge, proposed the health of the new members. He eulogised the order generally, and congratulated the Phœnix Lodge, and the accession it had gained that evening in the persons of Messrs. Powell and Heyworth. Mr. Richard Moore, the Corresponding Secretary of the District, explained the working of the society, its principles and objects. He showed that since the legislature had given to friendly societies its protection against frauds, and a guarantee for the security of their funds, this institution had gained that stability so necessary to the efficiency and permanence of any society. The Gloucester

District was at present in a most healthy condition, having over 1,100 members, and an accumulated and still accumulating fund of more than £5,000. J. J. Powell, Esq., in returning thanks, said, that he was aware that there was in existence in this country a large and useful body of men who called themselves Odd-fellows, yet he did not know until very recently that so many of his fellow-citizens belonged to that society, and held such frequent meetings in this city. He expressed his satisfaction at finding that it was a cardinal rule of the society to exclude politics from the lodge-room, considering that it would be degrading to them to allow any individual to make political capital out of a society based on such pure principles as Oddfellowship appeared to him to be. He, therefore, met them on that occasion simply as a friend, and a brother of the order, anxious to do all in his power to further their interests. He cordially congratulated the city of Gloucester on the fact of the existence in it of so worthy and beneficial a society. A society calculated to elevate the people by rendering them independent of charity in the hour of need. He concluded an able and eloquent speech amidst great applause. Capt. Heyworth said that he had always entertained a strong aversion to secret societies, as he had considered they were formed principally for the purposes of conviviality, and indulging in excessive drinking, "sub rosa," but he confessed he had erred through ignorance of the real objects of such societies. He had consented to join this lodge in compliance with the request of several members of his company, who were also Oddfellows, and observed that those members were remarkable for their attention to their duties in the corps, and their general steady conduct. He also wished to get practically acquainted with what Odd-fellows really did in their lodge-rooms, and for what purposes their meetings were held, and since hearing the beautiful lecture that had been read to them, and the explanations that had been given, he had altered his opinion, and now felt satisfied that he had mistaken their objects. In conclusion he thanked them for the cordial reception that they had given him, and wished prosperity to the institution. The balance sheet of the lodge was then read by the secretary, which showed the lodge to be in a most flourishing condition, having 220 members and an accumulated fund of £698. The health of the district officers and visiting brothers was drank and responded to. During the evening several good songs were well sung, and recitations given, including one by Mr. J. J. Powell.—*Abridged from a Gloucester Paper.*

HARTLEPOOL.—ANNIVERSARY AND PRESENTATION.—The officers and brethren of the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge celebrated their anniversary, on Wednesday night, the 12th March, after the usual fashion; in the first place by doing ample justice to a substantial dinner (provided by host Best, of the Wheat Sheaf Inn), and devoting the rest of the night to toast, sentiment, and song. P.P.G.M. Sutton was voted into the chair; P.G. George Waite occupied the vice-chair. The chairman proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. Secretary Callan proposed "The G.M. and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity." The Chairman responded, and in doing so alluded to the vast importance of a society of this kind, consisting of 330,000 members; he also pointed out the necessity of having properly qualified men on the Board, and gave it as his opinion, founded on his experience of the last A.M.C., that the present Board was composed of men fully competent to deal with the vast and complicated questions which necessarily arise in the Unity. V. G. Chapman proposed "The Officers of the Hartlepool District" in eulogistic terms. The Chairman briefly responded. "Success to the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge" was next given. In reply, Secretary Callan gave a very able exposition of the past and present position of the Lodge, stating that, notwithstanding many difficulties, the lodge was now progressing rapidly, numbering at the close of last year 110 members. He also stated that the lodge had, during the year 1861, disbursed the large sum of £85 for sick pay. The Vice-Chairman then presented P.G. Joseph Lamb with a silver patent lever watch and chain. In a clear and forcible speech he pointed out the reasons why the lodge had deemed P.G. Lamb worthy of the very handsome present he was about to receive, viz., his great services to the lodge as a past officer, his willingness at all times to share in the work of Odd-fellowship; and, above all, the very great interest he had manifested in adding to the numerical strength of the lodge. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented to P.G. Joseph Lamb, Treasurer, by the Officers and Brethren of the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge, No. 4,511 of the M.U., as a mark of esteem for his valuable services. Hartlepool, 12th March, 1862."—P.G. Lamb briefly but feelingly ackowledged the kindness of his brethren in selecting him as deserving of the very handsome present he had just received at their hands; and assured them that he was earnest in the cause of Odd-fellowship still, and would in future do his best to promote the harmony and prosperity of the lodge. A variety of toasts followed. The members and their friends' appeared to enjoy the proceedings, enlivened as they were by a number of excellent songs.

MANCHESTER.—From the annual report, it appears that in January 1st, the total Lodge funds amounted to £7,088 14s., being an increase of £286 0s. 6½d. in the year. The sum paid for sickness and funerals is £1,897 17s. 11¼d. The number of members is 1,889, being a decrease of 78, owing, doubtless, chiefly to the stagnation of trade.

NORTH LONDON.—A large gathering of members of the North London District and their wives, took place on Monday evening, at St. Catherine's Hall, Strand, to witness the presentation of a handsome testimonial to P. G. John Cumpston, the secretary to the Widow and Orphan Fund. It was stated he had filled that office for twenty-two years past, giving satisfaction to all; and the society, which in 1840 only numbered 400 members, had 6,300 subscribers, The gift to Mr. Cumpston, purchased by voluntary contributions, consisted of a handsome silver service with appropriate inscription, costing forty guineas. He suitably acknowledged the compliment. P.P.G.M. Rough discharged the duties of chairman very efficiently. During the twenty-four years of the society's experience, the payments have been—for annuities to widows, £20,532 1s. 2d.; annuities to children, £332 6s.; allowances to parentless children, £1,144 17s. 1d.; bonuses to widows in place of annuities, £3,795 12s. 6d.; and for incidental expenses, £2,392 16s. 7d., making a total of £28,187 13s. 4d. The cash balance in hand being £9,716 5s. 1d., invested in the Stocks to the nominal value of £10,096 18s. At the close of 1856, there were 5,345 subscribers, whose contribution of 6s. 6d. per annum each would produce about £1,737; and in 1861 there were 6,340 contributors, increasing the income from this source to about £1,873. In the three following years the payments made by members exceeded the outlay for benefits by the following sums:—1856, £306 0s. 4½d.; 1857, £104 19s. 2½d.; 1858, £20 11s. 11½d. But in the three succeeding years, the payments made for benefits *exceeded* the income from entrance fees and contributions to this extent:—1859, £32 8s. 10d; 1860, £72 1s. 8d; 1861, £155 5s. 9d. And the "interest" having been used there has been a gradual diminuition in the saved surplus capital each year, thus:—Net balance:—1856, £710 0s. 2d.; 1857, £456 13s. 10½d.; 1858, £445 8s. 7d.; 1859, £344 15s. 8½d.; 1860, £343 13s. 0½d.; 1861, £236 8s. 9d. At the same time the liabilities of the fund from increased age of members are steadily increasing. The number of widows on the fund in 1856 was 231 * and 400 children; in 1857, 259 widows; in 1858, 298; in 1859, 325; in 1860, 344; 1861, 360 * widows and 500 children. These are important facts, and demand the serious consideration of all interested in the prosperity of the fund.

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* Entitled to annuities of £4 17s. each.

NORTHOWRAM.—PRESENTATION.—A very numerously attended meeting of the members of the Good Samaritan Lodge was held at host Firth's, New Dolphin Inn, on Saturday evening, April 19th, 1862, principally for the purpose of presenting a testimonial of regard to Brother John Gray, for his services as Treasurer. Brother Gray has been a member of the Lodge for about twenty-seven years, and has served various inferior offices in a satisfactory manner. Rather more than twenty years ago it was considered very imprudent to leave any portion of the funds in the lodge-house, and individual members were believed to be in a dangerous position, if it was generally known that they had such money in their possession. At this time Brother Gray voluntarily came forward and accepted the office of Treasurer, which he has held ever since, and his accounts have always been found to be correct. His highly honourable conduct has won for him the sincere esteem of his brethren in the Lodge, which they determined, a short time ago, should be manifested in a more substantial form than in mere verbal compliments. The testimonial, a splendid silver lever watch and massive guard, bore the following inscription:—"Presented by the Loyal Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 801, of the I. O. of O.F., M.U., to Brother John Gray, for his faithful services as Treasurer for upwards of twenty years. April, 1862." The articles were made by Mr. Cain, of Halifax, and valued at about £7. At the request of the members, the testimonial was presented by P.P.G.M. John Binns, of Halifax, who, in the course of a very elaborate address, commented on the rise and progress of the society, and in conclusion commended the members for the liberal testimonial they had that evening presented to their faithful servant. Brother Gray briefly acknowledged his obligations to and thanked the donors.

NORWICH.—This district has issued an abstract of the returns from each lodge, together with a very valuable report, full of practical instruction, compiled by its C.S., Mr. Samuel Daynes, P.G.M. From it we make the following extracts:—"At the commencement of the year 1861, we had 6,596 members, at its close we numbered 6,870, shewing an increase of 274 members. The Norwich District now forms a forty-ninth part of the Unity, and continues to hold the second place in numerical strength. The North London District has 8,653; Norwich 6,870; Leeds 5,700, and South London 4,067 members, these being the four largest districts in the Manchester Unity. The financial condition of the district continues most satisfactory. We commenced the year with a capital of £42,517 4s. 4d., at its close we possessed £46,774 0s. 8d., exclusive of the District Fund, which carries the value of the district to upwards of £47,500; the saving during the year amounted to £4,256 16s. 4d. The capital of the district on the 1st of January, 1853, amounted to £15,664 4s. 8d., with 3,628 members; during the nine years, we have added upwards of £32,000 to our capital, and increased our numbers by 3,200 members. No other district in the Unity can show an equal amount of success for the same period. The sum expended in 1860 was £2,939 18s. 3d., exceeding the previous year by £250 3s. 1½d. The amount paid to our sick members last year, was £3,272 16s. 1d., being £332 17s. 10d. in excess of the previous year; the expected result of increasing numbers and increased age. The mortality of the district for the past year, although considerably in excess of the previous year, is still remarkably below the average of the Unity. During the year, we paid £740 in funeral donations, being £540 for 54 deceased members, and £240 for 48 deceased wives of members, shewing an increase of £225 as compared with the expenditure under this head for 1860. It is a most remarkable fact, that during the four years 1857-8-9, and 60, we lost, by death, 38 members each year; shewing a decreasing mortality every year, in proportion to our numbers; the funeral levies had consequently fallen considerably in amount. In 1857, the levy was 2s. 1d.; in 1858, 2s.; in 1859, 1s. 11d.; and in 1860, 1s. 8d. per member per annum, but during the past year the levy has reached 2s. 5d. per member per annum; this is remarkable, when compared with the previous year, when the levy was but 1s. 8d., although we lost in that year nine members by drowning at sea in the severe gales experienced on the Eastern coast."

OXFORD.—The Anniversary Dinner of the Loyal Wellington Lodge was held at the house of Mr. Goundrey, the Crown and Thistle, Market-street, in this city, on Tuesday evening, March 11th. Nearly one hundred members and friends of the Order sat down to a capital dinner, prepared by the worthy host in his best style. The chair was taken by Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, and there were present Mr. Sheriff Carr, W. Brunner, Esq., Councillors Joseph Castle, Higgins, and T. Houghton, Mr. John Bacon, Mr. W. James, J. Martin, Esq., J. Godfrey, Esq., Mr. Galpin, &c. The usual loyal toasts being disposed of, Mr. J. Higgins proposed the G.M. and Board of Directors, which was responded to by the Grand Master of the Oxford District (Brother Anderson), in a lengthened speech, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction at seeing so many gentlemen connected with the city coming amongst them upon that occasion to testify their appreciation of the advantages arising from that institution. He was happy to state that the Order generally was in a flourishing condition in all parts of the kingdom. He had been supplied with some statistical returns from Manchester, by which it appeared that in January, 1861, the number of Districts in connection with the Unity was 432, the number of Lodges 3,361, having no less than 316,215 Members. During the past year the Order had steadily advanced, the number of members being 344,971, showing a total increase of 18,756. (Cheers.) Mr. Anderson dilated upon the benefits the Order conferred upon the working men in inculcating habits of self-reliance, prudence, and forethought. W. Brunner, Esq., in responding to the toast, "The Honorary Members," regretted there was not a larger number of honorary members, because he thought it was a duty which devolved upon those who occupied a higher position in life, to promote in every way they could the welfare and happiness of their fellow-men. He did not know of any object more praiseworthy in itself than for those who had the means to assist their fellow-creatures in making provision against that day when sickness and death were sure to overtake them. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Green, in responding to the toast, "Prosperity to the Wellington Lodge," said the Lodge had continued to increase during the past year; the number of members now was 142, showing an increase of 30 above the preceding year, while the money in hand was £769 1s. 5d., being an increase over the last year of £185 14s. 6d. (Cheers.) Mr. Sheriff Carr, on behalf of the members of the Lodge, presented Messrs. Anderson and Green each with a handsome copy of Macaulay's History of England, the first volume containing a suitable inscription, as an acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by these gentlemen to the Lodge. After suitable replies had been given, the chairman proposed "The Strangers," to which Mr. Joseph Castle responded in an eloquent speech on self-reliance, and the necessity of intellectual culture on the part of working men. The chairman, Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, in responding to his health, said the proceedings of the evening had been to him a source of great gratification, for everything had been conducted in an orderly a manner, there had been so much good humour evinced on all sides, and they had heard so many excellent speeches delivered, that he really regretted such a pleasant evening must shortly come to an end.—*Abridged from the Oxford Chronicle.*

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.—TUNSTALL.—On Easter Tuesday, April 22, about 170 members and friends, of the St. Martin's Lodge, sat down to an excellent tea, provided by hostess Holland, of the Sneyd's Arms. The meeting was got up for the purpose of entertaining the widows, about twenty-four of whom were invited, each one being presented with the sum of 5s. in addition to a bountiful supply of refreshments. After tea, Prov. G. M. Emanuel Lovekin was called upon to take the chair, who stated that one of the brightest ornaments in connection with the Manchester Unity, was the provision its members made for the widows and orphans. P.G. Ralph Unwin officiated as vice. The usual loyal toasts were given, followed by the toasts of the Order, District and Lodge. Pro. C.S. Bowers responded to the Order and District, and was pleased to see that during the past year nearly 20,000 members had been added to their already gigantic numbers, after deducting expulsions and deaths. At the close of a lengthy programme, dancing commenced, and was kept up with much spirit for several hours. The room was very tastefully decorated with festoons and mottoes.

Richmond, Surrey.—A meeting of the brethren of the Loyal Selwyn Lodge, was held at their lodge room, Cricketers' Inn, for the purpose of presenting Brother Joseph Holmes, Pro. C.S. with a gold pencil case and a handsome framed certificate, as a token of their esteem and an acknowledgment of their gratitude towards him, for the very valuable services rendered towards them as a body, since the opening of the lodge. Past Grand Ashmore had the pleasing duty of presenting the testimonial. Brother Holmes suitably replied.

Richmond, Surrey.—On Wednesday evening, May 14th, in the Loyal Stuart Lodge, Richmond, Prov. G.M. Avery, and a committee, presented to C.S. Holmes, in the names of the several Lodges in the District, a beautiful testimonial, on which the following words were engraved on a handsome silver star, emblematical of the Order:—"*Presented with a sash and gold chain to Pro. C.S. Joseph Holmes, by the Members of the Lodges in the Richmond (Surrey) District, I.O.O.F.M.U., in recognition of the services he has rendered the District during the time he has held the office of Corresponding Secretary. May 14th,* 1862." The C.S., in returning thanks, said, he considered he had only done his duty as an Odd-fellow in the promotion of the welfare of this Lodge and the District. Such a testimonial made him feel proud that he was an Odd-fellow. It was now upwards of twenty-three years since he was initiated a member of the Order. The rules are now, he considered, much more favourable for the admission of young men, and he was glad to think that such an addition had been made to the lodges and members in this District of late years. If members would show the advantages of being connected with the Order to young men of good character, the Order would possess an influence beyond our power to calculate. He felt their kindness to him implied a great responsibility in the future, and he felt encouraged by the thought that as they had deemed his conduct in the past worthy of marked approval, he should feel more anxious in the future that his conduct should show that the handsome token of approval had not been unmerited.

South London.—The members of the Pride of Clapham Lodge celebrated their first anniversary on Tuesday, February 4th, by a splendid dinner, supplied by host Waterer. The chair was occupied by past secretary Hopkins of that lodge, supported by several P.G.'s of the Mitcham and other districts. After the usual preliminary toasts, the Chairman said, the most important feature of the business of the evening was the presentation of two handsome P.G.'s sashes, one to P.G. Jackson, of the Orphan's Home Lodge, and one to P.G. Clutterbuck, of the Mechanics' Hope Lodge. In a short but a very appropriate speech he made the presentation, which called forth very able replies from both gentlemen. The Chairman produced the balance sheet of the Lodge, which showed the favourable progress it was making. The recipients of the testimonials have carried on the business of the lodge in a most meritorius manner ever since the opening of the lodge. It is a pleasure to see so young a lodge appreciating the services of its officers.

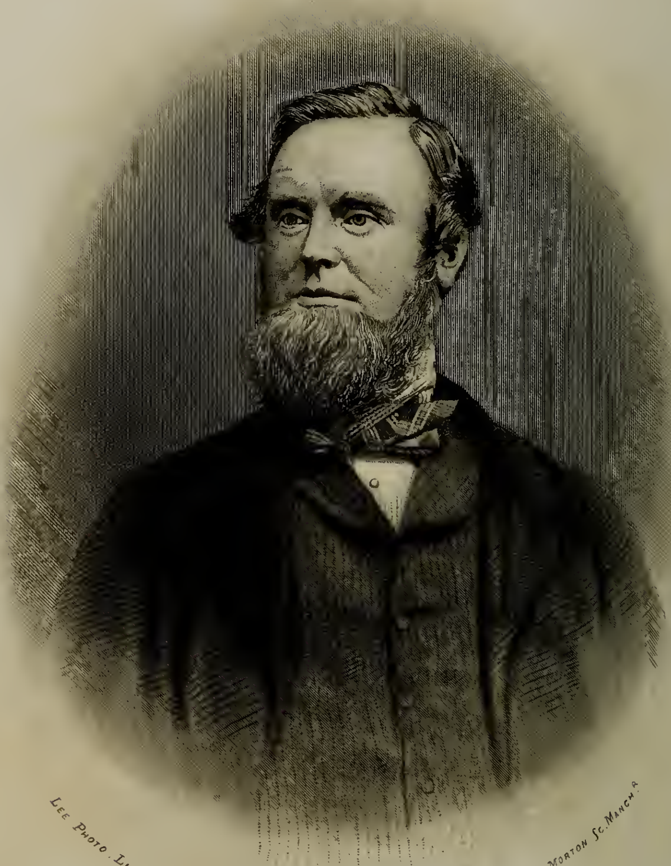
South Australia.—We have received a copy of the Adelaide District of the South Australian Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, from which we learn that, in January, 1862, there were 50 Lodges, consisting of 4,792 members, out of which 3,667 were good upon the books; thus making an increase of three Lodges and 610 members. The worth of the several funds at the same date was—Widow and Orphan Fund, £5,142 5s. 6d.; Funeral Fund, £309 5s. 9d.; Special Widow and Orphan Fund, £761 17s. 10d.; making a balance in favour of the District, for the past year, of £93 1s. 4d. From a "General Statement of the Funds of the Order in South Australia for the year ending December, 1861," it appears that the reserved capital of the Lodge amounted to £27,597 5s. 8½d., which, added to the District Fund, £6,454 16s. 8d., makes the total capital £34,052 2s. 4½d.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—A testimonial from the Wolverhampton District of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows was presented to Charles Clark, Esq., ex-Mayor of this borough, at the Cork Inn, Berry-street, on Thursday evening, the 22nd May. It will be fresh in the memory of our readers that the Odd-fellowship Demonstration, in July last, was patronised by Mr. Clark, in his then official capacity of Mayor. On that occasion he promised an emblematical favour to the District, which a short time afterwards was formally presented at the Corn Exchange. Since the demonstration, Mr. Clark has not only become a member of the order himself, but mainly through his influence several gentlemen of position in the town have followed his example. In recognition of this liberality and active interest, the members, at a meeting held in December last, passed a resolution expressive of their gratitude, and it was resolved that the resolution should be engrossed, framed, and presented to Mr. Clark. On Thursday evening, therefore, in the presence of a large number of Odd-fellows, the ceremony of presentation took place. Mr. Fiebusch occupied the chair. The Rev. Mr. Iles, in responding to "The Clergy," addressed a few remarks to the meeting. He was glad to be claimed as a fellow worker amongst them. It had often been said that they, the clergy, ought not to go to such meetings, but he felt that the more the clergy went among the working men, the more they would wish to go. Mr. Collins, in presenting the testimonial, entered into the history and progress of Odd-fellowship in Wolverhampton, beginning in 1826. The vote of thanks embodied in the resolution represented the feelings of 1,200 Odd-fellows, of which the district was composed. In presenting the testimoniol the members hoped it would be found worthy to be placed side by side with the one presented to Mr. Clark by his workmen, on the occasion of his becoming mayor of the town. Mr. Clark briefly and feelingly acknowledged the flattering compliment paid him, and expressed his deep gratitude for the present made. He was only sorry he had not taken an interest in the cause of such societies as theirs twenty years sooner. He thought, also, if friendly societies were properly carried out, they would be the means of diminishing the poor rates, and the workhouse would be used only for the blind, the lame, and the unfortunate. He concluded by again heartily thanking them for the valuable present.—*Abridged from the Wolverhampton Spirit of the Times.*

## Obituary.

BRISTOL.—The officers and members of the Bristol district, on Sunday, March 8th, followed to the grave the remains of P.G. Jno. Silley, of the Loyal Bristol Lodge. The deceased was buried with military honours by the members of the Volunteer Engineer Corps, to which he belonged, P.P.G.M. Foote read an impressive address at the grave. Deceased was only 26 years of age, but he was an able and most zealous member of the order.

ECCLESHILL.—On March 7th, Mr. George Grainger, P.G., aged 63 years. He was a zealous and active member of the Saint George Lodge, Eccleshill District, for 26 years. He was ever ready to help forward the cause of his Lodge and Order, and by his amiable and Christian dispositon won the affection of his brethren.



LEE PHOTO. LIVPL

W MORTON SC. MANCHR

Andw Rourke C.S.
Liverpool District

# THE
# ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1862.

## The Distress in the Cotton Manufacturing Districts.

Whatever may have been the cause, over-production or the American war, or both combined, the distress amongst the operatives employed in the cotton manufacture has reached such gigantic proportions as to invest it with the character of a great national calamity. Thousands of men, women, and children, who last summer rejoiced in the possession of ample means of subsistence, earned by honest labour, are now, owing to causes utterly outside their influence for good or for evil, confronting the most terrible of human calamities, with a manly dignity and forbearance that has astonished and gratified both those who trusted them and those who watched the coming destitution with secret or openly expressed misgiving. This is no common crisis. We have not to deal simply with the poverty of the habitually idle, or habitually extravagant and thoughtless, relief to whom through the ordinary channel of pauperism exhibits no repugnant features; but we have to meet the case of the honest, hard-working, provident man, whose little savings are exhausted, whose houshehold furniture has been transferred to the brokers, or to the pawn-shop, and who now stands calmly deliberating whether he and those most dear to him, his wife and his little ones, shall endure yet another day's contest with the famine-fiend, ere he yields to the dire necessity of applying to the parish officers for the bare means of arresting the severence of the soul from its earthly tabernacle. No sympathy can be too great for men of this class. They are the backbone, the true vertebræ of the national organism. Their general demoralization would be a mighty retrograde stride in the march of civilization, a deterioration of both the moral and physical stamina of our race. A fine sense of personal honour reigns in the hearts of thousands amongst our humbler brethren. A consciousness of the moral as well as social dignity of labour, and of the untold value of that independence which strikes its roots deep into the fertile soil of manly self-reliance, are conspicuous characteristics of the class referred to. Charity in thought and deed is demanded, it is true, *for all* who are suffering, but in form and character it ought to be carefully modified so as to assist the honourable recipient without degrading him in his own estimation. To tell the men we refer to that the law has amply provided for such emergencies, by the institution of Boards of Guardians and Parish Workhouses, is a sad moral, as well as a sad financial blunder. It overlies the lowest, the meanest, the most bestial view of our common humanity, and ignores all the higher spiritual influences that give tone and manhood to the human character. To aid in the preservation of this self-respect, this honourable pride, in the hearts of our industrial population, during the present season of sorrow, is a species of labour worthy of the highest intelligence and the most elevated sentiment. The field, too, is so extensive, that there is little fear of the labourers crowding its area, or damaging each others work to any serious extent. Discretion, of course, is ever necessary in the distribution of charity, or in the direction of any benevolent effort, or the great purpose of each may be prejudicially interfered with, and imposture fatten upon the pittance of the deserving poor. True human benevolence under such exceptional circumstance has exhibited, and will continue to exhibit, diversified forms of action, each contributing in its way a tiny rill, a graceful fountain, or a broad rolling river, as the case may be, to the wide and deep ocean flow of human sympathy.

During the great Irish famine, the members of the Manchester Unity Friendly Society contributed about two thousand pounds to the fund subscribed for the relief of the sufferers. When the nation was in mourning for the loss of her brave soldiers in the Crimean war, the Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity contributed the magnificent sum of two thousand five hundred pounds towards the relief of the wounded and the sustenance of the widows and orphans of their dead comrades in arms. With these and many other lesser examples before our eyes, we cannot for a moment doubt that the general appeal to the Order on behalf of the brethren suffering from the present dearth of the raw material of our staple manufacture will be nobly responded to. Our great friendly society is not simply an insurance company that affords the prudent operative the means of honourable self-sustenance in the hour of ordinary affliction, but it is likewise an affiliated body of brethren, banded together for the purpose of carrying into practical effect the great principles of philanthropy and of charity in its widest and most legitimate sense. The movement has been inaugurated by the Grand Master and Board of Directors, at the suggestion of several influential districts, both within and without the area of the existing distress. The money raised being entrusted to the officers of the Order and Directors, the members and subscribers generally will have the best possible guarantee that the fruits of their generosity will be fairly distributed amongst the most worthy of their brethren now bending beneath the weight of one of the heaviest national calamities of the century.

The following is a copy of the circular issued:—

*Odd-Fellows' Offices, Grosvenor Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock,*
*Manchester, August* 14, 1862.

Sir and Brother,—The G.M. and Board of Directors of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, having had representations made to them as to the very serious amount of distress and destitution now existing amongst the operatives in the North of England connected with the cotton manufacture; and having also had before them a Deputation composed of representatives from the principal towns now suffering from the absence of that supply of American cotton upon the continuance of which they mainly relied for employment,

*Have Resolved:*—"That the Board circulate a Petition throughout the Unity on behalf of the distressed operatives of the cotton manufacturing districts, the amount received to be distributed under the authority of the G.M. and Board of Directors."

In accordance with the foregoing resolution, we earnestly invite an *immediate* and general Subscription throughout our Districts and Lodges, in order that the Unity may be enabled to afford its aid in the coming winter, when, in all probability, it will be even more urgently needed than at the present time.

We feel assured that the Members of our Unity, in common with the country at large, must have admired the calm and manly fortitude with which these distressed operatives, on behalf of whom we now appeal, have borne their unexpected and unmerited distress.

We confidently ask you to give a hearty response to this appeal; in doing so, you will be discharging a duty to your suffering brother members and fellow-countrymen, and carrying out the great principles upon which our Society is based. We remain, yours fraternally, G.M. Joseph Woodcock, Glossop District, D.G.M. V. R. Burgess, South London ditto, P.G.M. John Gale, Liverpool ditto, P.G.M. Henry Buck, Birmingham ditto, P.G.M. Samuel Daynes, Norwich ditto, P.G.M. John Schofield, Bradford ditto, P.G.M. Benjamin Street, Wirksworth ditto, P. Prov. G.M. Thomas Price, Aberdare ditto, Prov. C.S. James Curtis, Brighton ditto, P. Prov. G.M. Fred. Richmond, Manchester ditto, P. Prov. G.M. David Jack, Durham ditto, P. Prov. G.M. John Geves, Leeds ditto,—Henry Ratcliffe, C.S., Manchester.

The organisation of the Manchester Unity affords the means of mitigating the general distress amongst the more provident section of its members in a most effectual and graceful manner. Lodges can from their incidental funds grant loans to enable the unemployed to continue their periodical contributions, and thus secure the promised relief during sickness, etc., without interfering with the legitimate disposition of the reserved funds. We know instances in which this course has been taken, and much suffering thereby alleviated. The honourable manner in which an immense majority of the borrowers discharged their obligation soon after the general resumption of labour is a proof that the loans were not injudiciously granted in the instances referred to. This element in the relief of worthy but unfortunate members is worthy of the gravest consideration. It is pregnant with results of the most important character. It will save many deserving brethren from the loss of membership, and by timely help, in actual sickness, alleviate in the most effectual manner much and severe affliction which ordinarily escapes the broad eye of the every-day world.

We leave this subject with a confidence that "Faith, Hope, and Charity," are not idle words, that Brotherly Love is no myth, in connection with the Independent Odd-Fellows of the Manchester Unity, but that the latter is a substantial, active verity, which will in due course bear good fruit, to the comfort of the poor and the afflicted, and to the lasting honour of our great philanthropic brotherhood. C. H.

# AN APPEAL FOR THE MODEST POOR.

Lord! how the people suffer day by day
A ling'ring death, through lack of honest bread;
And yet are gentle on their starving way,
By faith in future good and justice lead;
They still but ask
Toil's daily task—
Endurance nerves their hearts in patient band,
To wait the blessings of the "Promised Land."

They cluster sadly round the foodless hearth,
With bodies wasted by Fate's stern decree;
Their homely heartiness and genial mirth
Are quench'd by Famine's sister—Misery.
The baby brood
Lack nature's food,
And parents pine in silence for their young,
Whose early sorrows find a wailing tongue.

The stalwart man is bow'd with hope deferr'd,
The maiden's cheek is flush'd with truthful scorn;
He hangs upon the facts that have occurr'd,
She braves the tempter who would blight her morn;
He, blanch'd with fears,
She strongly bears;
And angels of the poor, with magic wand,
Give sleep and guard their souls with trusty hand.

The cottage rents are now in long arrears,
The household treasures one by one are sold;
Mothers relieve themselves with floods of tears,
And fathers suffer, though they seem more bold;
And beggars lean
In troops are seen
Where lately walk'd, well fed, industrial pride,
The future of our nation's rising tide.

What glint of promise for the stricken poor
As summer wanes can we in sorrow give?
What can we do but open Fortune's store,
That these, our brothers, through these times may live?
In this great hive,
Content to strive,
If only touched with that the mite allies
With choicest human blessings—sympathies.

Shall winter, with its chilly Northern blast,
Find half our people dying through the train
Of suffering—certain while the gloom shall last,
While from the wealthy cometh no refrain?
It must not be,
For honesty
Inscribes its watchword for the noble poor
Who mate with want and seek not workhouse door.

When dawning promise brightens into morn,
And doubt gives place to labour's strong desire,
And fathers hail with joy glad Plenty's horn,
And youths from gloom to higher thoughts aspire,—
This famine-span
Shall guerdon man,
And thoughts of good will always rise to bless
The hands that help'd their helpless wretchedness.

Let "pamper'd menials" of the rich and great,
Who waste the trifles from a generous board,
Mark here the trouble that on parents wait,
And by a saving prudence serve the Lord.
Pleading for those
Who hide their woes,
This simple lay proclaims the suffering state
Of thousands who, in famine, watch and wait.

Blackburn, July 2, 1861.

# Fashion.

BY H. OWGAN, LL.D.

It may be a question not unworthy of the attention even of a philosopher, why it is that the caprices of taste—conventionally termed "fashions"—are so proverbially transient; that new and popular styles in art and literature, in costume, and even in modes of thinking and speaking, after enjoying their brief seasons of enthusiastic approbation, pass away, and are heard and seen no more—or, if revived after an interval in any isolated instances, are certain to be received with ridicule and aversion? Let us suppose, for example, that any man, not generally recognized as hopelessly eccentric, and therefore admitted to exceptional privileges, were to appear in public in the every-day costume of the reign of George II., how long would it be safe to undertake that he could walk the streets with untorn garments and unbroken bones? The cause of the phenomenon seems to be simply this: that those fashions—phases of deformity and inconvenience, as most of them are—are purely artificial,—the same cause, in fact, for which it happens that all merely human laws and modes of action are undergoing perpetual reform and modification; that is, because man, being after all but an apprentice and not a master of his craft, is doomed to an interminable succession of experiments, and to eat the bitter fruit of his experience; while, on the other hand, Nature's laws are the only code that is immutable, because they have been perfect from the beginning. The laws and works of Nature, however, are not alone unchangeable; with them may be safely classed the equally invariable works of genius, because genius is an inspiration, and its works are immortal—that is, eternally true—in proportion as they are correct imitations of Nature; their beauty consisting rather in fidelity to their models than in any essential elevation of subject, and the true artist being the alchymist whose touch makes precious all common and worthless things. All that is not stamped with the impress of that truth must necessarily be transient; and that is why so many names and works, applauded and idolized for the moment, are lost and forgotten in the future.

We hear, for example, not unfrequently, of music that has grown obsolete, and wit that has passed out of date. Let us enquire a little further respecting music, and leave wit to speak for itself. The general deficiency of correct musical taste and the *mauvaise honte* that silences the few good judges among the multitude, give reason to fear that under the name of "old music" some masterpieces of genius may be suffered from time to time to sleep away decades of years—sometimes, perhaps, to sleep for ever, known only to the moths and mice, while uproarious acclamations have been welcoming the tawdry *charivari* which fashion patronized long enough to make the fortunes of the composers. But music, if it be really a work of art, cannot, any more than the other creations of genius, ever die, and how old soever it may be, wields the same power as at first to thrill to the heart, and call up tears of sympathy to the surface. Of books, too, especially the imaginative, the case is precisely parallel. Homer and Chaucer, Dante and Tasso, are always new, while some that are circulated by tens of thousands for a season are unreadable in ten years, because they are not works of art—not true to nature; and because, having been written solely and expressly to harmonize with the fleeting fancy of a day, they were as untrue at first as they are eventually acknowledged to be.

How is a philosopher to approach the metamorphoses of that whimsical and irrational Proteus, costume? It has occurred to me to speculate on the hideous deformities which would be embraced from time to time by civilized society, if we unfortunately had the power of changing the form which an infallible Creator has given us, as easily as we alter that of the garments in which we perversely disguise it. Let us, however, take as an illustration the imaginary case of two men, of whom one is a loyal votary of fashion, and adopts every innovation in dress so promptly that he may seem almost to have invented it, while the other has chosen and adhered to some one style, which satisfies the eye and the judgment, because it suits the wearer and his purposes. Let us suppose, then, one of those vicissitudes from which none of us are secure, so to alter the circumstances and resources of these two men that they shall be unable for some time to renovate their wardrobes. Well, in six months the first becomes a scarecrow; in three years the other exhibits scarcely any indications of decay. He will not, of course, be, for he never has been, remarked for any peculiar smartness of attire; but he will still be, as he has always been, respectable and gentlemanly. The cause of the difference is just this—that the taste of the one is false, and that of the other true—the same cause from which it comes that a portrait half a century old is more or less grotesque, while an antique statue is always graceful, always new. The Princess Borghese, for instance, has given to the world an undying memento of her beauty, while the portraits of many other royal and noble personages are little better, after a time, than caricatures, because they present some one or another of those extravagant vagaries of costume which everywhere and always originate in the design of concealing some deformity, or displaying some perfection of some influential individual, and are adopted by servile adulators as emulously as if among the whole human race there were to be found no varieties of figure, feature, or complexion.

Among the various devices by which persons, in what is called society, while seeking to enhance the perfections and correct the errors of Nature, have generally distorted the visible outline of the human figure into cones and pyramids, and parallelograms—into anything, in fact, rather than what Nature intended, or an æsthetic eye would suggest, some are considerably less practicable, and of course less popular and enduring than others; popularity and duration being mostly in proportion to absurdity and inconvenience, through all generations, from the *piccadils* (or frills) and hoops of the era of Elizabeth, down to the voluminous wigs of the time of Charles II., and the crinoline of the present day. At all times, indeed, ancient and modern, the largest amount of ingenuity has been expended upon the decoration of the head, which is naturally the most ornamental, and artificially the most remorselessly disfigured, portion of the human body. The hair, which is our greatest natural decoration, has been tortured sometimes into a resemblance to an Alpine glacier, sometimes into the repelling aspect of a poultice of some sort, and sometimes removed altogether as an unmanageable excrescence, and replaced by that of some other animal; and is in all cases—though intended by Nature to form the only protection of the cranium—surmounted and prematurely burned off by coverings which no felicity of invention has ever yet succeeded in rendering picturesque, with the sole exception, perhaps, of the oriental turban, and which have been, in many instances, so elaborately difficult of arrangement as to resemble music which has been sometimes composed for the express purpose of overtaxing the utmost dexterity of the performer. Let us take a recent instance:—Some short time since a malicious project entered the heads of some ladies, who were naturally gifted with a more than average allowance of hair, to exhibit the superiority in such a manner as to render imitation or counterfeit, as nearly as might be, impossible. The plan was to draw forward around the face a substantial mass of broad glossy bands, and reminded one of a style that prevailed for a long interval among the ancient Roman ladies, or rather, to speak more politely and less equivocally, the ladies of ancient Rome. But the difficulty, so formidable and vexatious at first, was soon overcome, and, strange to say, soonest by those to whom Nature had given least assistance in the competition, for not only wer e adventitious tresses employed to compensate the deficiency, but cushions and pads of various sorts gave substance to the mass, so that after a while, those who appeared to possess least, were really the owners of most of the envied embellishment; and after all, the rivalry was a less exciting one than some others tending to aggravate natural attractions, in proportion as it is more satisfactory to "be at charges" for something superfluous—something that obviously represents the command of funds, and gratifies pride of purse, than for what must appear to be natural. If money be invested in satin and velvet, lace and jewelry, everybody recognizes and can measure the expenditure; and a woman expensively dressed resembles a divinity whose shrine is enriched by devotion, or a red Indian sagamore arrayed in the spoils of his victims; but it is quite another affair—it is something saddening and discouraging—to part with money, to sink money, in fact, for such things as teeth and hair, and eyes and a complexion, to supplement the illiberality of Nature; and the difference between these two forms and motives of expenditure may probably suggest the reason why some fashions are more enduring than others—why crinoline, for instance, affording as it does such ample scope for display, and being expensive in proportion as it is expansive, exercises so universal a fascination, in spite of its dangerous discomfort and unnatural deformity.

It would, however, be a mistake, perhaps, and to some extent an injustice, if such criticisms were not impartially divided between the sexes. It may be only fair to ask, are men less artificial, less vain, less extravagant in the fantastic epidemics of fashion than women? Is their costume more rational or natural? Are the fluctuations of their absurdities less numerous? A ready answer may be found in the various styles of the modern hat—a thing which seems to have been originally invented by some malicious and far-sighted enemy of mankind, who fastened that instrument of torture and disfigurement permanently and immovably upon their heads, consecrating it by the terrors of an undying superstition, and revelling in his hatred and vengeance from generation to generation; in the periodical modifications of shirts and collars, and sleeves and trousers—which, by the way, were originally worn by women—in the several affectations of jewelry which should belong exclusively to the other sex, and, more decisively still, in rouge and hair-dye; but most of all in cravats, things of such a sort that a visitor from another planet, suddenly alighting on this earth, must suppose that the wearers were all convicts condemned to die by slow strangulation.

After all, however, the subject of dress is one that may easily claim serious consideration, for there are moments when it makes the happiness or misery of some whose minds may seem to be above its influence. How often has the most stoical pride of some of us been galled by the preference which we have seen costly garments commanding in society, and our contempt for the servility of human nature embittered by finding our more sterling qualities superseded by the showy raiment of some empty-headed simpleton; for it is undeniable that artistic dress, if it does not actually compensate the absence of beauty to some persons, does at least very considerably enhance such pretensions to it as they may possess. There are but few who can discern moral beauty—that of the soul and the intellect—through the disguise of the material envelope; and in any case, however brilliant that spiritual beauty may be, we cannot clothe ourselves in it externally, and make it attractive to vulgar eyes; nor, if we could, is it very likely that we would care to exhibit to the multitude, what it is the privilege of a chosen few to behold; so that, if altogether indifferent to externals, we should be carrying about a precious perfume in a rude vessel of common clay. The opposite, indeed, is generally the prevailing tendency, for one fashionable tailor or perfumer, anywhere within the pale of civilization, is sure to find more patronage than all the philosophers existing at any one time in the world; and if one has any object to attain, he will succeed more effectually, with nineteen-twentieths of the human race, for being expensively dressed. In order, however, that dress should enhance personal attractions, it is necessary that it be artistic, suited in form and colour to the physical idiosyncrasy of the wearer, because every individual man and woman has some peculiarities of feature, and figure, and complexion, which require a corresponding adaptation of dress, and demonstrate the indefensible absurdity of imposing the same costume upon all. Each sex also has its own special style of beauty; but while women cultivate qualities which are their natural right, men perversely destroy what should be their essential distinction, by borrowing what they can never altogether appropriate. It is not that there is no such thing as masculine beauty, but that it is totally different from feminine, which is of the same order as that of sunset and moonlight, and flowers and soft music. If women were not naturally, and as a general rule, beautiful, the effect would be the same as if the sun were suddenly put out; even our thoughts would become etiolated, and we might as well throw our pens into the fire and our ink-bottles out of the window. At the same time, it is no less than justice to say that, if women have the advantage in beauty, it results, first, from the care with which so precious a gift is cultivated, and secondly, from contrast with the less delicate organization which is to theirs like the foil that throws up the brilliancy of the gem—the contrast between their long silky tresses and our short stubble; between their little soft white hands and slender arched feet, and those extremities of ours which Nature intended that we should harden and strengthen by physical exertion. Besides, we have resigned to them, or at least, we pretend and ought to have done so, the embellishments of flowers and feathers, ribands and jewels, silk and velvet, gold and silver. Still more, we have, with a stoical self-denial, divided with them the various colours into which light is decomposable, surrendering to them all that are rich and brilliant, and contenting ourselves with the sombre and neutral tints. We give them the sunshine, and keep ourselves in the shade. In fact, man originally received from Providence a companion weaker and less majestic, perhaps, than himself—in analogy with the females of other species—and has taught and helped her to become a goddess. Then, dazzled and fascinated by the effect, he has sought to resemble her in some measure, forgetting that by making himself less manly, he narrows that difference between the sexes which measures their mutual attraction.

At first, and in his primitive state, man was, physically, a really formidable animal, a more dangerous enemy—even unarmed—than the king of the Gorillas. With his thick and matted hair and beard, his arms strung with tendons and muscles of steel, his callous and vice-like hands, his untiring speed, ferine courage, and general powers of endurance, he attracted the feebler sex by his strength, by the ferocity which she alone could soften, and by the confidence with which she looked up to his protection. There was also, probably, a spice of secret dread in her affection, a feeling which the assimilating influences of civilization have to some considerable extent eradicated. His natural relation to her is that of a champion and a protector; but the conventions of artificial life have modified all that. Shielded by law and custom, woman no longer feels the same necessity for man's protection, while the same influences on the other hand release him from the corresponding obligations. From these unnatural conditions have always arisen certain phases of "fashion," equally unnatural. Civilized man, a constituent atom of society, enslaved by the wants which he alternately creates and supplies, has lost the natural and characteristic beauty of his own sex, while endeavouring surreptitiously to retract the concessions which he originally made to the other. He has trained his hair into ringlets—that fashion, however, has been some years exploded—he has blanched his hands, tortured and narrowed and crippled his feet, and clandestinely pressed into his service silk and velvet, and ribands and embroidery, under pretext of pourpoints, and waistcoats, and neckties. He has effected an insidious and gradually encroaching partnership in rings and other bijouterie, and cultivated colours in small masses of blue and crimson, mauve and magenta. In short, he has become fashionable, and having marred that style of beauty which is essentially masculine, while seeking to acquire that which is unalienably feminine, has only succeeded in making himself androgynous and ugly.

# HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

[ORIGINAL.]

The king who is swathed in the splendours of state,
Whose power and possessions are wide,
Is akin to the beggar who whines at his gate,
Howe'er it may torture his pride;
He is subject to ailments, and dangers and woes,
As the wretch who encounters the blast,
And despite of his grandeur, his bones must repose
In the same grave of nature at last.

The beauty, surrounded by homage and wealth,
Whose glance of command is supreme,
Who walks in the grace of rich raiment and health,
Whose life seems a musical dream,
Is sister to her who, old, haggard, and worn,
Receives a chance crust by the way;
The proud one may treat her with silence and scorn,
But their kinship no truth can gainsay.

The scholar who glories in gifts of the mind,
Who ransacks the treasures of Time,
Who scatters his thoughts on the breath of the wind,
And makes his own being sublime,
Even he is a brother to him at the plough,
Whose feet crush the flowers in their bloom;
And to him who toils on with a care-furrowed brow
In chambers of clangour and gloom.

Chance, circumstance, intellect, change us in life,
Repulse us and keep us apart,
But would we had less of injustice and strife,
And more of right reason and heart.
One great human family, born of one Power,
Each claiming humanity's thought,
We should let our best sympathies flow like a dower,
And give and receive as we ought.

# A Midsummer Christmas.

BY ISABELLA MUNROE.

## CHAPTER I.

THAT portion of the Eastern district of the Cape of Good Hope bordering on the Great Fish River is checkered into an infinite number of bare, rocky hills, and deep wooded valleys, some of them concealing in their recesses large and well-cultivated farms, while others are still clothed with the wild and luxuriant vegetation of a land but little without the tropics.

From their number and the similarity of their appearance, aided by the yet greater number of narrow, bushy ravines, or kloofs, connecting them, they form a labyrinth in which the incautious traveller is apt to lose his way. Such had been the fate of a young sportsman, who, after a day's shooting among the hills, had vainly sought the farm of an acquaintance lying in one of these valleys, and evening found him he knew not where, but wearied with the heat of the day and the weight of the gun he had carried so many hours on his arm.

At length another opening kloof brought him into a large cultivated valley, and at first he hoped it might be the one he sought. A second glance at the large heavily-built dwelling, with its quaint white gables gleaming all the whiter by contrast with the adjoining orange grove, and the dark branches of the vines which canopied the massive stone verandah, or stoep, convinced him of his error. Yet it was a fair scene of rural prosperity he looked on; fields of wheat and maize stretching up towards the surrounding hills, and large patches of grass land filled with sleek cattle, snowy sheep, and playful, shaggy horses. Spacious barns and waggon-sheds clustered round the rear of the house, outflanked by the small dark huts of the farm servants; in front stretched a grassy plain, shaded by mimosas, through the midst of which a little river rushed with arrowy speed, being evidently swollen by recent rains.

The sound and sight of water is pleasant everywhere, doubly so in a warm climate, and Olave Breda threw himself on the grass beside the stream to enjoy its presence. He had not rested long, when something white among the trees on the opposite side of the river attracted his attention. He perceived a young girl advancing quickly towards the river side, followed by one of those graceful blue cranes, whose beauty and gentleness render them such favourites among the ladies of South Africa.

Unseen himself, Breda watched the young girl come down to what was evidently, by the pathways on either side the river, a ford, and seat herself on a large stone, as if awaiting some one. Never before, he thought, had he looked on so fair a face; but rumour had already brought to him the fame of its beauty, and by the soft blue eyes and snowy brow, shaded by bands of night-black hair, so unusual among the fair-haired daughters of the Netherlanders, he recognised Mena Vander Reit, the loveliest maiden along the frontier, and the daughter of the proudest boer, and knew himself to be in the valley of the Zwart Kranz, or Black Cranes.

Soon the rapid footfall of a horse on his side the river proved the truth of Olave's suspicions, and Mena started to her feet as a horseman came in sight along the bushy path, and waved her hand eagerly in warning; but the rider answered her gesture by a merry laugh, and an exclamation of fearlessness; then, with a touch of his spurs, he urged his horse into the stream.

At the first plunge the animal lost its footing, and was swept into the centre of the river, where the current was strongest; but the rider was young and fearless, and resolutely he turned his horse's head up stream, and by word and hand encouraged him to stem the torrent. For a moment or two he was successful, and it seemed as if he might yet reach the opposite shore. Mena and the unsuspected spectator stood looking on in breathless anxiety; then the young girl uttered a piercing shriek, as, throwing back his head, the horse struck his rider a stunning blow on the forehead, and he fell back senseless into the water.

The next moment Olave was battling with the current; a few more brought him to the spot, and he grasped eagerly the unfortunate horseman, who was already sinking. Then ensued a fierce struggle, for young and strong as Olave Breda was, it taxed his utmost energies to bear so heavy a burthen against the stream, which, as if enraged at the obstruction, eddied and mutterred around them in threatening murmurs. Narrow as was the river, the struggle was not a short one, for the steepness of the banks compelled them to regain the ford; but at length Olave succeeded, and landed his senseless, but still living, charge on the farther bank of the river.

He was at once carried to the house by the servants whom Mena's cries had summoned to their aid, while Olave followed, listening with a beating heart to the thanks for her brother's rescue, which the young girl spoke so earnestly.

From that day forward Olave Breda was a frequent and welcome guest in the family to which he had preserved a son, scouring the hills in quest of game with Ignace Vander Reit, and wandering beneath the orange trees with Mena. Nor was it long ere he began to speak to her of the love which since the hour of their first meeting had filled his heart, and Mena had listened as girls do to such tales told by the lips of those they love. Thus, happy in the present, and fearless of the future—for Breda was a far wealthier man than the proud old boer—time seemed for the young lovers to float on a silver current, and beneath a sunny sea.

The short twilight of those latitudes had passed, but the southern moon, so much more brilliant than our own, was lighting the cloudless sky, revealing every flower and shrub in a light softer, and more beautiful than that of day. Weary with wandering through the valley, the lovers sat on a bank, talking of the future, which Mena that day had consented to share with Breda.

"But my father," said the young girl softly; "we must not forget his sanction is needed."

"I do not forget it," replied Breda; "my first care shall be to seek him, and entreat him to bestow on me this hand, the most precious gift in his possession;" and as Olave spoke he took the small white hand of Mena and raised it to his lips.

At that very moment the bushes beside them were parted violently, and Hermanus Vander Reit, Mena's father, strode towards them, his tall, stately person looking larger in the uncertain light, and a deep frown darkening his stern countenance.

"So this is it!" he said, addressing Olave in a tone of suppressed passion. "So this is it! You have crept into my house, and into my friendship, to steal away my daughter's heart, and rob me of the love and obedience which she owes me."

"No, Mynheer Vander Reit; you wrong me; no thought of secrecy was in my mind. I intended at once to seek your consent."

"My consent!" interrupted Vander Reit, with still increasing indignation. "And dared you to hope it would ever be given to such as *you?*"

The blood rushed to Olave's brow, but he was silent, the torrent of feeling which burst over him at those words sweeping away the power of speech; for well he knew their meaning before the old boer proceeded.

"Dared you to think that Hermanus Vander Reit, the descendant of a long line of untainted ancestry, would ever consent to see his blood mingle with that of a slave?"

Mena started at this accusation, so terrible in the eyes of a Dutchwoman of pure descent; but immediately she remembered that, let what might be his lineage, he was still the same brave and generous being she had learned to love for his noble qualities; yet she glanced up at him timidly, her woman's heart sharing with him the shame and confusion with which she expected this humiliating discovery would overwhelm him. But though the young man's cheek was flushed, and his dark eyes—which, with his raven hair, were the only indications of his slave descent—flashed fire, he stood before the insulting speaker with the proud mien of one who had never committed an unworthy action, and who refused to admit the degradation of aught else.

"Mynheer Vander Reit," he began calmly, but he was once more interrupted by the angry old boer—in whom, like hundreds of others of his class, the absence of any superior, and the long habit of absolute command over his family and slaves, had fostered and developed the native obstinacy of the Dutch blood, until it acquired an imperious wilfulness brooking no opposition—

"Or did you suppose the truth was unknown to me, and think to crawl like a snake into my family through our ignorance of the degradation you would bring with you?"

"No," replied Breda; "I never supposed you ignorant of what all in my own district of George are well aware, and what under any circumstances I never would, or have hesitated to avow. You speak of my degradation—I feel none in knowing myself the grandson of Alida Rosselt, as noble and high-souled a women as was ever numbered among the proudest European ancestry. Slave born she was, through man's injustice which brought her fathers into bondage, but why should I blush that my grandfather married her, and raised her to her proper sphere. Let those whose ancestors have stained their names, by bringing their fellow-men into slavery, feel shame in owning them; I will never shrink from acknowledging the blood which flows in my veins, for it comes from those of the good and true."

"'Tis wisest for you to view it so," was the contemptuous reply; "but neither I nor mine can share it with you. And now begone, and mark me, Olave Breda, never again while I live dare to cross my threshold, or set foot on my lands."

Again the blood rushed to Olave's brow, but he checked the fiery response that rose to his lips, by the recollection that his insulter was the parent of the weeping girl on whom had already fallen a heavy enough sorrow.

"I go, sir, at your bidding," he replied with forced calmness. "Farewell, Mena," he added, turning for the first time towards her. "I wooed you openly and frankly, never dreaming that what is so great a blot in your father's sight was unknown to you, or would ever come as a barrier between us. I know not if you will still think kindly of me," he continued with a broken voice, for Mena's start of horror had not been lost upon him, "but remember that Olave Breda has left his heart with you for ever."

A gesture of angry impatience from Vander Reit, and a single glance of unchanged affection from Mena, were the only answers, and with a heart too full for further words, Olave turned away.

Though living beneath the British rule, a Dutchman by descent—at least on one side—habits of thought, and association, how many a hard struggle against oppression had the slave-blood in his veins cost him. More bitter and more embittering, perhaps, than any other is the denial of a fair start in life, so as to be judged of men according to one's actions. Many times had Olave

Breda felt this, though, with the aspiration natural to a free and fearless spirit, he had refused to submit to it, and by that very refusal, joined to an unassuming self-respect, a high moral character, and kindly demeanour, had so far overcome the adverse waves of circumstances that he was universally respected in his own district. But this blow to his affections was a new and unexpected one, for he had never doubted the Vander Reits were aware of his ancestry, and in the first weight of it, despite the self-discipline, and correct habits of thought which he had acquired in the struggles of his youth for justice, he felt as if all those struggles had been fruitless, and that he was still merely the despised inheritor of dark blood.

"What has happened?" enquired Ignace Vander Reit, as they sat at supper that same evening. "I saw Breda mount his horse and ride away in all haste a short time since, and when I called to him he only waved his hand and galloped off the faster."

As Ignace spoke his glance fell on Mena, and her pale cheeks and heavy eyes, filled with fast-gathering tears, revealed to him something of the truth, even before his father had began to relate it, which he did after his own manner, a manner which soon sent poor Mena weeping from the room.

The old boer's horror at the thought of Breda's alliance was, if not echoed, at least responded to, in a lower key, by his narrow-minded, though well-meaning, frau.

"Ay, Olave is a good youth, and rich too," she observed; "but he is no fitting husband for our Mena. Pah! the grandson of a slave!" she added, with a gesture expressive of disgust. "I should fancy the dark blood was running in all our veins if we but thought of such a thing."

"And so, merely because of that mixture of dark blood," said Ignace to his father reproachfully, "one worthy in all other respects, high-minded, honourable, wealthy, one who, despite his lineage, has gained the respect of all honest men, is contemptuously rejected; the man to whose gallantry it is owing that you have this hour a son," he added with the warmth of a generous nature, "is turned inhospitably from your door, and my sister's happiness perhaps destroyed."

"What!" exclaimed the indignant Vander Reit, rising from his seat, and striking his hand on the table with a violence that added force to his words—"what! is there one of my name and blood so despicable as to plead for the degradation of his family? But hearken to me, Ignacius Vander Reit, and remember, I mean it, rather would I this hour have been childless, rather would I that not only you, but your sister also, were sleeping beneath the willows in the kloof where my elder children rest, than that either of you should contaminate the pure blood of our fatherland, which flows in your veins, by such a connexion as Breda's. As to your sister, she will not lack suitors, better born, if not as rich. There is Franz Bloemfeldt, she has slighted him hitherto; but," and he swore a mighty Dutch oath, "she shall not slight him longer."

Ignace was silent; while his father was in that temper he saw it was worse than useless to argue with him, and much he feared that even afterwards his threat concerning Franz Bloemfeldt would not fall to the ground, since the well-born young Dutchman had long been his especial favourite, and Mena had often incurred his displeasure by her coldness and aversion for one who had long evinced so much affection for her.

Ignace's fears were not unfounded. Bloemfeldt was at once summoned, and Mena was sternly told to receive him as her future husband. In vain were her tears and her entreaties; her father knew how much they were the result of her love for Breda, and regarding that as a poisonous plant which must be plucked out, no matter how, or at what cost, he persisted in his decree.

"How! he exclaimed, "shall it be said that I have but one daughter, and that she remains in my house unwedded, and pining with love for the slave-descended Breda? No; this marriage will silence all evil tongues, and guard against all future danger."

And the arrangements were concluded and the marriage contract put in preparation as if the bride had given her consent; but Mena had not yielded, and resolved she never would, though the effort was a painful one to her who had been used implicitly to obey her father's will; and, save her brother, whose liberal opinions had likewise brought him into disgrace, she was alone; for the mother, to whose affection she might naturally have looked for aid at such a moment, had never in her life contradicted her husband, and now only entreated her daughter not to weep and spoil her eyes, but obey her father, for he always knew what was best.

One evening, after a day's shooting, Ignace reached home soon after sunset. His father, who was smoking on the stoep, in what was now unwonted good humour, enquired what he had shot.

"I heard you fire a short while since," he added.

"Yes, I fired at a hare and wounded it, though the creature got away," replied his son; "but I did not think the report would have reached you here."

Ignace spoke carelessly, as he unstrung the powder-flask from his shoulder; but there were some found afterwards to say that he evinced confusion; for on the following day the body of a Kafir, named Koolu, an inferior chief of the Amakoso, was found on Vander Reit's land killed by a bullet which had entered the brain, and while there was nothing but conjecture to point at his slayer, suspicion fell on Ignace.

The Veldt-cornet—a functionary in that colony who fulfils among many other duties those of coroner—took up the matter warmly, but the most searching investigation failed to discover who had fired the fatal shot. But though there was nothing to directly implicate him, a cloud rested on the name of Ignace Vander Reit, both in the opinion of the public authorities, and private friends, and the disappearance the same evening of one of the farm servants, a Hottentot lad, who was not even possessed of fire-arms, tended to deepen the impression. Only two believed him innocent—Mena, whose sisterly love would believe no evil of the companion of her childhood, and Breda, who took his part with the warmth of true friendship.

As to old Vander Reit, he had never forgiven his son's generous appeal in favour of dark blood, and he found it easy enough to believe him guilty of what he held to be a not much greater crime. Bitterly, in truth, the haughty boer felt these wounds to his pride; and he grew every day more stern and imperative to his children, whom he reproached as being spared only to bring discredit upon his name. But Mena, he resolved, should soon be beyond the power of deepening it by a marriage with her slave-descended lover, and she was informed that Christmas—now only a few weeks distant—should see her united to Bloemfeldt, and not all the prayers and tears of the unhappy girl were able to soften the harsh decree.

One evening Mena sat on her favorite seat by the river bank, and her thoughts wandering from the present had lost themselves in the happier past, when a quickly advancing step recalled them, and Franz Bloemfeldt stood beside her. At once she rose and turned away from him, as was her custom.

"Stay," he said in a peculiar tone, which at once arrested her. "For this once you must listen to me, for your brother's sake, if not for your own."

Mena looked at him inquiringly.

"I know," he resumed indignantly, "that you avoid me, returning scorn for the devoted love which has made me so long your slave. Bitterly have you made me feel your contempt, but that hour is now past, and for the future you must treat me as one who holds in his hands your brother's life, and your family honour."

"How? what do you mean?" said Mena, yet withdrawing as he endeavoured to lead her back to her seat to listen to his explanation.

But the poor girl had flung herself on the grass, and burying her face in her hands, wept as she had never wept before, ere it was ended. For she learned how false had been her trust in her brother's innocence—that he was all and worse than the world deemed him—that he was a hardened, heartless, cold-blooded murderer, as the Hottentot lad had long since proved, had not Ignace bribed him to silence and absence. But with unconcealed triumph Bloemfeldt told her that he knew all, and at his pleasure could produce the missing youth—the price of his forbearance must be her hand.

How Mena shuddered at the plainness with which the horrible tale was told, and the unpitying sternness with which the repulsive bargain was pressed upon her! But Bloemfeldt guessed rightly the way to break the bruised spirit, for at length the weeping girl raised her head and yielded herself the sacrifice.

"Leave me, Franz Bloemfeldt; it shall be as you wish. Let no word of this pass your lips, and I promise to become your wife. But leave me now, I must be alone."

And fearful was the anguish that swept over her in that first hour of her despair. She had herself set the seal on her future misery, and there was no farther hope. Till now she knew not there had been any before, but she felt that with her own hand she had set up a barrier between herself and Breda, that none other could have raised. And what would *he* think, what could he, but that she was light and changeful, or that she had learned to scorn him for his lineage. And the brother she had loved so dearly, he whose soul she had believed as pure as her own, that it was his guilt was the cause of all this ruin; that knowledge pierced her heart with a keener barb than even the thought of her own shipwrecked happiness. When he looked at her in inquiring wonder at her sudden consent, she shrunk from the questions he would have asked even more sensitively than from her father's congratulatory embrace.

## CHAPTER II.

It wanted but a week to Christmas, the Midsummer Christmas of the South, and all nature seemed to rejoice with man over the glad tidings of good will. The leaves were fluttering on the trees, the flowers were blossoming around their roots, and the birds sending up their hymns of joy into the cloudless sky. Mirth and rejoicing were on every side, and according to custom large gatherings of relatives and friends were assembled to celebrate the Christmas tide. At Zwart Kranz the number was greater than usual, since they were assembled for the double celebration of Christmas and the marriage of Mena, which was to take place on the following day.

Busied with overlooking the hundred tasks of her handmaidens, with wreathing her house with flowers, and seeing that the half-dozen slaves who formed their domestic band were practising their music, the busy frau had no leisure to notice how day by day the young bride's cheek grew paler, but the bridesmaids whispered to each other, that when their wedding day drew nigh they hoped they should not look as she did.

It was already Christmas Eve; the house was full of happy faces and glad voices, looking and laughing as if life were but one long holiday. The Christmas tree—here a young orange tree—had been brought forward, covered with its rich fruitage of varied gifts, and many games of their fatherland were played, loading the air, and bidding the walls resound with merriment.

Mena's heart found no echo for such sounds, and stealing away she wandered on among the trees until the peals of laughter came but faintly to her ear. It was a lovely night; the large bright constellations of the southern hemisphere were flashing radiantly through the clear tranquil air, the most remarkable of them all being the well known southern cross, which was slowly ascending owards the zenith.

On such a night, so Mena thought, the shepherds might have sat worshipping in their hearts the Author of all the beauty around them, and watching their sleeping flocks, dreaming not of the glad tidings herald angels were so soon to bring them. On such a night might the wise pilgrims from the East have followed their guiding star to the spot where the Hope and Salvation of the world was lowly laid. It was, in truth, a night to awaken deep feelings and solemn fancies, and mutely in her heart Mena prayed that He, who this night came to endure pain and sorrow, would grant her resignation to tread her thorny path.

Suddenly there was the sound of a horse galloping. The next minute she perceived that her white dress had attracted the rider's eye, and that he was coming towards her at a headlong pace.

"Mena!" he exclaimed with breathless eagerness, as he threw himself from his horse. It was, as her heart had at once whispered—Breda.

She hid her face in her hands; she could not look at him. "And this is how we meet!" he said in bitter sadness. "But I came not to reproach you, but in warning."

"Hah! is this where I find you at last?" thundered an angry voice, as old Vander Reit strode into view. "Back to the house, disobedient girl; I guessed it was for this you had crept away from all your friends. As for this fine lover of yours, who thinks that his rix-dollars can whiten his slave blood"—but we will not follow the torrent of insult which he poured on the proud and high-spirited Breda.

Breda, however, resolutely interrupted him with the information that he came solely to bring them warning.

"Of what—a slave conspiracy?"

"No! a Kafir inroad," replied Olave, rapidly recapitulating his reasons for such a supposition. Armed bands had been seen marching towards the colony, travellers in Kafirland had been insulted and threatened, and out-lying farm-houses sacked and burned, the inhabitants barely escaping with life. All this had become known to Breda only within the last few hours, and he had hastened to convey the tidings to Vander Reit, and bid him be on his guard lest the first burst of the tempest should fall on Zwart Kranz.

"Some people's fears are always uppermost," said Vander Reit, sneeringly; "but it is not every shaking of an assegai foretels an outbreak, and we are not going to spoil our mirth for idle rumours and silly fears."

"But you know," persisted Olave, "that the brothers of Koolu have sworn to have vengeance the first opportunity. If an inroad comes Zwart Kranz will fall; for Heaven's sake, then, place those you love in safety.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the boer triumphantly, "your scheme has failed. You would stay our bridal, I see. But know, Olave Breda, that Mena weds Franz Bloemfeldt if the next hour should see the Kafirs at my door. So go home, and frame your next plans more cleverly."

It was in vain that Olave strove to convince him of the truth of his motive, and the reality of the danger; the old man would neither hear, nor be convinced, and ended by dismissing Breda even more rudely and decisively than before.

How brightly the Midsummer Christmas broke over the Southern land, awakening all things to life and beauty! "A merry Christmas, a merry Christmas!" were the first words which breathed in Dutch or English echoed that morning through a hundred dwellings along the frontier, where all looked as fair and calm as if fresh from the hand of its Almighty Creator. Who, while gazing on the beautiful earth, could think of those tales of human woe and passion, which are so often written in blood and fire upon it? A long interval of tranquillity had lulled them into a feeling of security, and all along the wide frontier the inhabitants awoke to festivity and mirth.

"A merry Christmas!" rang joyously out from lip to lip at Zwart Kranz, where all was brightness and gaiety, all save the bride's pallid cheek, and her brother's moody brow; for the world's suspicions weighed heavily on Ignace, though he knew not the fears Breda had expressed as to the result, for her father's commands had sealed Mena's lips on the subject.

But there came no other shadow to darken the light of their merriment. Long past mid-day the Christmas banquet was spread in the spacious forehouse, or hall, its wealth of fine white linen, and old-fashioned silver flashing in the sun rays, while with the more solid viands were mingled piles of glowing fruit —peaches, nectarines, figs, and melons, and the earlier grapes which the midsummer sends to grace the Christmas board.

The guests took their places around the table, and still all was quiet, and Mena began to think that Breda's fears had been unfounded. The next moment the quick tramp of a horse echoed up the valley, then a hurried step on the stoep, and a thundering knock on the door startled everyone. In another instant the door itself was thrown open by the impatient visitor, who strode into the forehouse.

"There is no time to be lost," he said, looking round. "The Kafirs are over the frontier in force, and are spreading death and ruin everywhere. Those who wish to save themselves must fly at once, for they will be at Zwart Kranz in an hour."

How by the magic of those few words the scene was changed! The most complete panic took possession of the late joyous party. Females screamed and fainted, and men crowded eager questions on the bearer of evil tidings; but he had no time to tarry, and merely repeating his words, he sprang on his horse again, and was off on his merciful mission of bearing the warning to other farmsteads.

Then ensued a scene of wild confusion, for most were eager to leave the doomed spot, and others had dear ones in their own homes threatened with like dangers; and within a quarter of an hour waggons were inspanned, and horses saddled, and the family of Zwart Kranz were left nearly alone.

But during all, Hermanus Vander Reit stood firm and incredulous. This stranger, with his tale of unseen peril, he held to be some new device of Breda's, and he smiled at the fears which were sweeping his guests from the untasted banquet. His wife, pale and trembling, sat gazing on him; accustomed to yield to his guidance, she scarce dared to fear unbidden. Mena was calm and quiet, for her fears were not new; but Ignace entreated earnestly for the removal of his mother and sister.

"Why keep their helplessness to face the danger? You know," he added, bitterly, "that wherever the Kafirs may show mercy, they will show none here."

"Are you, too, in league with Breda?" was the scornful reply. "But I am not to be so easily duped. Unless I see good cause, Mena leaves not this house, save as the wife of her well-born and estimable betrothed."

At this instant Bloemfeldt, his face pale, and his voice husky with emotion, came up to urge their immediate departure. The old boer's reply was a warm and indignant refusal to leave his house.

"It is throwing away one's life to stay here," muttered the young man discontentedly.

"Then you are free to save yours," was Vander Reit's scornful reply, as he pointed down the valley.

The next instant saw Bloemfeldt at Mena's side, entreating her to fly with him from the fate which threatened her family.

Mena turned away—"I would rather die with them, than live *for* you," she said coldly.

An expression of deep disappointment, mingled with rage, darkened Bloemfeldt's countenance. "You have made your election," he said, bitterly; "but you cannot expect me to sacrifice my life for one who regards me so coldly."

"No, go, I want no sacrifice," was the young girl's reply, and without awaiting farther dismissal, Bloemfeldt left the room, and Mena soon after saw him galloping through the valley as if death were close upon his track.

Meanwhile, her father stood by stern and moveless, her brother alone seeming alive to the necessity for action. Most of the servants had fled, but summoning the rest, he hastened to put the house in the best state of defence the time admitted of, by fastening the massive window shutters and doors, and pulling down the trellis above the stoep which would give access to the upper windows. Then he collected all the fire-arms, and loaded them, and scarcely was it done, when a girl came rushing down a stair screaming,—"The Kafirs, the Kafirs!"

The old Dutch lady clasped her hands, and looked at her husband. "Oh! Vander Reit!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

An expression of agony crossed her husband's brow—until this moment he had disbelieved the danger. But without a word he assisted Ignace in closing and barring the heavy hall door, and then taking a gun in each hand, he was the first to mount the stairs, followed by all the others.

It was full time, for already a large band of Kafirs were in the valley and rushing on like famished wolves. Little hope was there of beating them off, but all that could be done Vander Reit was now the man to do. Scarcely were they within range when a shot from his own gun laid the foremost lifeless; but far from being checked, they only rushed on more fiercely, surrounding the house, and striking violently on the doors and shutters with their heavy knob kerries, or knobed sticks, and whirling up assegais at the windows where the feeble garrison were posted.

Well and unflinchingly the latter did their duty; but though bullet after bullet fell with deadly effect among the assailants, the loss was scarce felt by the crowd of fierce savages who, with fiendish looks and outcries, compassed the walls. How those cries thrilled to the hearts of the helpless group above! There in the corridor, where she had sank down overpowered with terror, sat the Frau Vander Reit, with women and children clinging round her, silent and tearless from affright; while Mena, with blanched cheeks, but steady hand, stood loading rapidly the guns with which her father and brother and the only two men-servants who had remained, kept up a constant fire on the foe.

Few words were spoken, for all were hopeless—'twas but to struggle to the last—then die! Suddenly a scream from the mother announced a fresh misfortune—an assegai had passed through Ignace's right arm, and was quivering in the ceiling overhead. A sterner expression than pain contracted the young man's brow, as his sister, springing to his side, bound up his wound.

"'Tis I who have drawn this pack of ravening wolves upon you, thirsting not for plunder, but blood," he muttered, "and now I cannot raise an arm for your defence."

A loud crash interrupted him. All read it rightly—a large stone dashed against a window had burst it in, and there remained no barrier between them and their terrible foes. One smothered shriek from female lips, and a general rush of the men to the stair-head followed. But no exulting foe appeared—all was still. Were they firing the house?

Another minute of painful expectation, and then the report of many guns rang through the valley. Mena darted to a window, and beheld the Kafirs flying like antelopes to the nearest kloof, followed by a party of Cape Mounted Rifles. And now a light step sprang up the stairs, and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Are all safe?" and Breda was before them.

With a scream of joy, the old lady clasped him in her arms as though he had been her own son.

Olave looked round anxiously. "And Bloemfeldt?" he said, hesitatingly, as his glance fell on Ignace's wounded arm.

"Oh, he is safe enough, for he fled like a dastard," said the old boer uncompromisingly. "Olave Breda, I deserved not you should be in time to save *my* life.

But Olave heard only the first words, as breaking from the old lady's embrace, he clasped the hands Mena held out to him.

There was no time for words. The officer had recalled his men from the useless pursuit, and was now dismounting at the stoep, and it needed to meet him and decide what should be done, for the patrol which Olave had obtained from the nearest military post could not remain for the protection of Zwart Kranz.

"But for me there had been little fear of a second attack," murmured Ignace, from the couch where they had laid him.

"But their hatred is blind, as I always knew it was!" exclaimed Olave, grasping his hand. "I have long been on his track, but this morning I found your fugitive herd, Hans Ruyter."

The wounded man's eye brightened. Olave went on: "I have him safe. He did witness Koolu's death, and the slayer was—Franz Bloemfeldt."

We pass over the surprise and congratulations, brief as they were. Vander Reit was himself the first to say, "We must leave Zwart Kranz at once. Breda," he continued, holding out his hand, "Hermanus Vander Reit has learned this day that neither nobility nor meanness of soul depend on race or lineage, and recognised the truth, that by a man's character and actions alone should he be judged and valued. If you can forgive the past, Mena shall be the pledge of a better and juster future."

Breda's eyes, flashing with unutterable joy, were an answer more eloquent than any words; and as her hand was placed in his, Mena's heart throbbed with a gladness she had never thought to feel again—a gladness too bright to be dimmed even by the lurid clouds, which, from their refuge that night in the nearest military post, she could see reddening the Christmas sky, highest and ruddiest of all being that which hung over the home of her childhood, proclaiming that it had shared the fiery fate of hundreds of other homesteads along the frontier.

# ASPIRE.

BY EDMUND TEESDALE.

Aspire to greater things,
With heaven exalted eye,
With steadfast tread and bearing high,
And hope on joyful wings!
There's not a victory won below
But points to other work undone,
And ever, as Time's currents flow,
We find new shores still to be won.

Press on with purpose pure,
Nor cast one look behind,
Ambitious still to store thy mind
With wealth of lore which shall endure!
There's not a height by man yet gained,
But shows another height to win;
There's not a truth by man maintained,
But holds some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great!
Man's mission on the earth
Is progress, ever from his birth:
Nor should he e'er in zeal abate.
Oh, who would tamely lingering see
Such boundless prospect for the mind,
And, clinging to mortality,
In guilty sloth be left behind!

Aspire to better deeds!
With hope and love entwined,
Let emulation fill thy mind,
And ever haste where duty leads.
Man's holy mind, if trained aright,
To such a height of good would grow,
That spirits pure and angels bright
Might with us mingle here below.

# Tobias Venner, and his Advice on the subject of Longevity.

Any one visiting the Abbey Church at Bath, may see there a massive monument to the memory of Dr. Tobias Venner, who, for many years during the first half of the seventeenth century, practised "in the spring and fall" as a physician in that city. At other parts of the year he practised at North Petherton, his native town, about three miles from Bridgwater. This worthy practitioner, having leisure on his hands, was pleased to write a curious hygeienic treatise, with an exceedingly long title, the leading part of which is "*Via Recta ad vitam longam,*" or the Right Way to obtain Long Life. It professes to be "a plaine Philosophical Discourse of the nature, faculties, and effects, of all such things, as by way of nourishments, and dieteticall observations, make for the preservation of health, with their just applications unto every age, constitution of bodie, and time of yeare." The work is dedicated to no less a person than "Francis Lord Verulam," the writer thinking probably that by associating it with so renowned a name it would be the more readily recommended to public consideration. In bringing it into notice here, our object is to show some of the notions on diet, drinks, and the means of preserving health, that were current among the learned medical faculty two hundred years ago.

The introduction treats "Of the Nature and Choice of Habitable Places;" and herein the author recommends "the ayre as the best and wholsomest to preserve life, which is subtile, bright, and cleare, not mixed with any grosse moisture, or corrupted with filthy or noisome vapors, which also with calme and pleasant windes is gently moved," not "that which is so shut up with hills or mountains that it cannot be freely perflated, and purified with the winds;" and he would have a dwelling to be "open to the south and east, with hills which may somewhat hinder and keep back the vaporous west winde, and the sharp north winde in the winter." He advises that windows facing the east "be not set open before the sunne hath somewhat purged the aire, and dissipated the clowdes; for the morning aire by reason of its coldnesse and moysture of the night is grosse and impure, very hurtful to them that have weak braines, and subject unto rheumes." In conclusion, he descants somewhat on fountains and other waters, and devotes several pages to hot springs, "such as are our famous bathes of Bathe," which it was one of his leading objects to recommend.

The Doctor goes on to treat of "Divers kindes of Bread;" and having discussed these to his satisfaction, he proceeds to "Divers kindes of Drinke." Beginning with wines, he dilates on the varied merits of all such as were then in use, founding his views apparently upon a considerable private experience of the qualities of each. Of Rhenish, Claret, Sacke, and Malmsey, he says enough to show that he has a good opinion of them all. He acknowledges "the discommoditie of wine immoderately taken," but his idea of moderation is not very accurately defined. There are people, however, to whom he thinks wine should be forbidden; he would not give any "neither to children, nor to youths from fourteen years of age unto twenty-five," because it "extimulates them unto enormious and outragious actions." Nor does he think it advisable to allow it "too often to young men, as from twenty-five unto thirty-five;" and if persons of this description take it, the wine ought to be of the smaller or milder sorts, "otherwise," he says, "it will make them prone unto wrath, and unlawful desires, dull the wit, and confound the memory." But he would grant it more liberally "unto them as from thirty-five unto fifty," and even "with a liberal hand unto olde men." We observe that at the time of writing Doctor Tobias was already past thirty-five himself, and his recommendation of wine to persons of this age and upwards may have been slightly influenced by his personal liking for the beverage.

In connection with this part of his subject, our author considers the question, "whether it be expedient for health to be drunk with wine once or twice in a month?" His answer is not favourable to the habits of the hard topers of his times. So far from sanctioning such excess, he takes occasion to rebuke it in terms of strong severity. "Oh, how impudently," says he, "would our drunken potifuges vaunt themselves, if for the health of the bodie, I should approve the custome of being drunk once or twice in a monthe!" and he goes on straightway to condemn the practice as "most pernicious; for drunkenness," says he, "spoyleth the stomach, maketh the blood waterish, hurteth the braine, dulleth the senses, destroyeth the understanding, debilitateth the sinewes, and subverteth the powers of all the bodie." Nevertheless, concluding with the saving clause of the "moderate man," he says: "But here, I will not denie, but that it may be very lawful and expedient, for them that are wont to be wearied with great cares, and labours, to drink, sometimes until they be merry and pleasant, but not drunken." He speaks favourably of beer, but professing to have no patience with excess, he seizes the opportunity to "admonish our common ale-pot drunkards, that it is worse to be drunk with ale or beer than with wine, for the drunkenness endureth longer, to the utter ruin of the braine and understanding."

Passing from the consideration of wines, beer, and other fermented beverages, the Doctor proceeds to treat, in his third section, "of the Flesh of Beasts and Fowles;" discussing various questions as to the relative wholesomeness of lamb and mutton, kid's flesh and swine's flesh, veal and beef, and that of English birds of all descriptions from the swan to the farm-yard sparrow. He has a passing remark on "Bull's beef," with a hint as to its serviceable uses, which may be cited as a point of curiosity. He describes it as "of a rancke and unpleasant taste, of a thick, grosse, and corrupt juyce, and of a very hard digestion. I commend it," he adds, "unto poor hard labourers, and to them that desire to look big, and to live basely." He deems it a more suitable article of diet for such people than—*partridges!* "These birds," he says, "are only hurtful to country-men, because they breede in them the asthmatick passion, which is a short and painful fetching of breath, by reason whereof they will not be able to undergo their usual labours. Wherefore, when they shall chance to meet with a covie of young partridges, they were much better to bestow them upon such for whom they are convenient, than to adventure (notwithstanding their strong stomachs) the eating of them, seeing that there is in their flesh such an hidden and perilous antipathie unto their bodies." The partridges are accordingly to be left for the gentry, between whose bodies and the dainty birds there is no such perilous antipathy. How handy for the sportsman and the country squire to be able to quote a medical opinion on such a subject! Only, perhaps the stupid "country-men," for whom it was intended, may have been too obtuse to comprehend it.

The fourth section of the work is devoted to the consideration of "Fish." Venner, with a tender regard for weak stomachs, admonishes the lovers of "sammon" to "carefully moderate their appetite, as that the jocundities of it entice them not to a perilous and nauseative fulness." And he even thinks "turbot for the aged, for them that be phlegmaticke, and that have weake stomaches, verie inconvenient and hurtful." Such also must carefully refrain from the royal fish, the sturgeon, though our author admits "that it is pleasant to the pallatt, and induceth withall a smoothing delectation of the gullett." As to "red herrings and sprats," he contends they "give a very bad and adusted nourishment;" and "anchovies" he calls "the famous meat of drunkards," whose only "good propertie, if it be good, is to commend a cup of wine to the pallatt, and are therefore chiefly profitable to the vintner."

"Egges and Milke" form the subject of the next section, in the course of which Doctor Tobias gives us his notion of "a light, nourishing, and comfortable breakfast." "I know none better," says he, "than a couple of potched egges, seasoned with a little salt, and a few cornes of pepper also, with a drop or two of vinegar, if the stomache be weake, and supped oft warme, eating therewithal a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of pure claret wine." In regard to the use of milk, he recommends anyone that drinks it "to wash his mouth presently after with wine or strong beere, and also to rub the teeth and gums with a dry cloth, for the cleansing away the slimenesse of the milke, and for strengthening the gums and teeth." Such preparations of milk as "frumentie," "junckets," and the like, he would allow only to strong stomachs; and he alleges that "greate is the error of eating custards in the middle, or at the end, of meales." These and other "whitemeats" of like nature ought, in his opinion, to be always eaten first, This being the scientific order of things, it is clear that the nineteenth century has something yet to learn of our Doctor of the seventeenth.

Passing over the section "On Sauces and Spices,' we come next to a discourse on "Fruits, roots, and herbes that serve for meat, and are usually eaten." Touching the methods of preparing these he has several curious recipes. He particularly commends grapes, when "boyled in butter, and sops of bread added thereto, and sugar also, if they be somewhat sour;" and thus prepared, he says they make "a very pleasant meat, and agreeable for every age and constitution." He condemns mushrooms, which "many phantasticall people doe greatly delight to eat;" his dislike to them, however, being apparently grounded in nothing better than prejudice. But he fully appreciates the value of our now popular vegetable, the potatoe, then recently introduced. Of this he quaintly says, "Potatoe roots are of a temperate qualitie, and of strong nourishing parts; the nutriment which they yield is, though somewhat windie, very substantial, good, and restorative; surpassing the nourishment of all other roots and fruits. They are diversely dressed and prepared, according to every man's taste and liking; some used to eat them being rosted in the embers, sopped in wine, which way is specially good; but in what manner soever they be dressed, they are very pleasant to the taste, and doe wonderfully comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie." The notion of eating potatoes "sopped in wine," will probably be a novelty to the present generation. The reason given for such a practice was, that the flatulent effects of the potatoes were thereby conveniently corrected.

Venner's last section of his book treats of "The Manner and Custome of Diet." There are, he says, three sorts of diet, "accurate or precise, vulgar or common, and sub-vulgar." An accurate diet is that according to which "a man taketh his meales in a certain measure, order, and number, and at fixed times, &c." A vulgar diet "is plaine, rude, of no respect or consideration." A sub-vulgar, "is a medium kind of diet, not so rude and plaine as the vulgar, nor so precise and exact as the accurate." There can be no misunderstanding of the definitions. The sub-vulgar he regards as fit for healthy men, "a vulgar diet is only fit for agusticke bodies, for whom," he adds, "I write not these things."

He has some singular specifics for persons of sedentary habits. "Conserve of roses," he pronounces to be "passing good to be used of students, especially at their going to bed." Moreover, green ginger, as helpful for the memory, is "for olde men and students most profitable." A conserve of rosemary and sage he recommends "to be often used by students, especially mornings fasting," because it "doth greatly delight the brain." Studious people ought not to sup later than six o'clock, that being seemingly the hour that was then "observed in our universities." In regard to the general frequency of meals, he is of opinion that two meals a-day is best for most persons between the ages of twenty-five and sixty; nevertheless, three meals may be occasionally allowed. The times he fixes for meals are, eleven o'clock for dinner, and six for supper; both of which may be hearty and substantial repasts—but what seems strange, breakfast is a meal that should be generally eschewed. Still, as regards old people and children, he would not have them "precisely tyed unto such fixed meales;" they are, we presume, to eat when they happen to have an appetite.

Our extracts have been made with a view to exhibit some of the curiosities of the dietary system propounded by our author, whose work no doubt reflects the general learned notions of the period in which he lived. His advices in relation to longevity seem to resolve themselves into recommendations of temperance, regularity of habits, free air and exercise, and a liberal use of "our famous baths at Bath." Except as regards this last specific, he has no idea of any royal road to a long life—no "Parr's Pills," or "Holloway's Ointment"—whereby we discern that he could not be fairly charged with quackery, but was an honest and respectable practitioner. Should his quaint old-fashioned notions interest or amuse any of our readers for a few minutes, our small labour in stringing them together may not be wholly misexpended; and should any of them, in passing through the city of Bath, have the curiosity to visit the Doctor's monument, the inscription thereon will not be unintelligible from lack of previous information about his personal history and labours.

# INVOCATION.

BY JOHN GRIMER.

[ORIGINAL.]

LORD of the Heavens, the Earth, the Seas! I bow
  In humblest adoration at Thy shrine;
Thy might I fain would scan, but only know
  That Thou art Greatest, Holiest, Divine!

God of all Space! Thy majesty around
  Subdues my trembling soul almost to nought;
The vast expanse, in which Thy wonders found
  With wisdom infinite and good are fraught.

Source of all Power! though hidden from my sight,
  Which way the lab'ring mind essays to view
Thy glorious works, the which by day, by night,
  Constant remain, immutable and true.

Eternal Cause! grant me to comprehend,
  If such Thy will, Thy marvels and Thy love;
That I be meet, enraptured at my end,
  To dwell with angels and with saints above.

# Scottish Stories.

IRISH wit and humour have long been world famous, and he must be a bold man who would venture to cross swords with an Hibernian in a war of words; but justice is seldom done to the dry and caustic humour of the genuine Scotchman. Sydney Smith's well-known joke at the expense of northern obtuseness has met with readier assent than it deserved. What sparkling jewels of wit and fancy flash from the pages of Burns! What stores of rich and varied humour have delighted the readers of Christopher North! And even in our own generation, who that has enjoyed the keen satire of "Firmilian," or laughed over Bon Gaultier's serio-comic lays, shall say that the spirit of fun exercises no influence north of the Tweed? The prevalent idea entertained of a Scotchman is that of a shrewd, sensible, hard-headed and pushing fellow, who is certain to make his way in life if perseverance and a sharp eye to his own interests will do it. This notion may be often true of the ambitious spirits that migrate southwards; but there are in Scotland, as elsewhere, so many varieties of character and temperament, that some of the tales told of the genuine country folk resemble the celebrated "Irish bulls" for their simplicity and humour. A story, which might have been Irish, recounts how a boy going to the manse for examination was asked the number of the commandments. "Aiblins a hunner" (perhaps a hundred), he replied. The minister angrily dismissed him, and he went out, encountering at the door a companion coming on a similar errand. "If he asks ye how many commandments there are, what will ye say?" inquired Sapientas. "Say? why ten, to be sure," said his friend. "Ten!" cried the unsuccessful candidate triumphantly. "Try ye him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hunner, and he wasna satisfied." Many anecdotes of this description have lately been collected and published under the auspices of some distinguished Scotchmen, * and we propose to cite a few of them for the amusement of our readers.

The sharp retorts sometimes made by half-witted people have often excited surprise; and the Scottish characters of this class, which is now getting uncommon, were in no degree inferior to their southern or western rivals in readiness of tongue. It is said that a minister, who was much mortified by the habitual drowsiness of his congregation, one day cited a "daft" lad as an example. "See," he exclaimed indignantly, "even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not sleep as you do." The effect of this pointed reproof was, however, a little marred by Jamie Fraser quietly remarking, "An' I had na been an idiot I should ha' been sleepin' too." These characters were sometimes troublesome customers in the kirk. On one occasion a minister advancing to the pulpit saw the idiot in full possession. He indignantly called to him to come down, but the intruder maintained his position, coolly saying, "Na, na, minister, coom ye up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith." Others besides ministers sometimes came off the worst from an encounter with these half-witted folk. A person thinking that a "daft body" did not know the relative value of coins, offered him his choice of a sixpence or a penny. "I'll tak the wee ane," said the chooser, adding with affected modesty, "I'se no be greedy." A miller, twitting another with his ignorance, was answered oracularly, "Some things I ken, and some things I dinna ken;" and on

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* "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by E. B. Ramsay, M.A., Dean of Edinburgh; first and second series. "Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Characters," by the Rev. C. Rogers, LL.D.

further inquiry he added, "I ken a miller has aye a fat sow, but I dinna ken whose expense she's fed at." In reference to the story of the sleeping congregation, we may cite an anecdote which helps to explain the general somnolency. A preacher, who found it impossible to wind up his discourses under an hour and a half, was once asked, as a gentle hint, if he did not find preaching for so long tire him very much? "Na, na, I'm no tired," was the naive reply; "but, Lord! how tired the folks whiles are!" Another time the remark came from the opposite side. A self-satisfied young minister, being introduced to an old gentleman after service, complained of fatigue. "Tired, did ye say?" cried the unedified listener. "Lord, man! if ye're half so tired as I am I pity ye!" The Scotch clergy, however, were not always on the wrong side of the joke, although, if brevity be the soul of wit, they do not appear to have possessed it. Many sharp sayings are attributed to them, though the strangeness of the attendant circumstances may interfere with the effect on modern ears. A young man sitting just opposite a northern minister had once inadvertently thrust a pack of cards into his pocket, which he pulled out with his handkerchief, scattering them through the kirk, to the great scandal of his more correct neighbours. The minister, forced to notice the affair, contented himself with saying quietly, "Oh, man! your psalm book has been ill bound." Another time when a gaily dressed volunteer of 1802 was displaying his new uniform by marching about the church, to the disturbance of the congregation, he was checked by the remark, "Oh, man, will ye sit down now, and we'll see your new claes when the kirk's done." The same gentleman, Mr. Shirra, a Seceding minister, once observed, on reading from the Psalms the passage, "I said in my haste, all men are liars:" "Indeed, Dauvid, an' ye bad lived in this parish, ye might hae said it at yer leesure." The legal profession divide the honours with the clerical, and numerous anecdotes are told of the *bon mots* originating with the members of that Scottish bar which has been so justly famous for distinguished men. The men of the law were not, however, always sharp enough for the quick-witted divines. It is said that a well-known professor once met two members of his congregation at the house of a lawyer of no very high repute. "Well, Doctor," said the host, jocularly, "these two belong to your flock. Pray do you call them black sheep or white sheep?" "I do not know," said the Doctor drily, "whether they are black or white sheep, but I know that if they are here long they are pretty sure to be fleeced." In speaking of Scottish legal wit, we must not omit to mention the name of Erskine, whose quickness at jest and repartee has been so often spoken of. Hearing one day that an unsuccessful advocate had died very poor, he remarked that it was not wonderful, since as he had no causes he could have no effects. A friend of his was very much in the habit of speaking in a stilted and inflated manner. He told Erskine once that his brother had fallen from a stile, and sprained his foot severely. Erskine waited till the pompous and elaborate speech was over, and then said, "It was lucky for your brother that it was not from your *style* he fell, or he must have broken his neck." Many other amusing and witty sayings of the gifted advocate are current. We hear, too, of an Ayrshire laird, famous in his day for the good use to which he put his ready speech. It was proposed to him once to build a new churchyard wall, but he demurred on the plea that he never built dykes until the tenants complained. Another time the laird sold a horse, with the recommendation that he was an honest beast. The purchaser soon after came back in great wrath, saying that he had stumbled and fallen to their mutual injury, but the laird stoutly maintained his ground, saying, "Many a time has he threatened to come down wi' me, and I kenned he would keep his word." We have many curious and laughable stories told us of the race of old servants, which, although not deserving to come under the head of wit or humour, are entertaining from their absurdity.

Many of these old retainers had grown up in the same place where they spent their age, and combined the most sincere devotion to the family they served, with very troublesome and independent ways. The gratitude felt for their attachment, and the consideration with which their whims were treated, made them independent of the annoyance they sometimes occasioned. "Mend the fire, John," the mistress would say at a dinner party. "The fire's well aneuch, mem," would be the probable reply. "Bring more wine, John," might be the next order, which would bring forth the answer, "There's some i' the bottle, mem." Little was gained by reproof or interference. "Ye need na' find fault wi' me, Maister Jeems," said one of these worthies to his young master. "I hae been longer about the place than yersel'." Notice of dismissal was a thing never dreamt of by them, and when on rare occasions it was hinted at in desperation by the owner of the house, the hint was not very successful. An angry master once told his old domestic, that "they must part." "Whare ye gaun, sir?" was the wondering query. "I'm sure ye're aye best at hame." A lady more plainly telling her coachman to quit, met with no better luck. "Na, na, my lady," said he; "I druve ye to yer marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to yer burial." Another reply to a similar order was, "If you don't know when you've a good servant, I know when I've a good place;" but this speech is less characteristic of the feelings of these faithful old servitors, who thought themselves as much a part of the establishment as the stones which composed the family dwelling. "Laird," said an old woman on her death-bed, "will ye tell them to bury me whare I'll lay across yer feet." The tenacity of attachment in the Scotch is very striking, and their deep-rooted love for clan and country has often astonished more variable minds. Years and seas may part them from their heath-covered hills, but any trifle that brings back the old country to the Highlander is welcomed with an eagerness that betrays the warmth of the feeling within. A touching incident of this kind occurred when old Lord Lovat was returning from the trial at Westminster, which had sealed his doom as a Jacobite. As the coach which was conveying him back to prison was passing slowly along, he saw from the window a woman selling the yellow gooseberries familiar to his school-boy days. The old place and name rose to his recollection. "Stop a minute," cried the condemned prisoner, to whom memories of Edinburgh were dear; "stop a minute, and gie me a ha'porth o' honey blobs." The Scotchman, like his southern neighbours, sometimes shows his love for his country by boasting of its annals. An Englishman, with more candour than politeness, having said to a Scotchman "that no man of taste would think of remaining in such a country as Scotland," was met with the answer, "Tastes differ. I could tak' ye to a place no' far frae Stirling whare thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet." It will, of course, be seen that he referred to the English left sleeping on the fatal field of Bannockburn, "when," as Sir Walter sings—

"When the best names that England knew
Claimed in the death dirge dismal due.
Yet mourn not, land of fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field,
Since Norman William came."

That same unconquerable spirit has shown itself in many a hard-fought field since then, side by side with the old antagonists. Stories at the expense of Scottish closefistedness are, of course, plentiful enough. One of the best is that of a miserly peer who picked up a farthing in his grounds. A beggar, seeing the prize, ran up, exclaiming "O gie 't to me, my lord!" "Na, na!" was the quiet reply, as the coin was safely deposited in the noble pocket; "fin' a farden for yersel', puir body." A gentleman of a similar character undertook the charge of a little nephew, and having more regard to economy than to appetite, the boy did not thrive. One day when walking with his uncle they met a friend with a greyhound. The child, astonished at the slimness of the animal, clasped him round the neck, exclaiming, "Oh, doggie, doggie, and div ye live wi' yer uncle too, that ye are so thin?" The Scotch, however, can afford a laugh at their expense when there are so many tales extant bearing witness to their patriotism and independence of character, as well as to the warmth and steadfastness of their friendship. Such pleasant volumes as these we have been quoting from serve to bring the two countries nearer together, by rendering the old-fashioned speech, thoughts, and ways of the one familiar to the other, and thus removing the barriers which difference of language, climate, and habit are too apt to rear between the sympathies of the busy man of action in the bustle of our English commercial life, and the quiet routine existence of the old laird on the brown moors of the Highlands. F.

## THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.

*(From the German of Mühler.)*

STRAIGHT from the tavern door
  I am come here;
Old road, how odd to me
  Thou dost appear!
Right and left changing sides,
  Rising and sunk;
O I can plainly see—
  Road! thou art drunk!

O what a twisted face
  Thou hast, O moon!
One eye shut, t'other eye
  Wide as a spoon;
Who could have dreamt of this?
  Shame on thee, shame!
Thou hast been fuddling,
  Jolly old dame!

Look at the lamps again:
  See how they reel!
Nodding and flickering
  Round as they wheel.
Not one among them all
  Steady can go;
Look at the drunken lamps,
  All in a row.

All in an uproar seem,
  Great things and small;
I am the only one
  Sober at all;
But there's no safety here
  For sober men,
So I'll turn back to
  The tavern again.

F. C. H.

# On Being Useful.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCATTERED SEEDS," "A CHRISTMAS GATHERING," ETC.

WHAT an excellent thing it is to be of some use in the world! What a satisfactory thing to feel that one's life as regards others is *not* "a blank, my lord!" and that our death shall leave a void, short lived it may be, or of small extent, but still a void, to be filled up by other and better workers who shall carry on, perhaps perfect, work which we have but begun, or it might be only suggested. To be *missed,* is, if a selfish, at any rate, a very natural desire, and those who have been the most useful in their day and generation are assuredly the most missed when "Death's mild curfew doth from work assoil!"

These and similar reflections presented themselves to my mind, as I sat idly on the beach of a well-known watering-place, watching the ever-restless tide hard at work, rushing and roaring over pebbles and rocks, dashing up sea-weed, carrying away all sorts of rubbish, which man had pronounced worthless, and so making itself "generally useful," in more ways than there is space here to discuss.

It is of use to one's body and brain, to the physical as well as the intellectual part of man's nature, to be idle sometimes, and so I was idling for a purpose, and refused all solicitations to engage in trade, although tempted thereto by a display of knitted night-caps, crochet dolls and umbrellas, wonderful and rare shells, pocket-combs, knives and eccentric floral ornaments for the mantelpiece of a "best bed-room." Two mysterious and confidential offers of "beautiful pillow-lace" came so suddenly upon my ear, that I was startled into a momentary dread of something worse to follow, either that I should be made the unwilling confidant of a tale of "thrilling interest," not altogether free from crime, or be solicited to "stand and deliver" with the frightful alternative of "your money or your life." I turned away impatiently from each and all of these tempting goods, deaf to all mercantile suggestions, blind to every possibility of a bargain.

I wanted to think, not to act just then; chance words from a passer-by had suggested a train of thoughts, in which I felt disposed to indulge; I wanted to think it out, not to buy dolls, or curiosities, however curious.

"She is such a useful person, she can turn her hand to anything—quite a treasure, I assure you." Who the "treasure" was, and what motive the kindly-looking little lady had for recommending her to the somewhat sceptical-featured clerical walking by her side, I never had an opportunity for ascertaining. I decided in my own mind that it must be either a housekeeper or a "general servant" (as I believe a maid of all work is designated in refined society), that the clergyman was a bachelor, needing somebody to "do for him," and that the lady herself was one of those useful bodies, always able to find "situations" for such as need them, and people to fill "situations" that are from time to time open to competition, in the houses of the well-to-do and aristocratic.

Thus the useful person who could "turn her hand to *anything.*" The more I thought of her, the more anxious I became to make her acquaintance; there are so many things to which I cannot turn my hand that perhaps I might have gained, if not ideas, at least manual dexterity in working out those of other people. And very fortunate is it for all of us that there are so many ways of being useful in the world, more ways than one of lending a helping hand to those who need it. Fortunately it is so, I say, or some of us would come badly off, as cumberers of the ground, were there but one track to follow in. The brain to plan, the hand to execute, each useful, each needed, not one against the other, but one acting with the other, mutually dependent, mutually helpful. There is work for all of us if we could but see it—some opportunity for each one to be of use, and each worker is most useful when the work, if not actually of his own choosing, is that which he himself feels most capable of executing. What this may be in individual cases, is not for another to decide. While on the other hand, the worker himself is the least able to estimate the measure of his usefulness and the amount of good resulting from his labours. They who do the most look back with no exultant self-complacency or vain-glory on what they have accomplished, and are the least disposed to "rest from their labours." Perhaps there is no woman, either of ancient or of modern times, who has been more thoroughly or more variedly useful than Florence Nightingale. Who can ever calculate the amount of real, practical good done by that energetic worker, and spent as she is with her labour of love, does she cease from her career of usefulness even now, when she "cannot move across the room without help?" And is she satisfied with the honour and reverence she has won as conclusive evidence that her work is over? Most assuredly not; work has been accepted by her as an essential part of life, and her "mission" will only then be fulfilled when the "silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken," and the heart that pulses now to others' pain shall be at rest for evermore.

But I would not dwell at length upon the career of such as have done "great things"—those benefactors of the human race whose deeds have won fame as well as gratitude from their fellows. The usefulness of a Stephenson, or a Brunel, a Greathead, or a Braidwood, nay, the usefulness of all good and great men, whether gifted with genius or the nobler endowment of a philanthropic spirit, no one will question; it is to those who have no great work to accomplish, no marvellous endowments to exercise, that I would address the comforting assurance, "you, too, are created for a purpose—you, too, are intended to be useful." Fame to the few, usefulness to the many. Is it not well that the better gift should be that within the reach of every one?

But perhaps some will question the *happiness* of being of use, especially in little acts which bring no credit to the doer. Nay, my friends, usefulness is one of the essential ingredients of happiness in this world's economy. The man with "nothing to do" but to *lounge* through life, "killing time," instead of employing it, is one of the most miserable, and, at the same time, unnatural beings in existence. Unnatural, I say advisedly. Look at that little one yonder so busily "helping mamma," in some occupation which she thinks "mamma" cannot satisfactorily accomplish without her! What is it that gives an added brightness to that brightest of all earthly things, the beaming face of a happy child? Is it not the feeling that she is of *use?* She may not like "carrying mamma's keys," or running up and down stairs on errands, necessarily better than playing with dolly, but she does like "helping mamma," whatever the form that help may assume, and mamma wisely encourages her in the idea of being of use now, that she may grow up to the reality and practice of it hereafter.

Awhile ago I said that those who are truly the most useful members of society are often the least satisfied with, perhaps the least capable of estimating, the extent of their usefulness. My thoughts were then centred upon one no longer with the living, whose earthly career was one long labour of love, self-sacrificing, self-renouncing, and so lowly in her own eyes, that every expression of commendation or approbation served but to awaken in her own mind a consciousness of her short-comings and her failures.

A more thoroughly *useful* life than hers could not have been, though obscure and unostentatious the scene of her exertions. For upwards of 40 years, out of 62, she was "only a governess," one seeking neither popularity nor fame, one content to labour on "through evil report and through good report," most thoroughly conscientious, most entirely devoted to a calling fraught with such incalculable results for good or for evil. And even here she had her reward; if love be the richest gift that human heart can bestow, the costliest prize that human heart can covet, then had she of that a richer measure than falls to the lot of many of earth's *great* ones!

Standing by the poor worn-out frame when at last released from most painful and protracted suffering, apart from the bitter anguish of personal loss, the strongest feeling was gratitude that she had lived, and the one prominent reflection was on the *usefulness* of such a life as hers! How many hearts, how many homes, have been bettered and gladdened by that one woman's influence! Verily, there is profit to oneself in being of use to others.

Once, when at table with two very young men, the one about to enter a profession, the other just launched upon a career which caused him to regard all mercantile life with contempt, the host, who was altogether a business man and not ashamed to own it, inquired of his junior guest when he was going to commence "business," an expression which subsequently drew upon him a private reprimand and an indignant—"You ought not to have spoken to A. of business, my dear sir; he is going into a *profession*, not a *business!*" (The latter word being enunciated with an expression of contempt of about thirty-horse power.)

"Well, of course; but that profession is his business, is it not? Why just consider what a sad thing it would be, if he had not any business in the world!"

Ay, *sad* thing indeed! Let us individually take heed that we do not add to the number of those useless people who really have not any business in the world.

* * * * * *

Since the above lines were penned a sorrow has fallen upon the nation which is, alas! a mournful confirmation of the glory and beauty of usefulness in this world, and the apparently irreparable loss sustained when one whose mission was to go about *doing good* has been suddenly and unexpectedly called to *rest* from his labours.

The voice of a great and mighty nation has spoken out its bitter and unavailing regret, its deep and loving reverence for the good and noble Prince whose exalted rank was the least of his attractions; but words alone are a poor testimony to the value of that life. May his example live in the hearts of all people, an imperishable legacy to the prince and the peasant of this and succeeding generations, and so, following in his footsteps, a world-wide tribute of deeds of usefulness and large-hearted philanthropy shall form a fitting and enduring monument to the "good Prince Albert." Y. S. N.

# A DENIAL.

BY THE LATE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

We have met late—it is too late to meet,
O friend—not more than friend!
Death's forecome shroud is tangled round my feet,
And if I step or stir, I touch the end.
In this last jeopardy
Can I approach thee, I, who cannot move?
How shall I answer thy request for love?
Look in my face and see!

I love thee not! I dare not love thee! Go
In silence; drop my hand.
If thou seek roses, seek them where they blow,
In garden alleys, not in desert sand.
Can life and death agree
That thou shouldst stoop thy song to my complaint?
I cannot love thee! If the word is faint,
Look in my face and see!

I might have loved thee in some former days,
Oh! then my spirits had leapt,
As now they sink, at hearing thy love praise!
Before these faded cheeks were overwept,
Had it been asked of me,
To love thee with my whole strong heart and head,
I should have said still—Yes, but *smiled* and said,
"Look in my face and see!"

But now! God sees me; God, who took my heart
And drowned it in life's surge.
In all your warm wide earth I have no part—
A light song overcomes me like a dirge.
Could Love's great harmony
The saints keep step to when their bonds are loose,
Not weigh me down? am *I* a wife to choose?
Look in my face and see!

While I behold, as plain as one who dreams,
Some woman of full worth,
Whose voice, as cadenced as a silver stream's
Shall prove the fountain soul which sends it forth,
One younger, more thought free
And fair and gay, than I, thou must forget,
With brighter eyes than these—which are not wet—
Look in my face and see!

So farewell thou, whom I have known too late
To let thee come so near,
Be counted happy while men call thee great,
And one belovèd woman feels thee dear!—
Not I!—that cannot be.
I am lost, I am changed—I must go further, where
The change shall take me worse, and no one dare
Look in my face and see!

Meantime I bless thee. By these thoughts of mine
I bless thee from all such !
I bless thy lamp to oil, thy cup to wine,
Thy hearth to joy, thy hand to an equal touch
Of loyal troth. For me,
I love thee not; I love thee not !—away !
Here's no more courage in my soul to say
"Look in my face and see !"

## OVER THE DOWNS!

BY ELIZA COOK.

[ORIGINAL.]

OVER the Downs we'll blithely tread,
When the sun first kisses the dew ;
When the pearl-clouds melt in a ruby red,
And the golden flame burns through.
Over the Downs ! and we'll carry away
A light in our eyes from the eastern ray,
That shall dance and live in them all the day,
And can only be caught by those who stray
Over the Downs !

Over the Downs, when the wind is up,
We'll hurry with panting breath ;
Quaffing new wine from a perfumed cup,
Distill'd from the purple heath.
Over the Downs ! and our cheeks shall bear
A flush that would make the wild-rose stare,
At a tint with which it could not compare—
A tint which the cheek can only wear
Over the Downs !

Over the Downs, when the twilight frowns,
Pensive and still we'll rove ;
When the daisy sleeps and the glowworm creeps,
With her star-lamp to beacon her love.
Over the Downs ! and our bosoms shall sigh
As we see the woods and the waters lie
In a misty veil over earth and sky :
And dreams shall come, though we know not why,
Over the Downs !

Over the Downs ! when the fair moon sits
On her broad and fleecy throne :
When the whirring wing of the dark bat flits,
With wild and sudden tone.
Over the Downs ! and a prayer shall steal
To our lips with the holy joy we feel,
And God shall list to our Souls' appeal
That is poured in truth, while our warm hearts kneel,
Over the Downs !

# Ecarte.

BY JAMES SKIPP BORLASE.

"Je marque le Roi, which, with the vole and two tricks forfeit for refusal, make me game. That is the third on my side, Monsieur Duprey, and I will trouble you to hand over a thousand francs."

So spoke, with an air of sarcastic mirth, an ecarté player, at a Paris gaming saloon, to his opponent; who, to judge by the piles of gold and bank-notes which during the last half-hour had from time to time been swept from the board into his adversary's pockets, had evidently been playing the losing game. In reply, the unlucky player pushed the remainder of his stakes across the table, and then, with a deep sigh, sank back in his chair.

I had been attracted to these two players upon first entering the apartment, and had ever since carefully watched their game.

The one was a tall, dark, middle-aged man, of grave and thoughtful countenance, who rarely raised his eyes from his hand, except now and then to watch the working of his opponent's countenance. He led his cards with extreme caution, seldom throwing out, and skilfully managing his high trumps. The other appeared his junior by some years; he seemed scarcely thirty years of age, and was evidently an inexperienced player, from the reckless way in which his continued ill-fortune made him handle his cards, and the fearful manner in which he allowed his inner emotions to exhibit themselves in every feature of his handsome and expressive countenance. I rapidly began to feel an absorbing interest in his game, for I saw that he was evidently losing far more than he could afford, and now I perceived that he was regularly cleared out.

"Well, do you want your revenge, Monsieur, shall we continue?"

"Monsieur Leville, I have no more ready money," was the calm reply.

"But if you lose, I dare say you can draw a cheque on your banker, and if you win, why it will be well and good."

"I have already overdrawn my account at the bank, but here is a watch, I will stake that more if you will."

"I am not in want of jewelry, if I win," answered Leville, with an almost imperceptible sneer, "but to oblige you I consent."

"All right; thanks; coupez;" and as he spoke, the young Frenchman drew a magnificent gold repeater from his pocket, and laid it on the table. He then took up the cards and began to deal.

"Trois et deux, not deux et trois," remarked the elder gambler, seeing that Duprey was dealing contrary to the manner they had adopted during the preceding part of the evening. "There now, my dear fellow, you have turned up the king, J' écarte."

"I mark the king. How many?"

"Three."

Again the game commenced; I watched it with renewed and painful interest. Duprey won.

His hope now returned, but in the next game it was again crushed, for Leville, owing to a lucky *finesse*, cleared the fifth trick first, and in the decisive one of the rubber, success again fell to the hand of the elder player.

With a smile he pocketed Duprey's watch, and in return, with a polite bow, proffered him a regalia.

His adversary accepted the cigar, lit it, and then, to conceal his emotion, pressed his hat over his brow and walked hurriedly from the room, while Leville, calmly whistling the last operatic air, looked after him for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders, and walking towards the *rouge-et-noir* table, in reply to the croupier's husky cry of "Make your game, ladies and gentlemen, red wins if black loses, make your game," laid a thousand francs on "colour."

I did not stay to see the result. Disgusted and sad at heart, I quitted the saloon, and the next minute found myself in the street.

The great clock of Notre Dame struck midnight as I thoughtfully paced down the wide pavement of the Champs Elysées, and turned into a street beyond. The moonlight shed its silvery radiance upon the high houses on either side, upon the lofty trees skirting the street, and on the various lounging groups of civilians and soldiery who even at that late hour were traversing it—almost with its mild effulgence obscuring the gleam of the gas lamps that glimmered like stars between the foliage.

Thinking of the pale, haggard, and excited countenance of Duprey, and the incidents of the gaming table, I unconsciously wandered on, until, upon looking around, I vainly endeavoured to recollect into what part of the city I had got. Turning up a street to my right, I at last discovered that it was flanked by the river, a little way up which I discovered the heavy corbels and arches of the Pont Neuf.

Lighting a cigar, I walked towards it, pondering as I went, and gazing abstractedly at its dark outline mirrored in the moon-lit river beneath. On one of the parapets I beheld the form of a man, standing still and motionless, apparently looking down into the stream; but when I neared him, and he perceived me close by, he threw his arms above his head, and leapt into the river.

I rushed forward; I looked over the side of the bridge, and saw a head struggling amid the waters. I glanced around; no human being was in sight to render assistance, and yet not a moment was to be lost, for the man was evidently sinking. So, taking off my coat, I clambered over the parapet, and being a good climber, easily descended the rough outer stonework, and dropped gently into the water.

For a moment I glanced round to discover the object of my immersion, but it was so dark under the shadow of the wide arches that for awhile I could see nothing distinctly. Presently my eye caught sight of a head and two hands above the turbid waves, and I immediately struck out towards them.

Before I could get alongside, the drowning man gave a loud shriek, and disappeared.

I was about to dive after him when the body rose again to the surface—the head thrown back and deadly pale—the long black hair floating on the water—the eyes open, ghastly and bloodshot. I now swam cautiously around him, and, seizing him by the hair, dragged him towards the shore, reaching it just at the same time as a party of gendarmerie, who, aroused by the despairing cry of the drowning man when first sinking, had reached the bank.

These helped me to pull him on shore, and then, as the full light of the moon fell upon his face, I recognized with a thrill of horror the countenance of the young gambler, Duprey.

I instantly drew a spirit flask from my pocket, and succeeded in pouring a small portion of its contents down his throat. We were then about to raise him on our shoulders, in order to convey him to the nearest hospital, when he slowly opened his mouth, and while consciousness appeared again for a moment to dwell in his upturned eyes, he murmured, "Don't remove me—I am dying. Oh, Father in heaven, forgive me! Lucille, dearest Lucille, farewell!" and then his eyes glazed, his jaw fell, and he was a corpse.

For three days the body of the gambler was exposed to view in the dark cages of the Morgue, in order to be identified, but without avail. No one came to claim it, and then he was buried beneath the dark sod, with the mystery of his life unravelled and unknown.

# Literary Notices.

*Neddy and Sally, or the Statute Day; a Lincolnshire Tale of Real Life.* By JOHN BROWN. Horncastle: Robert Farbon.

A taste has latterly sprung up for simple poems written in our racy and idiomatic county dialects, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Somersetshire especially. In the first-mentioned Mr. Edwin Waugh holds the highest rank, but he has no unworthy rival in the Yorkshire author of "Nattering Nan," so far as humour is concerned. A brother Odd-fellow, in Lincolnshire, Mr. John Brown, has published several similar works in the Lincolnshire dialect. We have read the one at the head of this notice with much pleasure. It is full of genuine humour, and has evidently been written *con amore*, and with true Lincolnshire relish. His "Lay of the Clock," is a more thoughtful poem with a high purpose, and shows much feeling and poetic expression.

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*The Village Feast and other Poems.* By JOHN WALKER LEE. London: Hamilton and Adams, Paternoster-row.

The principal poem contains some picturesque and truthful descriptions of rustic life and rustic enjoyment, intermixed with moral and philosophical reflections, expressed in easy flowing rhyme, with occasional passages of much poetic beauty. The following extract is a fair specimen of the general quality of the poem:—

"How transient are the joys of earth!
Serene delights or noisy mirth!
Philosophy will pause to gaze
In pleasure's courts, and crowded ways,
Where dazzling rays of splendour shine,
Where youth and beauty seem divine,
Adorned with all the spoils of wealth,
Endowed with all the charms of health
Whose eyes emit the spirit's fire,
Whose bosoms swell with soft desire,
Whose smile superior charms disclose,
As sunshine beautifies the rose.
And must the hand of foul disease
Pollute perfections fair as these?
Must they inhale its sickly breath
Before they sleep the sleep of death?
Those wanton curls that loosely wave
Must wear the head-dress of the grave;
Those beaming glances, now so bright,
Will surely set in endless night;
And yet their hearts are light and gay;
They dance and laugh the hours away;
New songs of happiness they sing,
As merrily as birds in spring."

Yet Mr. Ord's view of life is by no means a gloomy one, as many passages in his poem indicate. The concluding lines attest the geniality of his muse:—

"In social circles let me dwell!
I envy not the hermit's cell,
His crystal drink, and guiltless food,
His gloomy haunt and joyless mood—
The hearty welcome friendship gives,
The pleasure that the host receives,
These social joys, refined or rude,
Are dearer far than solitude."

# Andrew Rourke, Prov. C.S.

Mr. Andrew Rourke was born on the 29th March, 1819, at Grinfield Cottage, Edge Hill, at that time a delightfully situated suburb of Liverpool. In early life he was employed for some years in a merchant's office in that town. He was afterwards apprenticed to a watchmaker, which trade, however, he subsequently abandoned for the more congenial occupation of an accountant.

Mr. Rourke has been an active member of the Order for upwards of twenty-three years. He was initiated in the Amicable Lodge, Liverpool district, on the 11th of June, 1839. In the following October he was elected secretary, and subsequently V.G. and N.G. The latter office he has served twice in his own lodge, and three times in new lodges opened by the district.

In June, 1842, he was first elected to the office he at present holds—the Corresponding Secretaryship of the Liverpool district. In the whole, he has fulfilled its duties for a period of sixteen years.

In 1843 he was elected one of the deputies to represent the Liverpool district at the Bradford Annual Moveable Committee, to which meeting he acted as one of the assistant secretaries. He subsequently represented his district at the A.M.C.s held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Bristol, and Oxford, at each of which meetings, as well as at Bradford, he was elected one of the sub-committee appointed to report upon the proceedings of the G.M. and board of directors. He acted as secretary to all of these committees, with the exception of the one held at Bristol. He has since represented Liverpool at the Annual Committees held at Preston, Leicester, Shrewsbury, Bolton, and Brighton. At two of these meetings he acted as secretary to the Estimates Committee, and at another as secretary to the New Districts Committee. At the Glasgow A.M.C. he was appointed one of the trustees empowered to invest the sum of £1,000 belonging to the General Fund of the Order. The resolution, however, was not carried into effect. At the Oxford A.M.C. he was a member of the committee appointed to consider the state of the then Odd-Fellows' Magazine, and to report thereon, with a view to its improvement.

Mr. Rourke was amongst the earliest advocates of legislative protection to the funds of the Order. He took an earnest part in the discussion of this question at the Bradford meeting in 1843, and again at Oxford, when the debate was specially reported and published. In 1846 he had a lengthy correspondence with Mr. Tidd Pratt on this subject, a bill being at the time under the consideration of Parliament, when he was instrumental, in conjunction with others, in procuring the insertion of a clause exempting friendly societies from the operation of 39 Geo. 3, c. 79, and 57 Geo. 3, c. 19, commonly known as the "Corresponding Societies Acts." Mr. Rourke was likewise amongst the earliest of our financial reformers. He voted at Glasgow, in 1845, in favour of the celebrated resolutions for placing the finance of the Order upon a sounder basis. He was, at this period, an officer of the Liverpool district, and consequently, in conjunction with his able colleague, the then Prov. G.M., now Past Grand Master Luff, had to encounter serious difficulties and responsibilities in the troubled times which followed. When the question of financial reform was revived at the Bristol A.M.C., Mr. Rourke moved a resolution, which was adopted, and which forms the principle of what still remains a portion of the general law of the Order. This law invests *districts* with the power of fixing the rate of contributions and benefits to be paid within their jurisdiction. The amendments or antagonistic propositions were that *lodges* should retain the power they formerly possessed, and that the Glasgow resolutions by which the *unity* fixed the rate, should be adhered to.

These facts of themselves proclaim much more than mere verbiage, however eloquent, the great interest which Mr. Rourke has taken in the prosperity of our institution, and the further development of its principles. At the annual committees he has taken a very active and useful part in all discussions of importance. That his efforts have largely met with the approbation of his colleagues is shown by the many times he has received important official distinction, and by the selection of his portrait by the Bolton A.M.C. for the embellishment of the present number of the Magazine.

Mr. Rourke has, with great and praiseworthy diligence, during many years, devoted a portion of his time and attention to the collection of records, historical and statistical, which throw light upon the past operations of the Order. His collection now includes all the official minutes of the Unity from 1814 to the present time; the whole of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the Order in the United States of America from its establishment in 1821; and numerous important and interesting documents in connection with the society's early history. Mr. Rourke was for several years in the habit of regularly corresponding with the late Past Grand Sire Wildey, the founder of the Order in America. From this gentleman he gathered much valuable information respecting the operations of the society—its struggles and difficulties in the earlier portion of its career. We hope we shall be enabled from time to time to obtain from Mr. Rourke's valuable collection interesting matter for insertion in the pages of the ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

## Friendly Society Intelligence, Statistics, Etc.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—In the Judges' Chambers, London, in July last, before Mr. Justice Willes, an application was made by Mr. C. Pollock, for a writ of prohibition to restrain further proceedings in the case of "Dixon and another *v.* Chadwick and others." The case originally came before the Judge of the Manchester County Court. The action was brought by the plaintiffs as trustees of the Steam Engine Makers' Friendly Society to recover the sum of £81 12s. 1d. received by the defendants as trustees of a branch society, but appropriated by them to the use of a rival society, called the Amalgamated Engineers' Society. The judge of the Manchester County Court gave judgment for the plaintiff for £70, allowing the defendants, at their own request, a month to pay. Before the expiration of the month the defendants obtained from Mr. Justice Willes a summons calling upon the plaintiffs to show cause why a writ of prohibition should not issue to stop execution. The summons was accordingly answered on Friday. Mr. Leresche opposed the application. The learned judge, on an undertaking from the plaintiff that the execution should not issue until the 7th of November, refused a writ of prohibition. The costs will abide the event.—*Manchester Examiner.*

STATISTICS OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY.—An Analysis (by a member of the Albert Lodge, Wigton District) of the "List of Lodges for 1862;" showing the Number of Districts, Lodges, and Members, and also the number of Lodges with their Members, in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies.

| Country | Number of | | | No of Lodges consisting of the undermentioned No. of Members. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Districts. | Lodges. | Members. | No Return | Under 10. | 10 to 20. | 20 to 30. | 30 to 40. | 40 to 50. | 50 to 100. | 100 to 200. | 200 to 300. | 300 to 400. | 400 to 500. | 500 to 600. | 600 to 700. | 700 to 800. |
| England | 358 | 2916 | 293,247 | 5 | 22 | 129 | 154 | 206 | 214 | 1020 | 890 | 204 | 54 | 13 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Wales... | 41 | 270 | 23,191 | ,, | 1 | 16 | 19 | 27 | 23 | 96 | 79 | 6 | 2 | 1 | ,, | ,, | ,, |
| Scotland | 12 | 31 | 3,779 | ,, | 1 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 | 9 | 3 | 1 | ,, | 1 | ,, | ,, |
| Ireland | 4 | 19 | 1,067 | ,, | ,, | 2 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 2 | ,, | ,, | ,, | ,, | ,, | ,, |
| Colonies | 33 | 197 | 13,891 | 17 | 2 | 18 | 20 | 22 | 15 | 55 | 37 | 9 | 2 | ,, | ,, | ,, | ,, |
| Total... | 448 | 3433 | 335,175 | 22 | 26 | 167 | 197 | 263 | 254 | 1186 | 1017 | 222 | 59 | 14 | 4 | 1 | 1 |

### SUMMARY OF THE NUMBER OF DISTRICTS IN THE UNITY, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE NUMBER OF LODGES.

| Number of Lodges in a District. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 to 20 | 20 to 30 | 30 to 40 | 40 to 50 | 50 to 60 | 60 to 70 | 70 to 80 | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. of Districts. | 52 | 52 | 49 | 47 | 45 | 29 | 28 | 21 | 15 | 75 | 23 | 6 | 2 | 3 | ... | 1 | 448 |

### SUMMARY OF THE DISTRICTS IN THE UNITY, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE NUMBER OF MEMBERS.

| No. of Members in a District. | No. Returns. | Under 20 | 20 to 50 | 50 to 100 | 100 to 200 | 200 to 300 | 300 to 400 | 400 to 500 | 500 to 600 | 600 to 700 | 700 to 800 | 800 to 900 | 900 to 1,000 | 1,000 to 2,000 | 2,000 to 3,000 | 3,000 to 4,000 | 4,000 to 5,000 | 5,000 to 6,000 | 6,000 to 7,000 | 7,000 to 8,000 | 8,000 to 9,000 | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. of Districts. | 3 | 3 | 7 | 24 | 54 | 64 | 44 | 30 | 32 | 21 | 32 | 22 | 11 | 68 | 23 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 1 | ... | 1 | 448 |

Highest No. of Members in a District, 8,698. "North London."
Lowest ,, ,, 13. "Philadelphia."
Highest No. of Members in a Lodge, 731, No. 202, "Mechanics'," Leeds Dis.
Lowest ,, ,, 5, ,, 1,124, "Ld. Melbourne," Dudley Dis.

Lodges with upwards of 500 Members:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 202... | "Mechanics'"................. | Leeds District | ...731 | Members. |
| ,, 1,282... | "Independent Victoria" ... | Hastings ,, | ...667 | ,, |
| ,, 2,612... | "St. Marnock" ............... | Kilmarnock ,, | ...556 | ,, |
| ,, 1,871... | "Lawrence Sheriffs" ......... | Rugby ,, | ...530 | ,, |
| ,, 118... | "Brunswick" .... ............. | Brighton ,, | ...514 | ,, |
| ,, 2,776... | "Pride of Devon" ........... | Plymouth ,, | ...504 | ,, |

STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.—In the summary proceedings before magistrates in England last year, 82,196 persons were charged with being drunk, or drunk and disorderly; but large as the number is, it is 7 per cent. less than in 1860, and there was a small decrease in that year also. Juries on coroners' inquests found 199 verdicts last year of death from excessive drinking, but that was nearly 30 per cent. fewer than in 1860.

PROGRESS OF THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.—Although the Post-office authorities preserve a silence which is only broken at rare intervals with respect to these admirable institutions, some particulars of their progress occasionally transpire, and show that in spite of the general depression of trade, and the distressed condition of particular districts, the post-office banks are rapidly attaining a business of enormous magnitude. For instance, the acknowledgments for deposits, which are sent from the General Post-office to the depositors, are printed with consecutive numbers, and we have recently seen acknowledgments the numbers on which showed that there have already been more than 360,000 deposits in the post-office banks, although those banks have only been in full operation for little more than five months. The number of depositors in them must also be very considerable.—*Advertiser.*

FIRE INSURANCE.—The following table, compiled from the official returns, exhibits at a glance the increase of duty paid to the government by the different insurance offices, metropolitan and provincial, during the year 1861:—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Royal | £7,937 | 23 | Yorkshire | 437 |
| 2 | Liverpool and London | 5,025 | 24 | Manchester | 387 |
| 3 | Imperial | 4,837 | 25 | National | 381 |
| 4 | North British and Newcastle } amal. | 4,313 | 26 | Patriotic | 332 |
| | | | 27 | Guardian | 315 |
| 5 | Sun | 2,968 | 28 | Royal Farmers' | 250 |
| 6 | Queen | 2,312 | 29 | Church of England | 229 |
| 7 | Law | 2,288 | 30 | Kent | 194 |
| 8 | Globe | 2,026 | 31 | Birmingham | 161 |
| 9 | Norwich Union | 1,829 | 32 | Nottingham and Derby | 142 |
| 10 | County | 1,685 | 33 | United Kingdom Provident | 149 |
| 11 | West of England | 1,635 | 34 | Essex and Suffolk | 109 |
| 12 | Scottish Union | 1,585 | 35 | Northern | 101 |
| 13 | Leeds and Yorkshire | 1,465 | 36 | Sheffield | 98 |
| 14 | Provincial | 1,295 | 37 | Midland Counties | 87 |
| 15 | London | 1,209 | 38 | Salop | 59 |
| 16 | Union | 945 | 39 | Birmingham District | 54 |
| 17 | Royal Exchange | 907 | 40 | London Union | 52 |
| 18 | General | 880 | 41 | Emperor | 39 |
| 19 | Law Union | 860 | 42 | Shropshire and North Wales | 26 |
| 20 | Scottish Provincial | 791 | 43 | Norwich Equitable | 25 |
| 21 | Caledonian | 685 | 44 | Preserver | 21 |
| 22 | Lancashire | 513 | 45 | District | 6 |

METROPOLITAN BENEFIT SOCIETIES' ASYLUM.—A tea meeting was held on Wednesday, July 23rd, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Benefit Societies' Asylum, Ball's Pond, Islington. Mr. Sheriff Cockerell presided, and in opening the proceedings, said the asylum was established in 1829 for the reception of aged persons of both sexes, members of any friendly or benefit societies, who were provided with a free residence, coals, candles, and medical attendance. The main building was erected in 1836-7, and with the ground, cost £5,000. The wing was added in 1853-4, at a cost of upwards of £2,000. Up to the present time 147 persons had been admitted to the benefits of the institution, of whom 26 now remained inmates of the main building. The society had lately been favoured with a bequest by the late Mrs. Mackenzie, expected to amount to a net sum of £9,000, out of which it is proposed to pay the residue of the mortgage, £1,750, and by additional exertions to form a sufficient endowment fund for maintaining the inmates of the whole of the rooms in the asylum. Lord Ebury, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Mr. Henry Campkin, Mr. Joseph Payne, the Recorder, and Mr. Tidd Pratt, addressed the meeting, and strongly urged the claim of the asylum upon the attention of benefit societies, and dwelt upon its usefulness, recommending working-men to join benefit societies. The proceedings terminated with the National Anthem, which was given with great effect by the large company assembled.

## Odd-Fellowship, Anniversaries, Presentations, &c.

ALSTON.—On Saturday evening, April 26th, the members and friends of the Loyal Tyne Lodge, Haltwhistle, gave a farewell supper to their worthy hostess, Mrs. Sarah Saul, of the Crown Inn, previous to her leaving the town of Haltwhistle and retiring into private life. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, &c., the chairman, P.P.G.M. W. Routledge, late of the Durham district, gave the health and future prosperity of Mrs. Saul in a highly complimentary and feeling manner, which was most enthusiastically drunk by the whole company assembled, fully showing the high respect they entertain for their worthy hostess of nineteen years' standing. The rest of the evening was devoted to songs, recitations, &c.

BAGILLT.—PRESENTATION.—The members of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows of the Cambrian Lodge, No. 2566, met recently to make a presentation to an old and meritorious officer, Mr. James D. Morgan, P.G., who has long filled the very important office of treasurer to the above lodge. The testimonial was a handsome silver lever watch, which bore the following inscription :—"Presented to James D. Morgan, P.G., by the Loyal Cambrian Lodge, Independent Order of Odd-fellows, Manchester Unity, for his efficient services as treasurer for 14 years. Bagillt, 1862." The chairman addressed the meeting upon the occasion which had called them together, and said that it was a most pleasing duty to present the watch on the part of the members of the Loyal Cambrian Lodge as a small token of their respect and esteem. Mr. Morgan, in reply, acknowledged their kindness in presenting him with so valuable a testimonial, accepting it with a full determination to do his duty honestly. He should remember and appreciate their kindness as long as he lived, and it would be his greatest pleasure to further the interests of the lodge, and promote its prosperity in every possible way.

BARBADOES.—On Thursday evening, 29th May last, the members and friends of the St. Michael's Lodge celebrated its 22nd anniversary. The lodge-room was most tastefully decorated. Among the banners was one of white silk, with the inscription, "Welcome, ten thousand welcomes," which was carried in the procession on the arrival of H.R.H. Prince Alfred at Barbadoes, on the memorable 22nd of February, 1861. Prov. G.M. J. H. Nightingale took the chair, and the vice-chair was occupied by N.G. Phillips. The chairman proposed the usual loyal toasts. In proposing "The Manchester Unity," the chairman spoke at some length on the extent of the Order and its general usefulness, giving a statistical account of districts, lodges, and members in connection with the Unity. The toast was ably and eloquently responded to by P.P.G.M. Barclay. In proposing "The G.M. and Board of Directors," Prov. C.S. Cordle said, he being the medium of communication between the Board of Directors and the Barbadoes District was, no doubt, the cause of the toast being put into his hand. He trusted that although those gentlemen who composed the board of directors were personally unknown to the brethren of the Order in the Island of Barbadoes, yet he knew that their health would be readily, cheerfully, and heartily drunk. All knew what was due to men of great minds—of expansive ideas. After making honourable mention of the late Mr. James Roe (which tribute of respect was well received), and of some living distinguished Odd-Fellows, and speaking of the advantages Odd-Fellowship holds out to young men of the working classes, and of its working in the mother country, he concluded by calling upon the press of those islands to lend their valuable aid in disseminating the views, objects, and principles of the Order. Other toasts followed, and the company separated at a seasonable hour, highly delighted and gratified.

Birkenhead.—At the meeting of the Britannia Lodge, held on Thursday evening, Aug. 15th, the members presented to Prov. G.M. Joseph Seddon a valuable timepiece, purchased by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, and bearing the following insciption:—"Presented by the members of the Britannia Lodge, No. 1834, I.O. of O.F., M.U., to Prov. G.M. Joseph Seddon, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services, Aug. 14, 1862." Prov. C.S. William Sykes, in making the presentation, dwelt at considerable length upon the services rendered by Mr. Seddon to the lodge during the past 16 years, showing that through his indomitable perseverance and earnest attention to its interests, he had, with a few others, contributed to place the lodge in its present respectable position, and prevent its failing, at a time when the depression of trade was such in Birkenhead that nothing but decay stared them in the face. Prov. G.M. Seddon responded, thanking the members most cordially for the kind manner in which they had marked their appreciation of his services. The lodge was attended by a large number of visiting officers and members from Liverpool, several of whom addressed the meeting upon the business of the evening and the principles of Odd-fellowship.

Birkenhead.—The members of the Lodge "Perseverance" celebrated their twenty-fourth anniversary on Monday. At a quarter past seven o'clock, the members, together with their Liverpool brethern and friends, sat down to an excellent dinner in the lodge-room, at Host Gilbertson's, George and Dragon Inn, Grange-lane. On the cloth being removed, the chair was taken by Prov. C.S. W. Sykes. After the usual loyal toasts, etc., the Chairman said he had been connected with the lodge for 20 years, and when he first joined them they mustered but 117 members, whereas they now numbered 230 good paying members. In 1842 they had but £150 in the treasurer's hand, they now had £700; all these facts tended to show the prosperous manner in which the lodge is getting on. They had during the last 12 months paid 12s. per week to all sick members, and in instances of the death of a brother, his widow would receive £15 to enable her to give him a decent interment; in no case did the relict of a brother receive less than £10. (Applause.) The meeting was likewise attended by several officers and members of the Liverpool district, who take a warm interest in the prosperity of their offspring.

Bolton.—On Wednesday evening, August 27th, 1862, the members of the Loyal Settle's Pride Lodge presented a beautiful silver snuff-box, suitably inscribed, to their respected treasurer, Mr. Charles Woods, P.P.G.M., who had discharged the duties of his office with integrity and faithfulness for upwards of twelve years. P.G. Samuel Openshaw, on whom the pleasing duty of making the presentation devolved, delivered an appropriate address, remarking that the success of the institution depended largely upon the honesty, zeal, and urbanity of those to whose care the interests of its members are confided. In the person of Mr. Woods, the lodge had found a faithful and indefatigable servant, a staunch and zealous Odd-Fellow, and a brother who was uniformly ready to undertake the most onerous and laborious duties when the interests of lodge or district required them. These duties he had ably and cheerfully discharged for many years with distinguished assiduity and patience. He heartily wished him long life and happiness, and hoped he would long be spared to continue his connection with them. Mr. Woods appropriately replied, and assured them he should always regard the testimonial with feelings of pride and satisfaction, and that it should be always his humble endeavour to promote, as far as possible, the usefulness and welfare of our noble fraternity. The members and friends celebrated the event by a substantial supper. A pleasant and convivial evening was spent under the chairmanship of Mr. Boardman, G.M. of the district. The financial state of the lodge is most favourable, the funds amounting to upwards of £8 per member.

Bootle, near Liverpool.—On the 4th of August, the members of the Royal Botanic Lodge (No. 2600), M.U., celebrated their anniversary by dining together at the house of Mr. Harrison, the Brown Cow, Walton. There were between 60 and 70 members present. The chair was occupied by Mr. D. W. Parsons, and Brother Ellis officiated as vice-chairman. Several visitors from Liverpool were present. P.G.M. Luff responded to "the Unity." The occasion was taken advantage of by the Bootle district to present to P.P.G.M. Edwin Smith a service of silver plate, consisting of teapot, sugar-basin, and cream jug. The presentation was made by Mr. A. Rourke, C.S., Liverpool, in a very complimentary speech. Mr. Rourke stated his friend, Mr. Smith, had served the office of secretary to the Botanic Lodge. He had been treasurer of the Bootle district for ten years, served the office of Provincial Grand Master three times, Provincial Deputy Grand Master twice, besides several subordinate offices to enable him to attain this high honour. He had also represented the district three times at their annual parliaments—those of Shrewsbury, Bolton, and Brighton—where he attained high honours for the Bootle district, amongst them that of electing an auditor of the Order for the next three years, an office which P.P.G.M. Smith would worthily fill. (Applause). Mr. Smith responded in a suitable address, in the course of which he traced the progress of the lodge to its present state of prosperity. The lodge had been remarkably healthy, and possessed now a reserved fund of £890, or about £12 4s. per member.—*Abridged from Liverpool Mercury.*

Bradford.—Opening of a New Lodge.—On Thursday, July 17th, a new lodge was opened in this district by the Prov. G.M. Jonas Hey, assisted by the Prov. D.G.M. Henry Wyatt, with past officers from other lodges. It is called the "Loyal Flower of Equity." With upwards of 50 members initiated as a beginning, it bids fair to soon become a very flourishing lodge. P.G.M. John Schofield congratulated the district officers on the success of their exertions, this lodge being the first one opened in the district during the last twelve years. A very agreeable evening was spent, each member being determined to spread further the usefulness of the Order, by the introduction of new members.

Bradford.—In addition to the appeal on behalf of the cotton manufacturing districts issued by the G.M. and Board, this district has forwarded a special circular to each lodge, from which we cull the following paragraph.—"Relief, though small, afforded promptly, is by far of infinitely more service than tardy assistance even if to a larger amount; therefore, we earnestly hope that what assistance you may be enabled to give, you will give at once, and forward the same either through the plan suggested by the G.M. and Board, or to the District Treasurer, P.G.M. John Schofield, 54 Thornton-Road." The district officers anticipate a generous response to their appeal.

Brampton.—The Loyal Lyne-Side Lodge celebrated their twenty-first anniversary on Whit Monday, at the house of hostess Jane Smith, Howard's Arms Inn, Bolton-fell-end. Upwards of seventy members and friends sat down to a sumptuous repast. On the removal of the cloth, Br. Thomas Thornburn was unanimously called to the chair. After the usual toasts had been duly disposed of, Pro. G.M. John Palmer, a member of the lodge for upwards of twenty years, was presented with a valuable silver snuff-box, with the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to G.M. John Palmer, by the members of the Loyal Lyne-Side Lodge of the I.O. of O.F., M.U., 1862." G.M. John Palmer expressed his gratitude for the very highly-prized testimonial, and hoped that his future efforts in the cause of Odd-fellowship would continue unabated, and ever meet their kind approval. "Prosperity to the Loyal Lyne-Side Lodge" having been proposed with all honours, P.P.G.M. Wm. Routledge, the prov. secretary to the lodge, gave a short but satisfactory account of its financial affairs. The ball-room was densely crowded at an early hour of the evening.

BRIGHTON.—The *Brighton Gazette* of the 17th July contains announcements of no less than six anniversaries celebrated in the district or neighbourhood. At Hayward Heath upwards of 70 persons sat down to the dinner, amongst whom were Capt. Meek (Chairman), W. W. Burrell, Esq., Rev. T. A. Maberley, Rev. R. E. Wyatt, Mr. Thomas Harman, and Mr. James Curtis (Grand Master and Corresponding Secretary of the Brighton District), Mr. W. H. Chittenden, Mr. Hopewell, Mr. Pilbeam, Mr. W. Bennett, Mr. Lawless, and other visitors from Brighton. Mr. W. Curtis (the founder of the lodge) filled the vice-chair. The honorary members and visitors, especially the clergymen, spoke in the highest terms of the society and its objects. It was stated that the district numbered 3,421 members, and possessed a reserved capital of £14,475 5s. 2d.

CARDIFF DISTRICT.—On Monday evening, August 4th, 1862, the members of the Loyal Tredegar Lodge, Four Elms Inn, Roath, held their anniversary. The brotherhood felt deep interest in the proceedings, on account of the presentation to the Treasurer of the lodge of a substantial token of the esteem in which they held him, for his various and gratuitous services. After dinner Dr. Mead was unanimously elected to the chair, and P.G. Edwin Baugh to the vice. The testimonial was a handsome silver star, bearing the emblem of the order in frosted silver, with an appropriate inscription engraved on the reverse side, and a splendid silk velvet collar trimmed with gold lace. Mr. Mead in the course of his address bore ample testimony of the praiseworthy conduct and valuable services rendered to the lodge by brother Llewelyn Giles, and expressed his pleasure in conveying to him the marked approbation of the brethren. Mr. Giles feelingly returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him, and assured them he should endeavour to show his gratitude by furthering, to the utmost of his ability, the interest of the lodge, and the welfare of the order generally. The Rev. John Emlyn Jones, P.P.C.S., delivered a very instructive and humorous speech, and congratulated the members of the lodge on their satisfactory financial position.

COCKERMOUTH DISTRICT.—The "Cocker" Lodge, 4662, held its first public anniversary at Prov. C.S. Hewson's, Ship Inn, on Tuesday, 10th June, 1862, when the members and their friends sat down to a good and substantial supper, to which ample justice was done. N.G. E. Thwaites, bookseller, occupied the chair, and P.N.G. William Shilton, photo-artist, the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given by the chairman, several songs were sung by Prov. C.S. Hewson, D.P.G.M. Smith, P.G. Murray, Bros. Mulcaster, Wright, and Thursby, to the great merriment and enjoyment of all present.

DOCKING, NORFOLK.—The twenty-first anniversary of the Loyal Prince Albert Lodge, Lynn District, was celebrated on Friday, the 27th June, the members attending the parish church, where an eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh J. Hare, honorary member. After the service the members returned in procession to the Plough Inn, where they partook of a bountiful and most substantial dinner, to which about one hundred members and friends did ample justice. In the absence of Major Hare, who was unable to attend, R. Shaul, Esq., presided, supported by the Rev. Hugh J. Hare, Messrs. Sharpe, Pickrell, Freeman, P.P.G.M. Ruffell (Bury St. Edmonds), &c., &c.; P.P.G.M. Bennett occupying the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to, the chairman dwelt at great length on the benefits the order conferred. He referred to the charity which it had distributed with no niggardly hand in times of public distress and suffering; and glanced at the progress the society had made in recent years. The vice-chairman, who had recently returned from the Brighton A.M.C., returned thanks for the G.M. and directors, passing a high eulogium upon them for their gentlemenly and business habits. The health of the chairman (who has been surgeon to the lodge ever since its establishment) was received with applause. In response he thanked them most cordially for the kind and flattering way his health had been proposed and received. Before he sat down he had a very pleasant duty to perform, namely, to present to their worthy Secretary a testimonial, purchased by the voluntary contributions of the members of the lodge. He spoke in high terms of the valuable services of Mr. Goodwin, who for twenty years had been an officer of the lodge, attributing in a great measure its present prosperous condition to his untiring zeal for its welfare. The testimonial consisted of a handsome silver watch, bearing a suitable inscription. P.P.G.M. Bennett read the following inscription, which had been very elegantly executed in gold, and enclosed in a handsome frame:—"This certificate, together with a silver watch, value £10 11s., was presented, on the 27th of June, to P.P.G.M. Charles Goodwin, by the members of the Prince Albert Lodge of Odd-Fellows, No. 2,927, Manchester Unity Friendly Society, as tokens of their respect and appreciation of his services as Secretary for fifteen years. Docking, 1862." The Secretary, in a feeling speech, expressed his gratitude for their valuable presents. The toast "Success to the Lodge" followed, to which the secretary briefly responded. He stated there had been less sickness during the past year than during any of the preceding five. The funds had progressed favourably, so that now the accumulated capital was over £1,000.

DROYLSDEN.—The anniversary dinner of the Loyal Gortonian Lodge, Gorton, was held at the house of Mrs. S. Chadwick, Waggon and Horses Inn, on Saturday August 9th, when upwards of ninety members and friends sat down to a capital dinner. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Lewis, P.P.G.M., of Glossop, and there were present P.P.G.M. Samuel Dunkerley, jun., and the district officers, Josiah Barlow, G.M., F.D. Spencer, D.G.M., and Samuel Dunkerley, sen., P.C.S., &c. The usual loyal toasts being disposed of, Mr. Timothy Johnson proposed "the G.M. and Board of Directors," which was responded to by the chairman in a lengthened speech, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction that the Order generally was in a flourishing condition. He explained the manner in which justice was dispensed by the Board of Directors. He said he had still another feature to mention, which was far superior to all the rest, "the Widows and Orphans Fund." The members could leave this world in comfort and content, feeling assured that their family would be protected. The toast of "the Lodge" having been proposed, Mr. S. Wood briefly replied. Mr. T. Johnson proposed the health of the chairman, which was drunk with the honours of the Order and three Lancashire cheers. The Chairman, in replying, said, that a pleasanter evening he never enjoyed, and was sorry it was so soon over. The health of Mr. Woodcock, Grand Master of the Order, who had been prevented from attending, was drunk with enthusiasm.

East Dereham.—The members of the Hastings Lodge, Hindolveston, have published the very admirable sermon preached for them, in their parish church, on the 15th April, by the Rev. J. Fenwick, B.D., rector of Thurning, Norfolk. It is headed, "The Fatherless and Widows in Affliction." The intrinsic merit of the work, as well as the fund to which the profits will be given, equally commend it to the patronage of every class of our readers.

East Dereham District.—Anniversary of the Feeling Heart and Poet Cowper Lodges.—The 21st anniversary of these lodges was celebrated by a dinner at the Corn Hall, East Dereham, on Whit-Tuesday, under the able presidency of the Rev. B. J. Armstrong, the vicar of the parish, supported by several gentlemen of the town. About 130 of the brethren and friends sat down to an excellent dinner. After the removal of the cloth, and the usual loyal toasts had been given, the secretary, in responding to the "Feeling Heart Lodge," stated that since the opening (May, 1841), 384 members had been made, 137 of whom had since left, some 35 or 40 to join other lodges, nearly 100 had ceased paying, 20 had died, and 18 members' wives had died in the same period. They at present numbered 227 members, whose average age was 34½ years. The accumulated fund (about £1,800 of which was invested on good securities) amounted to £2,258 odd, or nearly £10 a member. The income during the past year was £379 2s., £73 18s. 9d. of which was interest on invested capital, and the expenditure for the same period was £203 19s. 9d., £133 14s. 8d. of which was paid to 49 sick members for 1,859 days' sickness, being an average of about 8 days sickness per member for the year on the whole lodge. Three members and one member's wife had died during the year. In the previous year the lodge expended, for sickness, £112 10s., and 3 members died. During the last 5 years, £487 8s. 8d. had been expended for sickness. In the years 1860 and 1861 the income of the lodge had exceeded its expenditure by £150 16s. 6d. and £186 16s. 10d. respectively, showing an increased saving in the last year over the former of £35 0s. 4d. The secretary of the Poet Cowper Lodge also showed very satisfactory figures; he said the number of their members was 79; the past year's income had been £147 9s. 2d., and the expenditure £83 10s. 8d., giving a balance in hand of £63 18s. 6d. The sum paid to sick members during the year had been £39 16s. The funds of the lodge amounted to £607 16s. 4½d.

East Dereham.—On the 15th April the members of the Loyal Hastings Lodge, Hindolveston, celebrated its eleventh anniversary. The members met in large numbers at the lodge-house early in the day. The procession, which had a pretty appearance, left the lodge at noon in the presence of a large number of spectators, and repaired to the parish church, where a most excellent sermon, in behalf of the Widows and Orphans Fund was preached by the Rev. J. Fenwick, rector of Thurning. After service, the party, headed by the band of the Holt Rifle Corps, proceeded by the Holt Road to meet Lord Hastings, the noble patron of the lodge, who had come expressly from London to be present on the occasion. His lordship was met with a party of friends in a carriage and four, and was escorted to the lodge-room by a large concourse of people, the streets being almost impassable from the pressure of the crowd. A special lodge had been summoned for two p.m.; and as near to that time as possible, his lordship, occupying the office of N.G., opened the lodge, supported by a noble staff of honorary members. The Rev. S. Brereton, rector of Brinningham, V. D. Sherringham, Esq., of Thornage, J. Sherringham, Esq., of Melton, and Mr. John Powell, of Foulsham, were then made honorary members of the lodge, the Rev. C. Norris acting as lecture master. After the ceremony was over, the company assembled in a handsomely-decorated marquee, and partook of a substantial dinner. The chair was occupied by Lord Hastings, supported by Captain Astley, Lieut. Astley, the Rev. J. Fenwick, C. Harris, and S. Brereton, J. Banks, Esq., J. Saunders, Esq., C. Saunders, Esq., H. Bircham, Esq., V. D. Sherringham, Esq., C. P. James, Esq., J. Sherringham, Esq., and C. Colman, Esq., &c., &c. Several appropriate toasts were given and responded to, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

GRINSHILL.—ODD-FELLOWS' DEMONSTRATION.—On the 28th August, the members of the Grinshill District of Odd-Fellows held a picnic and tea-party on the above far-famed hill, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans Fund. Soon after two o'clock, a procession proceeded towards the hill. The beautiful grounds of Sansaw were thrown open, through which the procession moved. Hundreds of visitors from the surrounding neighbourhood were seen clustering all over the hill, watching the approach of the procession. A tent had been erected close by for tea-drinking, in which not less than 800 partook of the beverage, the hill perhaps never having had so great a concourse of people upon it at one time. Dancing was kept up until dusk, kiss-in-the-ring being indulged in occasionally; and altogether an exceedingly happy and pleasant day was spent, and, let us hope, a profitable one for the object for which primarily so many had met.—*Abridged from Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

HANWOOD.—Recently the members and friends of the Loyal De Grey Warter Lodge of Odd-Fellows celebrated their anniversary. The members, accompanied by a number of brethren from Shrewsbury, met in the forenoon at the New Inn, whence they proceeded in procession to the parish church, where a spirit-stirring discourse was delivered by the Rev. Edward Warter, on the nature of independence, and its results. After dinner the chair was occupied by Mr. James Hanny, Prov. G.M. of the Shrewsbury District, while the vice-chair was filled by Mr. David Lewis, P. Prov. G.M. The usual toasts were proposed and responded to, and a pleasant evening spent.

IPSWICH.—AMALGAMATED FETE OF ODD-FELLOWS AND FORESTERS.—The second annual fete of the I.O.O.F., M.U., and A.O.F. of Ipswich took place on Monday, September 8th, at Wherstead Park (kindly lent for the occasion by Dr. Vernon), for the benefit of the Ipswich Shipwreck Seamen's Society, and the Ipswich Life-boat. The proceedings commenced by a procession of the brethren and a deputation from the above society through the principal streets of the town. The day was delightfully fine, and many of the houses in the town were gaily decorated with flags, mottoes, &c. The floral car was the object of general admiration. The park itself, which was reached about twelve o'clock, soon presented a gay and animated spectacle. "Aunt Sally," with an original "Bob Ridley," soon attracted the attention of adepts at stick throwing. The gentler sports—cricket, trap ball, swings, kiss in the ring, and dancing soon found their admirers, while for the more juvenile portion; races for toys, &c. were provided. The Mayor of Ipswich, E. Grimwade, Esq., Dr. Vernon, Dr. Mills, R. Ransome, R. C. Ransome, J. Pitcher, W. Elliston, W. Adams, Esqrs., and many other gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were present. The afternoon passed off as joyously as possible, every one seeming delighted with the arrangements that had been made, and many expressing a desire that the fete should be held annually, and such we believe is the intention of the brethren. About 5,000 persons attended, and £62 was received for admission to the park, which, after payment of expenses, will leave nearly £40 to be divided between the funds of the Shipwreck Seamen's Society and the Life-boat.

IPSWICH.—The third anniversary of the Loyal Mechanics' Pride Lodge was celebrated on Friday, the 1st August, at the White Horse Inn. The brethren walked in procession through the principal streets of the town in full regalia. They afterwards attended Divine service at the church, where a most eloquent and impressive address was delivered by Brother the Rev. J. C. Blathwayt, M.A. On returning to the lodge-room, about 90 members and friends sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by Brother F. P. Campbell, Esq., Barrister-at-law, who, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Loyal Mechanics' Lodge," delivered a very excellent address on the benefits of the order. A statement of the accounts was submitted to the meeting, which showed a considerable increase in the number of members and in the amount of the reserved fund.

LEICESTER.—INITIATION OF W. U. HEYGATE, M.P.—In August last an interesting ceremony took place at the Globe Inn, Silver-street, the occasion being the initiation of W. U. Heygate, Esq., M.P., as an honorary member of the Prince of Peace Lodge, a special lodge being called for that purpose. A large number of members and honorary members attended. Two other honorary members were also initiated at the same time. The chair was occupied by G.M. Summerfield, D.G.M. Nokes occupying the vice. P. Prov. G.M. Goodrich, in proposing the health of the newly initiated members, said, when they saw gentlemen like those coming forward to help them in their work, it was a proof that their exertions were duly appreciated (hear, hear). They gave their help to those who in health endeavoured to help themselves. He hoped that as one of their newly-made brothers had a seat in parliament he would, when laws affecting them came before the house, give them his best attention (cheers). Mr. Heygate, in responding, observed that although he could not speak from experience of the working of the society in this county, yet he could not help bearing witness to the good it had done to the community at large, in instilling good feeling one to another, in assisting each other in distress, and inculcating a spirit of independence amongst them (hear, hear). P.G. Fleming, in the course of an excellent speech, said he looked upon such a gathering as a congress of social science, where the bonds that bind man to man are strengthened for the purpose of doing good. As soon as a man began to exercise a little forethought he became an Odd-fellow. He looked upon Odd-fellowship as a great cradle of the middle classes. How many men of the middle class owed their present prosperity to the principles inculcated in their minds in the lodge-rooms? He held it to be a duty on the part of the middle classes to further the cause of Odd-fellowship, that by so doing they would be the means of doing good to others (cheers). C.S. Cox said the saving of the lodges in the Leicester district as shown in the last returns was over £800 during the last twelve months.

MANCHESTER.—A numerously attended meeting of the Earl of Durham Lodge was held on Monday evening, September 8th, at the City-road Inn, Albion-street, Gaythorn, the chief business being to present a testimonial to P.P.G.M. J. P. Rowe, of the "Sir Walter Scott Lodge," Manchester district, in recognition of services rendered for the benefit of the orphans of a late brother of this lodge. The testimonial consisted of a coloured emblem of the "Widows and Orphans Fund," suitably and neatly framed. The chair was occupied by P.G. Vincent Slater, who made the presentation with a few brief but pointed remarks as to the worthiness of the recipient of the testimonial. P.P.G.M. Rowe made a suitable and feeling reply. The deputy G.M. of the district, and P.G. Derbyshire, P.G. Thomas Slater, P.G. Chesters, and P.P.G.M. Reed (of the Prince Llewellen Lodge) also bore testimony of the valuable services rendered both to the district and "Widows and Orphans Fund" committees by P.P.G.M. Rowe.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICTS.—CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.—Our London brethren have demonstrated, by what has been done this year, the truth of the proverb, "Deserve success, and you shall command it." Their entreaty to the country members to aid them by their presence was well responded to, and of the 45,674 who were in the people's Palace and grounds on the 5th August, it was evident that a majority had determined to visit town for the fete, and to see the

International Exhibition. The article from the *Selby Times*, which was early circulated in all the lodges, was, we understand, written by Mr. Bellerby, one of the committee, who, by his exertions in other matters, also rendered earnest service to his fellow-workers. Mr. Burgess, the present D.G.M. of the Order, and P.P.G.M. Harris, acted as usual as secretaries, having their labours much increased by the circulars to and correspondence with the various Prov. C.S.s and lodges. Prov. G.M. Wm. Holmes (South London), was chairman, and Prov. C.S. Love (Stepney), vice-chairman of the committee. At an early hour of the fete day the visitors were off to the Palace by rail or road, and it was late, very late, before the doors closed upon the last who returned. To say that all looked happy, and conducted themselves well, is too little; there being plenty to see and hear, everyone was satisfied—entered thoroughly into enjoyment—and the assemblage really reflected the greatest credit upon the Manchester Unity. Though the glorious weather tempted some to the grounds, the bulk of the first arrivals examined the courts of the Palace, and were delighted with the music of the Handel organ and the company's band. Soon after two a long procession was formed and traversed the walks. The South London District came first, headed by the band of the London Irish rifles, and Birmingham regalia, with such of the officers of the Order and board as were present in town; next the South Middlesex band, Liverpool regalia, and Pimlico officers and members; then Eaton's famous band, Dartford regalia, officers and members of the Dartford and County Districts; band of the London Artillery Brigade (the Metropolitan Odd-Fellows' special corps); Spital-square school band, and Stepney officers and members. St. Bartholomew's, Gray's-inn, school band, the Leamington regalia, and officers and members of the North London District brought up the rear. The country wardens and committee worked well in arranging the procession, and foremost among the latter was Prov. D.G.M. Mitchell, of North London. Arriving on the grand terrace, opposite the central transept, the bands united, and played "God Save the Queen." The masses were then kept together by the great fountains immediately afterwards playing with beautiful effect, and before seeing Blondin there was a slight pause for refreshment. At four precisely the famous acrobat appeared, and was received with loud plaudits. He went through his various performances, and was about to wheel an Odd-Fellow along the rope, but the strong wind, which had before compelled him to throw off the sack, forced him back again to leave his novel companion without having made the journey. We heard that M. Blondin had generously made a donation of £10 to the fete fund, a fact which will, doubtless, be appreciated even by those districts who have no share of the profits. Dancing now commenced vigorously in various parts of the park, and continued till after dark. Meantime boat races for three handsome cups were rowed on the principal lake, and laughable sports by the "Water-Jacks" attracted large numbers. Then there were the gymnasiums, cricket-ground, rifle targets, archery, quoits, &c., all doing good business till seeing was out of the question; and as one crossed the Palace again homewards, an audience was seated (with scanty gaslight) listening to the pealing of the great organ, which, at such a time, and with the stillness in the remote parts of the building, produced a strange, yet pleasing impression, coupled with regret that a gloriously successful day was at an end.

MINSTERLY.—A new lodge, in connection with the Worthing district, was opened at the house of Mr. Downes, the Miners' Arms Inn, on the 29th August. It is called the Loyal Miners' Lodge, No. 5,065. The Odd-fellows' band from Shrewsbury was engaged, and a procession was formed. The village wore a holiday aspect from a number of stalls being erected exposing rich viands with which to tempt the juveniles. Other appearances there were indicative of something of importance about to take place. At 4 o'clock p.m. a sumptuous dinner was laid on the table, which was presided over by P.P. G.M David Lewis, of Shrewsbury. On the withdrawal of the cloth, the chairman after the usual toasts, said it gave him the greatest pleasure to propose the next toast. He had known the worthy host (P.P.G.M. Downes) as an Odd-fellow for many years as one of the most energetic and persevering officers in the district, and if any man deserved success, it was Mr. Downes. As Odd-fellowship in this neighbourhood and Mr. Downes' name were the same thing, he would give prosperity to the Loyal Miners' Pride Lodge, M.U. The members of the order present then assembled in lodge, which was duly opened for business by the officers of the Worthing district.

NEWTON HEATH, NEAR MANCHESTER.—On Saturday, August the 16th, th members of the Rock of Truth Lodge celebrated its 33rd anniversary at the house of Mrs. Lees, Duke of York Inn, Newton Heath, on which occasion a goodly number of the members and their wives, together with the widows of deceased members, partook of an excellent dinner. After dinner, Mr. Ashton Ashton, the Prov. C.S. of the district, was called upon to preside, Mr. Joseph Smith, P.G., officiating as vice-president. The toast of "The Queen and the Royal Family" was given by the president, and drank with enthusiasm. The following toasts were also given during the evening:—"The Independent Order of Odd-fellows, M.U.," responded to by the Prov. G.M. Mr. John Peacock; "The District Officers," responded to by Mr. George Robinson, the D. Prov. G.M.; "The Widows and Orphans Fund," responded to in a very feeling manner by Mr. George Collier, the secretary of the lodge; "The Rock of Truth Lodge." "The health of the worthy hostess," who is also the treasurer for the district, was given, and drank with applause. The rest of the evening was rationally spent with singing and recitations, varied at intervals with the lively dance.

NEWTON HEATH, NEAR MANCHESTER.—The members of the George IV. Lodge, of this district, held their anniversary on Saturday, the 2nd August. About 240 dined. After dinner, P.G. Joseph Rogers occupied the chair. Mr. James Barnes, secretary of the body, read a statement of the financial condition of the lodge, from which it appears that at the last audit the total reserved funds amounted to £2,563, and that the number of members good on the books was 283. Mr. Ashton, in responding to the toast of "the District," said its total reserved funds amounted to £6 per member. Mr. Charles Hardwick, P.G.M., responded to the toast of "the Unity," and commented at some length on the irregular proceedings of the Registrar of Friendly Societies with regard to the registration of the Newton Heath district bye-laws, and recommended united action on the part of the members of all friendly societies to preserve their undoubted right of self-government in the unity matters intact. A very pleasant evening was spent.

NORTHAMPTON.—COMMEMORATION OF THE JUBILEE OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODD-FELLOWS.—This being the fiftieth year since the establishment of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, it was determined by the members of the Order in this town and district a jubilee should be held to commemorate the event. On July 8th a grand festival was held, and the members of the Order have reason to congratulate themselves on the successful manner in which it was carried out. The Mayor, on being applied to, readily consented, not only to patronise the holiday, but to sanction it with his presence, and the members of the Corporation as readily complied with his Worship's request to attend him on the occasion. About eleven o'clock the procession left the Angel Hotel, and proceeded to All Saint's Church, where a very appropriate sermon was preached by the Vicar, the Rev. Sydnye Gedge. At two o'clock, about 800 persons sat down to an excellent dinner in the large hall of the Corn

Exchange. The Worshipful the Mayor (H. P. Markham, Esq.) was in the chair, the vice-chair being occupied by P.P.G.M. Stenson. The following members of the Corporation, and other gentlemen of the town, were also present:—The Town Clerk (John Jeffery, Esq.), the Registrar of the Borough Court (George Rands, Esq.), Mr. Alderman Stockburn, Mr. Alderman Gates, Mr. Alderman Klitz, Mr. Councillor E. F. Law, Mr. Councillor Dorman, Mr. Councillor W. T. Higgins, Mr. Councillor Vernon, Mr. Councillor C. Mobbs, Mr. Councillor Gurney, Mr. Councillor Collier, the Rev. W. Butlin, the Rev. F. P. Lawson, Rev. J. Brown (Grafton-street), Captain Isaac, Dr. Bryan, M. W. Flewitt, Esq., H. Terry, jun., Esq., Charles Dodd, Esq., Robert White, Esq., Mr. Butlin (Roade), Mr. Colledge, Mr. Page, &c., &c. Several excellent addresses were delivered. P.G.M. Samuel Daynes responded to the "Manchester Unity" in a very able speech. On the following day, Wednesday, a tea party and ball took place in the Corn Exchange, so that the wives, and daughters, and wives that are to be, of the loyal Odd-Fellows, might also take part in this jubilee festival. A large number sat down to tea, and in the evening, when dancing commenced, the party was still further augmented, there being a very numerous and respectable company present.—*Abridged from the Northampton Herald.*

North London District.—From a "financial statement" issued by C.S. Robert Dansie, it appears that the North London district numbered at the last audit in 1861, 8,659 members, being an increase of 471 over the preceding annual return. The total amount of the sick and funeral fund at the end of 1860 was £54,886 9s. 2¾d.; at the end of 1861 it amounted to £60,103 7s. 6½d. Each lodge, except one, shows an increase. The loss of the one lodge amounts to only £11 11s. 2½d., while the total increase amounts to no less than £5,228 9s. 6¼d. The amount paid for sickness during the year is £4,344 13s. 3½d., and the amount for funeral levies, £1,371 19s. 6½d. The sum of £1,678 18s. 7d. has been added to the reserved capital from interest alone.

North London District.—The members of the Royal Oak Lodge, Harlesden Green, celebrated their anniversary on the 21st July. The members walked in procession to St. John's Church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. A. G. Pemberton, incumbent. A collection was made in aid of the Widows and Orphans Fund, amounting to £1 3s. 5½d. In the afternoon the members mustered in larger numbers in a field near the village, and were entertained with various sports. About 1,000 members and friends assembled, the district officers, Messrs. Diprose, Mitchell, and Danzie, P. Prov. G.M. Rough, being amongst the number. The surgeon of the lodge acted as chairman. About 10 o'clock the members retired to the lodge, much gratified by the success of the fete. G.M. James Butler recited an address on Odd-Fellowship, very excellent in sentiment, and better written than the average of such productions.

North London District.—The Lord Melbourne Lodge held its anniversary dinner on Wednesday, July 23, at the Rose and Crown, Walwyn, Herts, P.P.G.M. Harris presiding; and P.G. Blow occupying the vice-chair. Having honoured all the usual toasts, including the "Unity and Board of Directors," the chairman called upon the numerous company to drink most heartily, "Success to the Lord Melbourne Lodge." He was happy to meet them now their troubles were all over. It was only now matter of history that they had had refractory trustees who had caused them heavy expenses through withholding the funds; but they had been compelled to disgorge, and were all now expelled from the Order, and their names, Deards, Adams, and Pointon, would be for some time to come bitterly remembered. Still the members need not dwell upon the unpleasantness, but do all in their power to make the lodge progress. P.G. Catlin (Secretary) responded, and said the lodge had now been in existence 19 years, and had £1,000 capital with 62 members; and their valuation lately made, justified them in expecting permission from the Board to appropriate £100 to the incidental fund, and to relieve the members of a heavy levy. They were determined not to go back, but intended having new members, and many of them. P.G. Wm. Blow, then addressing the chairman, presented him with a handsome gold Albert chain, subscribed voluntarily by the members in token of his zeal in getting them back their funds. P.P.G.M. Harris, on accepting it, stated he had not wished for a testimonial, but though surprised, he was not the less pleased to think he had given them satisfaction, and in wearing their gift he should be certain to keep them in memory.

NOTTINGHAM.—GRAND JUBILEE OF ODD-FELLOWS.—A grand jubilee of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows took place at Nottingham recently. Members were present from all parts of the country, and many thousands assisted in the ceremony. At twelve o'clock, the whole body, headed by military and other bands, assembled in the Great Market Place, and, having formed a procession, marched through the various thoroughfares of the town (the shops being generally closed on the occasion) to the Grand Banqueting Saloon, near the Arboretum. After dinner, addresses were delivered by the borough members (Mr. Paget and Sir R. J. Clifton), Mr. Joseph Shaw, the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Willoughby, and others. In the afternoon there were military concerts in the Arboretum, and the demonstration was of a character hitherto unequalled in Nottingham. Special trains ran from various towns, and the number of visitors was estimated at upwards of 40,000.

PLYMOUTH.—INITIATION OF THE MAYOR.—A special meeting of the officers and brothers of the Loyal Earl of Mount Edgcumbe Lodge was held on Thursday evening, July 17th, 1862, at the lodge-room, Red Lion Hotel, Chapel-street, East Stonehouse, Devon, P.G. Pengelly in the chair, for the purpose of initiating, as honorary members, the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Plymouth, W. Derry, Esq., and J. Latimer, Esq., proprietor of the *Western Daily Mercury* and *Plymouth Journal* newspapers. After the initiation the Grand Master proposed a vote of thanks to the newly initiated brothers, which was seconded and unanimously carried. The Mayor, in responding, said he felt great pleasure in becoming an Odd-Fellow, and, in fact, in associating himself at all times with societies which have for their objects charity and the assistance of the working man in times of affliction. Brother Latimer also returned thanks. During the proceedings the room presented a very rich and gay appearance, having besides the regalia of the lodge several pieces of silver regalia kindly lent for the occasion by the district, and the splendid banner of the St. Andrew Lodge.

PLYMOUTH.—Amongst the lodges connected with the Plymouth district of the M.U.I.O.O.F. none have been more generous in presentations than the Loyal Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, held at Brother Hawkes, Red Lion Hotel, Chapel-street, East Stonehouse, Devon, for during the time which has elapsed since its opening, now scarcely three years, three testimonials have been presented to as many of its past officers; the first to P.G. Tall, of the St. Andrew Lodge, Plymouth, the next to P.G. Looker, of the Pride of Devon Lodge, Plymouth, and last, though not least, one to P.G. Pengelly, also of the St. Andrew Lodge. The testimonial consisted of a silver star, in the centre of which was a globe with the following inscription :—" Presented to Brother W. Pengelly, P.G., by the officers and brothers of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe Lodge, June 2nd, 1862." It was presented on lodge night, June 2nd, by brother J. Spry, the C.S. of the Plymouth district, who, in an appropriate speech, adverted to the valuable services rendered to the lodge by the recipient. Brother Pengelly, who wore on his breast a medal presented to him by the officers and brothers of his own lodge, thanked the members for this, their greatest kindness to him. He assured them he would still do all in his power to further the interests of the lodge. A vote of thanks to Prov. C.S. Spry, for his kindness in officiating, brought the proceedings to a close.

Pottery and Newcastle District.—Harriseahead.—On Monday, July 21, the members of the Loyal Oak Lodge, assisted by some of the members of the Miners' Glory Lodge, Salk-o-th'-Hill, and the Knypeisly Lodge, Bradley Green, formed in procession, headed by the excellent band from Knypeisly, and by the Bradley Green Lodge banner, which was kindly lent. All the brethren were dressed in new regalia, and great order and precision was observed throughout the procession. After a sermon preached at the Wesleyan Chapel by Br. Baddeley, the members retired to the Lodge-room. After dinner, Prov. G.M. Emanuel Lovekin took the chair, and Prov. C.S. Bowers officiated as vice. The Chairman, in a lengthy speech, spoke of the advantages of Odd-fellowship, and hoped those who were present, and had witnessed the orderly proceedings of the day, would not hesitate to give their helping hand to their Harriseahead brethren. The vice-chairman, in responding to the toasts of the Order and District, assured his hearers that by becoming an Odd-fellow, any man would benefit himself, set a bright example to the locality in which he resided, and aid and assist his family.

Prestatyn.—Opening of a New Lodge.—On Saturday, the 2nd August, a large number of members of neighbouring lodges assembled together to witness the inauguration of the Loyal Bodrhyddan Lodge, No. 5059. In accordance with the usual practice on such occasions, Mr. Joseph Owens, P.G.M. of the district, took the chair, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, D.G.M., the vice chair. The new members were then initiated, and immediately afterwards the Chairman, assisted by Mr. William Griffiths, P.P.G.M., Lord Mostyn Lodge, a very active and zealous officer in the district, delivered to the members of the Loyal Bodrhyddan Lodge their dispensation, declaring the branch to be duly established. A sumptuous dinner was afterwards partaken of, which gave great satisfaction to all present. The usual complimentary toasts to the officers and visitors were given with good spirit, and well responded to.

Preston.—At the great Guild Festival, held in the first week in September last, one of the most interesting sights was the procession of Friendly Societies on the Wednesday morning. The *Preston Guardian* says:—"Heavy rains during the night had made the streets exceedingly dirty and uncomfortable to traverse; this, no doubt, operated in the direction of keeping very many away from the town who would have come to join the processionists or witness the demonstration; notwithstanding, more persons entered the town by train and by road than on any previous day of the Guild Festival." The length of the aggregate procession was about a mile and a half, and the time it occupied in passing any given place was an hour and ten minutes. An immense quantity of insignia, banners, etc., was displayed, and the whole passed off well, notwithstanding the heavy showers of rain which fell. Many brethren belonging to the Manchester Unity attended from Bolton, Lancaster, and other neighbouring towns. It was anticipated two thousand members of the Order would have joined the procession had the weather been fine. The numbers of processionists were as follow:—Ancient Order of Foresters, 360; Free Gardeners, 140; Independent Order of Mechanics, 300; Ancient Shepherds, 150; Druids, 450; Catholic Brethren, 270; United Order of Odd-Fellows (Preston district), 280; Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., 750; total, 2,700. In the afternoon the members of the Manchester Unity dined together in a large room in Bell-street, fitted up for the occasion by Mr. Joseph Tate, of the Anglers' Inn. Owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the company at dinner was not so numerous as had been anticipated. After dinner, however, there was a large gathering of the brethren and friends from various parts of the country. The "old-making" formula was gone through for the purpose of showing the members present the grotesque manner in which parties were initiated into the mysteries of the order in the "olden time." The presiding officer on the occasion was Mr. George Ward, who is believed to be the oldest Odd-fellow living at the present time. Mr. Richard Hunt, the G.M. of the Preston district, was, *pro forma,* initiated under the old method. A meeting of a social character afterwards were held. Amongst the visitors present were Mr. Woodcock, of Glossop, the Grand Master of the Unity, and Mr. Charles Hardwick, Past Grand Master, and editor ofthe Odd-fellows' Quarterly Magazine. Mr. Hardwick delivered a favourite poetic address on the principles of the order, from the pen of Eliza Cook. The entertainments concluded with a ball, which was very well attended. Indeed, several parties were refused admission, owing to the crowded state of the room. We regret that our limited space prevents us giving a more lengthy account of this great festival, which has been held once every twenty years without interruption for three centuries. The first recorded celebration took place in June, 1328, but there is little doubt they were celebrated at a much earlier period. It is believed that the Norman kings merely re-granted to the burgesses of Preston privileges possessed by them anterior to the Conquest. The chief out-door feature of the Guild was the procession of trades, in which workmen plied their vocation in temporary workshops mounted on lorries. Balls, concerts, etc., contributed to the festive enjoyment. On Tuesday, the Mayor, brother Robert Townley Parker, Esq., an Odd-fellow of twenty-one years' standing, laid with masonic honours the foundation stone of the handsome new Town Hall, about to be erected from the design of Mr. Gilbert Scott. An immense crowd assembled. The Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley, Lord Skelmersdale, Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart.; Major Gen. Yorke Scarlett, and many others of the neighbouring gentry were present.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—On Monday, July 7, 1862, the quarterly committee of the Travellers' Rest Lodge was held. P.G. W. Andrew presided on the occasion. After the usual routine of business had been gone through, a present was made to their esteemed secretary, P.G. J. Martin, of a very handsome gilt clock under a glass shade, the clock being surmounted by a figure representing Astronomy standing beside a globe. The chairman, P.G. Thos. Brightwell (one of the oldest members of the lodge), who made the presentation, observed that the members had on many occasions solicited P.G. Martin's kind advice and counsel, and he had always freely given it, exhibiting, in every instance, sound practical common sense, love of justice, and impartiality of spirit, rarely to be found. P.G. J. Martin responded in suitable terms. The clock stands 2ft. high and 2ft. wide, and bears the following inscription;—"Presented by the members of the Loyal Travellers' Rest Lodge, South London District, M.U., to P.G. J. Martin, Secretary, in recognition of his faithful services."

TREDEGAR.—PRESENTATION.—Recently the members of the Loyal Silurian Lodge assembled at their lodge-room, Castle Hotel, and after the close of general lodge business, presented P.P.G.M. William Evans with a testimonial of their approval of the valuable services he had rendered to the lodge and likewise to the district. The Chairman, P. Prov. G.M. Benjamin Lloyd, said that brother Evans had gone through all the offices both in the lodge and district with credit, and had been an active member during a period of twenty-six years. The presentation, he said, consisted of a Past officer's emblem neatly framed, with his likeness attached to it. The presentation was made by P. Prov. G.M. William Davies in a highly eulogistic speech. After thanking the members for their handsome gift, P. Prov. G.M. Evans gave an outline of the commencement of the society at Tavarnaubach, when its members numbered nearly 150; there were then six lodges in the district, and many of them during the great secession divided their funds, or became separate benefit societies. He held out and fought a hard battle against the division, and the consequence was that the lodge dwindled down to twelve. They then removed their quarters and made but little progress until two years ago, when a few young men were with difficulty persuaded to join. They struggled on and became more numerous, and now they had become one of the best managed and most respectable lodges in the district; they had made rapid strides both numerically and financially, and he hoped they would continue to progress. (Cheers.) The proceedings being carried on in the Welsh language, Mr. Owen Rogers gave an outline of what had been said in English, as there were several English friends in the room. After the healths of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman had been duly proposed and honoured, the company separated, having spent a very agreeable evening.

TREDEGAR.—The annual demonstration of the members of the Loyal Silurian Lodge of I.O.F. of the Tredegar district, took place on Monday evening, August 4th, 1862. The brethren marched through the principal streets, headed by the railway band. The handsome regalia gave the procession quite an animated appearance. They returned to the lodge-room at the Castle Hotel shortly after five o'clock, to partake of an excellent dinner. After the removal of the cloth, N.G. Owen Rogers was voted to the chair, and Bro. Benjamin Price to the vice-chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been proposed and responded to, the chairman proposed the prosperity of the Manchester Unity in an effective speech in Welsh. It was responded to by an old P.G. in thoroughly Welsh style. The next toast, "Success to the Tredegar district, and prosperity to the Loyal Silurian Lodge," was received with rapturous applause, and responded to by the chairman, who said that he was glad to be able to call their attention to the general prosperity of the district, and more especially of the Widows and Orphans Fund. Its management was admirable, and was a striking instance of what working men could accomplish by combination and sound principles of action. He dilated on the progress the lodge had made; its increase in influential members and in the amount of its funds; and he urged all who were not already members to join some branch of the Manchester Unity. Other toasts, songs, etc., followed, and this, "one of the merriest and happiest" anniversaries of the lodge, was concluded by a ball.

WALLINGFORD.—The anniversary dinner of the Loyal St. Stephen Lodge was held at the Duke's Head on the 10th of June. After dinner the members formed in procession, and proceeded to the Kine Croft, where a friendly game at cricket was played between 11 of the Odd-Fellows and the same number of Foresters. The Foresters were the first to go to the wickets, and scored 58 runs; their opponents, 69; the game was completed in one innings, and the Odd-Fellows became victorious by a majority of eleven runs. During the afternoon, football, quoits, and other games were introduced. About seven o'clock the Odd-Fellows and Foresters again formed in procession, and returned to the lodge-room, where they partook of tea, after which the cloth was cleared, and P.G. Hilliard was voted to the chair. The Secretary (P.G. Simmons) read a report of the proceedings for the past year, which showed that the receipts ending December, 1861, amounted to £118 14s. 6d.; paid sick members and funeral levies £83 19s. 3d. The present balance in hand amounted to £806 12s. The secretary afterwards, in the name of the lodge, presented the chairman with a handsome revolving cigar stand, in testimony of their esteem and regard, which compliment the chairman suitably acknowledged.

WARRINGTON.—On Monday, the 25th of August, the members and friends of the Haven of Rest Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., numbering about one hundred, met together at the Golden Ball Inn, Town's End, and partook of an excellent dinner. The occasion was rendered more than usually interesting from the fact that the treasurer of the lodge, P.P.G.M. Sykes, had a very handsome silver watch and gold chain presented him by the members. On the outside of the case the arms of the order were engraved, and on the inside was the following inscription:—"Presented, with a gold chain, to Joseph Sykes, P.P.G.M., by members and friends of the Haven of Rest Lodge. Ancient Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., as a testimony of respect for his valued services as treasurer. Warrington, August 15th, 1862." Mr. Jno. Houghton, C.S., occupied the chair, and gave the usual loyal toasts in a very effective manner. He afterwards in a long and eloquent address traced the progress of the order from its infancy to its present matured position, and expatiated at length on the benefits it conferred. He then referred to the chief object of their assembling together. Their respected brother P.P.G.M. Sykes had endeavoured as far as if was possible any man could do, to carry out the objects of their noble institution. In January, 1844, he was first initiated a member of the Haven of Rest Lodge. Soon after his initiation he filled the minor offices till he became Grand Master to the lodge. In the year 1852 he was elected Deputy Grand Master of the district and in the following year he became Grand Master, at the close of which he received a vote of thanks from the district for the attention he had paid to the duties of his office in the two years named. It was now some six years ago since he was unanimously elected treasurer of their own lodge, from which time to the present he had held the office without fee or reward. He had always endeavoured as far as lay in his power to carry out the principles of their noble institution, and that he had succeeded the present testimonial was a proof. They all knew how richly Brother Sykes deserved that testimonial. In times of sickness they had never to go twice for their money. He was always ready, and it was for these and other good qualities he possessed which made him appreciated by his brother members. He (the Chairman) might go on for an hour enlarging upon the many acts of kindness which he had displayed, but he thought he had said sufficient to show that he deserved the testimonial they were about to present to him. After some further observations, which elicited loud cheering, the chairman concluded by expressing a hope that Mr. Sykes would long live to wear the testimonial with which he had just presented him in the name of the lodge, and that when he was called away, it would pass into the hands of generations yet unborn, who would remember with pride that there had lived before them one so beloved and respected (cheers). P.P.G.M. Sykes, in thanking the members present for the handsome testimonial he had received, said he should look back with feelings of grateful remembrance to that occasion. The testimonial had been got up spontaneously, and when he took into consideration the fact that it had been subscribed for at a time when so much distress was prevalent, he should doubly prize the gift. He felt that in subscribing to it many of them had made sacrifices which showed they were in earnest, and many who had given had personally expressed their regret that they were not in a position to do more under the present circumstances. Other toasts followed, and the proceedings terminated with a ball, which passed off with great spirit. —*Abridged from the Warrington Standard and Times.*

WEST DERBY.—AIGBURTH.—The members of the Prince of Wales Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows, West Derby district, M.U., celebrated their anniversary on the 18th July, 1862. The procession proceeded to St. Ann's Church, Aigburth, where divine service was performed, and an excellent and appropriate sermon preached by the incumbent, the Rev. H. T. Hecker. At three o'clock about 80 persons sat to an excellent dinner in the lodge-room at the Aigburth hotel. On the removal of the cloth, the Rev. Mr. Hecker was called to the chair. He was supported by Dr. Thompson, medical officer of the lodge, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Thomas Harrison, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The usual loyal toasts were given by the chairman, accompanied with suitable remarks, and were duly responded to. The chairman then gave "the Grand Master of the Order, the Board of Directors, and the Prince of Wales Lodge." He spoke of the increasing prosperity of the lodge, noticing with satisfaction that there was a gain of £142 3s. 6d½. to the funds during the past twelve months. The toast was spoken to by Mr. Peers, stipendiary secretary. The lodge, he was happy to say, was in a very good position, and its funds were flourishing. Mr. Peers gave a lengthy explanation as to these points, and of the printed statement of accounts. From the latter it appeared that the balance in favour of the sick and funeral cash account on the 30th of June last was £941 18s. 9½d.; balance in favour of the management and incidental fund account, £33 1s. 11d.; in favour of the widow and orphan fund cash account, £136 11s. 3d. The total amount of the general funds at the present time is £1,114 15s. 5½., showing a gain of 142 3s. 6½d. during the last twelve months. The amount paid to sick members from June 18, 1861, to June 30, 1862, was £81 16s. Mr. Peers announced donations from the rev. chairman, Dr. Thompson, Mr. Tinne, and other gentlemen, amounting to £9 1s., and that, as to the contributions to the lodge fund by the members, the arrears were fewer than ever they were. The health of Dr. Thompson, that of the chairman, Mrs. Hecker and family, "The Guests," "The District Officers," "The Press," and other toasts were responded to, and harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout the meeting.—*Abridged from Liverpool Mercury.*

West Derby.—On the 4th August, the members of the Loyal Lord Viscount Molyneux Lodge celebrated their anniversary by dining together in the large room of the beautiful national schools of that village. One of the rooms has been kindly placed at the service of the brethren, free of charge, for the purpose of holding their ordinary meetings, by the Rev. John Stewart, rector of West Derby. P.P.G.M. John Shilton occupied the chair, supported by the rector of the parish and the Rev. Mr. Green, and Mr. Glazebrook, surgeon to the lodge, fulfilled the duties of vice-chairman. In replying to the toast of his health, the worthy rector said he felt he should be neglecting his duty as minister of the place, did he not express his approbation of the habits of economy and prudent forethought which Odd-fellowship inculcated. He hoped their lodge might go on prospering. He was glad to perceive from the balance-sheet that they were going on well, but he advised them not to rest on their oars. It happened that the present had been a singularly healthy year so far as they were concerned, and there had consequently been much less sickness than usual; but they must provide against a different state of things. They should endeavour as much as possible to show the soundness of the principles on which their society was based, and also exert themselves to increase the number of their members by making the advantages of Odd-fellowship known amongst their friends and neighbours.—*Abridged from Liverpool Mercury.*

Wolverhampton.—The members of the St. Andrew Lodge held their anniversary dinner at the house of Mr. Peplow, the Queen's Hotel, on the 14th July. The chair was occupied by Mr. Henry Vaughan, who was supported by T. M. Weguelin, Esq., M.P., C. Clark, Esq. (ex-Mayor), Mr. H. Loveridge, and Mr. Robert Sidney; the vice-chair was occupied by Mr. George Duffill, and upwards of 100 other members of the lodge and friends were present. Mr. T. Collins, in responding to "the Manchester Unity and Board of Directors," said he would improve the occasion by asking that the legislature would interfere with them as little as possible. He showed how that the interference of legislature had already tended to injure the management of their clubs. The measure which had had that effect was carried out on the recommendation of Mr. Tidd Pratt, and another principle that that same gentleman desired to establish was equally objectionable. He wished lodge government to be independent of the district, and the district independent of the unity. Now he (Mr. Collins) thought that if there was one thing more important than another, one principle that of all others should not be lost sight of, it was that 'unity is strength;' he hoped that they would never forget this, and that the day was long distant when they should become isolated societies. As one of their parliamentary representatives was present he might venture to express a hope that he and their other excellent member would bear these things in mind, and when any question came before the House of Commons not lose sight of it. Mr. Weguelin in responding to "the County and Borough Members," amongst other excellent remarks said, "I do not think it a reproach that the holy objects—for holy I may truly call them—the holy objects to which this society is devoted are the less holy because they are sought to be attained by mutual and combined effort—by a combination by which each member may expect to receive a certain advantage for his own particular contribution. If even it cannot be proved demonstrably that every member will receive his exact money's worth for his subscription, he ought to feel that he is not 'casting his bread upon the waters' in vain, but that 'it will return to him after many days.' Though it might perhaps not be in case of sickness, or accident to himself, there is the sweet consciousness that that member is contributing to the relief of the sick, to the support of the aged and infirm, and to the drying of the tears of the widow and orphan. (Applause.) Nothing is so morally great in this country as the aspect of the numerous associations which spread themselves over the land and testify by their glorious results the success of mutual and combined efforts. We have numberless illustrations around us—in the railway, canals, the mine and the workshops—of what combined efforts can do; but there is as great a spectacle of the moral grandeur of this country in the aspect of societies like this, which are organized for the relief of the distressed, and other charitable purposes." (Applause.)—*Abridged from the Midland Counties Express.*

WREXHAM.—GRAND DEMONSTRATION.—On Monday, the 7th July, the members of the Wrexham district held a grand jubilee in honour of the Manchester Unity having attained its fiftieth year. The surrounding districts contributed largely to the number of visitors. It is computed there were 15,000 persons present. Shortly after eleven o'clock the various lodges began to arrive, and after assembling on the race course, formed themselves into a procession, and perambulated the principal streets of the town. On returning to the race course, through the exertions of the committee, every preparation was made to afford accommodation and amusement. Two large and handsome marquees were erected by Mr. Tyrer, of Manchester, in which thousands partook of tea and other refreshments, while the green was studded with tents of various sizes, in which Professor Devoni, the great magician, and Mr. Tyrer's celebrated Italian Fantoccini, or performing Marionettes, with the great fat giant, and shooting galleries of every length and description, amused the visitors. In the course of the afternoon and evening a number of balloons ascended, much to the delight of the juveniles. All we can say is that the committee provided every facility for the comfort of their guests, and everything passed off in the most successful manner, not one cloud appearing to damp the harmony and pleasure of the day. Dancing commenced at five o'clock, and was kept up to a late hour. There is little doubt but that the funds for which this demonstration was got up—the Widows and Orphans Fund of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows—will be considerably augmented by this demonstration. All praise is due to the committee, and to Mr. Hanmer, of the Turf Tavern, for the provisions they made on the occasion, and to the orderly conduct of such a vast number of visitors,—*Abridged from Wrexham Telegraph.*

YSCEIFIOG.—On Thursday, August 7th, the members of the Penbedw Lodge of Odd-Fellows held their anniversary. Thy assembled at the Swan Inn, and proceeded to the parish church, where an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. James Jones. On returning, they visited Penbedw Hall, and were regaled with a liberal supply of ale by W. Buddicum, Esq., who, with Mr. Buddicum, jun., were enrolled honorary members on this occasion. Several flags, the handiwork of some of the servants at the hall, and who are members of the lodge, were presented to the lodge on this day. They afterwards retraced their steps to the Swan Inn, and partook of an excellent dinner, and a very agreeable evening was spent. Mr. Thos. Green, in responding to his health, made the following extracts from the books of the lodge:—Contributions received during the past year, £104 17s. 9½d.—Paid to Sick Members, £36 16s. 8d.—Ditto to District Funeral Fund, £35 5s. 0d., having at present in hand £150, exclusive of their interest in the General District Funeral Fund. The local paper says it is to the exertions of Mr. Thos. Green that the success of the *infant branch* of the society is attributable. Children of 12 years old and upwards are admitted, who pay a few pence a month, and receive from the fund a few shillings a week during illness, according to the time of membership. This juvenile club is a society of itself, the funds of which are not incorporated with those of the Odd-fellows, properly so called. The state of this lodge seems progressive. An Odd-fellows' lodge has lately been established at Caerwys.

## Obituary.

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND.—On Monday evening, the 11th day of August, 1862, P. Prov. C.S. James Hamilton, and late relieving officer, aged 49 years. He was a zealous and active member of "The Loyal Brampton Lodge," Brampton district, above 22 years, during which time he was nine years C.S. of the district, and eight years secretary to his lodge. He was ever ready to forward the cause of his lodge, district, and order, and by his amiable and Christian disposition won the affection of his friends. He was followed to his grave by many of his brethren and companion officers on the following Thursday. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn his loss.

MANCHESTER.—John Davies, the highly respected Permanent Secretary of the Loyal Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester district, died on the 13th July, aged 60 years. He was connected with the lodge for more than 30 years, and served the office of secretary nearly a quarter of a century. His life of unremitting toil was cheerfully spent in furthering the interest of the lodge and order of which he was a member. He leaves behind him in his lodge a feeling of deep and heartfelt regret. He was a worthy brother and an efficient officer. To his unceasing attention to the duties of his office, through many a trying time, is mainly attributed the very satisfactory position in which the lodge now stands, both socially and financially. As a last tribute of respect to departed worth, nearly 200 members of his own and other lodges in the district preceded the hearse which conveyed his remains to his last earthly resting place in the beautiful ground of the Salford Borough Cemetery.

On the 5th June, 1862, Brother William Ford, of the Loyal Prince of Waterloo Lodge, of the Hyde district, in the 72nd year of his age. This unfortunate member, who was a carter by trade, had been afflicted with rheumatic pains since the year 1836. In May, 1842, he became permanently incapable of labour, the disease almost depriving him of the use of the lower extremities. For some years past he did not suffer much pain, but became lusty and apparently healthy, but had not the use of his limbs. He has been on the funds of his lodge twenty years, seven months, and four days, and has received the enormous sum of £229 7s. in sick pay alone, independently of the expense of his funeral. These facts speak loudly in favour of the value of the great principle of friendly society insurance to working men.